General
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Drawing by John Russell

THE DILETTANTE

THE

CANADIAN MAGAZINE

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MARITIME PROVINCIALISMS AND CONTRASTS

WORDS, PHRASES AND EXPRESSIONS

BY F. A. WIGHTMAN

It is proposed to give a short series of articles under the above general heading, touching various phases of life and interest in the Maritime Provinces. These articles pertain to such subjects as words, phrases, and expressions; place names, political and civic practices, common customs, and flora and fauna. The chief purpose in each will be to show some of the sectional or provincial peculiarities.

The Maritime Provinces of Canada, though comparatively small in area and intimately united socially and otherwise, have, nevertheless, many striking contrasts historically, geographically and commercially, which give them each characteristics and individuality of their own. But now that communication is easier, there is a greater commingling of population, and many of the present distinctions are likely to disappear gradually. It is therefore of interest to note these various distinctive differences before they are swept away by the unifying process now at work. The fact, too, that Maritime Union periodically comes to the front as a subject for practical discussion gives additional interest to this subject. The open vote is still practised in Prince Edward Island. While the secret ballot is strongly advocated by many, there are those who as stoutly defend it as being the expression of British openness and independence. Thus each province illustrates in one way or another a conservatism in clinging to old forms: New Brunswick with its parishes, Nova Scotia with its second legislative chamber, and Prince Edward Island with its antiquated ballot. But, despite these peculiar contrasts found in all phases of the governmental machinery, each province seeks to outdo the other in loyalty to the Crown of Britain, and, let us hope, also in the art of economic and honest government.—The Author.

PROVINCIALISMS of speech exist to a greater or lesser extent in all languages, amounting in some cases to dialectic differences. We have ancient and even classical precedent for this: the variations of the Doric and Attic Greek forms as compared with the classic. Scripture also informs us that the Apostle Peter was detected, on the occasion of his denial, by the peculiarities of his Galilean speech. These facts should be at least sufficient to clothe the subject with respectability and absolve it from the charge of vulgarity.

Provincialisms in England, though probably disappearing, are still very common. It is claimed that those intimately acquainted with old country conditions can tell the county to which any man belongs by his speech. The Cockney and the Devonshire man present strong linguistic contrasts, as

do also in Scotland the Highlander and the Lowlander, and in Ireland the Ulster man and the man of Cork. The cosmopolitanism of the new world tends to the obliteration of the provincialisms of the old, and yet striking contrasts in speech are represented in the different states of the American Union, as well as in the different Canadian provinces. It has been asserted that an expert can readily tell to what particular state a man belongs by noting his speech in a brief conversation. Within certain limits this is undoubtedly true.

If, therefore, there are in the states of the American Republic and the counties of England speech peculiarities to distinguish one from another, it would not be surprising to find some of these among ourselves. Indeed, it would be strange if we should not, as we have a similar origin and have been touched by the same influences. These influencing factors are chiefly old-world environment, insularity in the new, and the commingling of peoples of different race origin. Be it remembered, however, that Canadians as a whole have the reputation of speaking the English language with as much purity and correctness as any part of the Empire or Anglo-Saxon world. In this comparatively high standard, the Maritime Provinces show to good advantage, and the few provincialisms about to be referred to do not as a rule appear in the form of corruptions; they are chiefly of interest as indicating the origin of the people and the process of their fusion. Generally speaking, such provincialisms as exist are found outside the centres of population, though not wholly so.

In the two island sections of the Maritime Provinces, for instance, we notice a peculiar use of the word "whatever." This is, of course, a perfectly proper word, used on proper occasions, but the use which is generally made of it in these sections is, to say the least, peculiar. It seems to be employed as a terminal expression, for the purpose of lending emphasis to what has been said. It is in general use throughout the country districts and by most all classes of the population. It is also found in many combinations, of which the following may be given as a few examples:

"This is a fine day *whatever.*"

"The boat is late to-night *whatever.*"

"That's a fine horse *whatever.*"

Thus these expressions go through the whole round of ordinary conversation.

A somewhat amusing illustration of its extreme use is here given: The clerk of a certain church was sometimes a little slow in giving the "Amen" responses as he followed the parson through the service, but what he lacked in promptness he sought to make up in emphasis, so with becoming solemnity he, in time, caught up to the parson by saying "Amen, *whatever.*"

I do not remember ever having heard this word used in this peculiar way in any other part of the Maritime Provinces. It is clearly Highland Scottish in its origin, and was undoubtedly introduced by the large colonies of Highlanders who settled in Prince Edward Island and Cape Breton more than a century ago. But, while most of their peculiarly Highland customs and costumes are either dead or dying—even their beloved Gaelic—this expression seems more tenacious of life than the names of the people who brought it to the country. It is now grafted into the common speech of the Englishman, Lowlander, Irishman, and even the Frenchman has found a way to get his tongue around it.

There is also noticeable in the island province a somewhat peculiar and local use of the word "bush." A "bush" in the mainland provinces would, generally speaking, convey no other meaning than that of a small tree, whereas on the island it carries the idea of a more or less exten-

sive grove of trees or block of woodland. Usually a man does not go to the woods to cut trees, but to the bush. The introduction and use of this expression in Prince Edward Island is quite natural and proper. To a certain extent it supplies a lack which the other provinces might borrow with profit, since it is more expressive and convenient in many cases. The other provinces use the word "grove" in a similar sense; it is also sometimes so used in Prince Edward Island. It would be quite proper in Prince Edward Island to say that "Mr. Jones lives in the white house beside the fir *bush.*" In New Brunswick or Nova Scotia such an expression would signify that near his dwelling there was a small fir tree. In other words, the same conditions in either of these provinces would indicate that he lived beside a *grove* of firs.

This common use of the word "bush" as expressive of a body of trees may be explained in part by the absence of any extended forests such as obtain in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. To this may be added the fact that Prince Edward Island was originally settled by people who, for the most part, came directly from the old country, where the term "bush," as distinguished from forest, had a definite meaning. On the other hand, the mainland provinces were first inhabited by people of New England origin, to whom the word "woods" became familiar by virtue of their vast forest surroundings. Thus this peculiarity is explained. It is of interest to note that the word "bush" has impressed itself so deeply on Australia that it takes the place of both "woods" and "forest" in that country.

In this connection we are reminded of another somewhat peculiar expression. Though wire fences are becoming somewhat prevalent, the old rail fence, in different forms, is still in common use, the material for which is generally referred to as fence rails or poles. But in the Garden of the Gulf, if not universally yet quite generally, these poles are called "longers." I have not been able to trace this expression to its origin, but it probably came across the water. It is supposed by some to have been brought to this country by emigrants from the Channel Islands a century ago, but this is uncertain.

A common variety of wood from which these "longers" are made introduces us to another provincialism common in this region. This is the general use of the term "var," as applied to the fir tree, so called elsewhere. There is, of course, good authority for the use of the word "var," but it is quite safe to say that it is practically obsolete in Canada, except in isolated communities. It is doubtless of English origin, but has not come into general use on this side of the ocean, fir taking the precedence. The same tree is generally called "the balsam" in Ontario and the West.

We may now note a difference in the scope given to the word sleigh in Canada's most eastern province, as compared with the adjoining provinces. Here everything that has runners is a sleigh, irrespective of its build or use, with the possible exception of a hearse. It may be a jaunting sleigh, a pung sleigh, a wood sleigh, a bob-sleigh, a mud sleigh, a drag sleigh, or a hand sleigh; it is always a sleigh, the particular kind being determined by the prefix. In the adjoining provinces, however, the term "sleigh" is used in a much more limited sense, generally being applied to what has here been referred to as a jaunting sleigh. The word "sled," seldom heard on the island, in the other provinces always is applied to the heaviest forms of runnered vehicles.

There is authority for both expressions, and the term "sleigh" may be applied to all such vehicles, though the distinction between a "sleigh" and a "sled" is both simple and con-

venient. How or why these differences of expression became current among people so closely related it is difficult to determine. Be this as it may, a New Brunswicker would no more think of calling his wood sled a "sleigh" than he would of calling his dump cart a carriage. This, of course, does not imply that he is more correct than his Prince Edward Island neighbour, though it serves to illustrate a peculiar provincial contrast.

To "hitch" a horse is more or less used in all the provinces by the sea, but in the horse-producing province the process is generally spoken of as "yoking" a horse. This, at first, sounds a little strange to the visitor from abroad, where the word "yoke" is seldom or never used except as applied to oxen. In the neighbouring provinces the horse is generally "harnessed," though sometimes he is "tackled," but, I think, never "yoked." As the ox is absolutely extinct in Prince Edward Island as a beast of burden, the word "yoke" can be applied to the horse without involving confusion. Perhaps it has survived to its present use from the pioneer days when ox teams were prevalent.

Speaking of the ox and the horse naturally suggests the word "team." In the mainland provinces this word is make to cover a wider range of use than strict dictionary authority would allow. In this connection the Prince Edward Islander scores a point for correctness over his neighbours. On the mainland a team applies, generally, to draft animals of any description or number in the performance of a task of labour. It might be an "ox team" or a "horse team," a "double" or a "single team," but always a team. On Prince Edward Island, however, the more proper distinction is observed, and a team consists of not less than two animals united in a common task. When one animal only is employed another term is used to designate it. Though this is supported by the best of authority, it is nevertheless somewhat confusing to the visitor from the "other side." In this connection it is related that a clergyman, soon after settling on the island, was asked by a parishioner if he had noticed a team passing down the road a short time before. The clergyman promptly replied that he had, and not only one, but a number, quite recently. At this his questioner expressed surprise, and others standing near thought the new minister either saw visions or had scant regard for the truth, as they had seen none. Fortunately, explanations were soon made, and the clergyman was able to save his reputation for veracity. He also had a new conception of what constituted "a team" in his new field.

The foregoing may introduce us to some of the necessary equipment of the team. For example, the words "whiffle-tree" and "swingle-tree" come to mind. These words mean precisely the same thing, but are strictly provincial in their use, and both are correct. But why this little piece of equipment should be called a "whiffle-tree" in New Brunswick and a "swingle-tree" in Prince Edward Island is not easy to determine.

From the foregoing it will be seen how a number of these provincialisms could be combined in a single sentence without expressing anything unusual to the ear of a person accustomed to hear them. For example, "Mr. Jones yoked his horse yesterday to the bob-sleighs and went to the bush for a load of var longers, but on coming home, I hear, he broke his swingle-tree, whatever."

As already noted, strictly speaking, no oxen are used in Prince Edward Island, and yet the words "ox" and "oxen" are everywhere used almost to the exclusion of the more common and appropriate term, "steer." In other provinces an "ox" is a male animal of the bovine species, grown to maturity, and not intended for

stock purposes. Every such animal, under three years of age, whether trained to work or not, is a steer. In Prince Edward Island the term "ox" is generally used to designate all male animals of this species other than stock animals, and calves a year old. Here the "ox" is produced wholly for beef purposes and seldom if ever is permitted to live beyond the steer stage. It is not uncommon to notice in the local papers advertisements relating to strayed "oxen," the age of which is given as eighteen months or two years. Let it be observed, however, that none of these petty distinctions affect the price of beef, except to increase it, for everywhere, commercially speaking, the cow and all her kin, both ox and steer, "jump over the moon."

In the various provinces there are, also, certain words where the vowel sounds vary in length or roundness from common usage. Some of these are such words as spoon, roof, room, road, and school, which are often pronounced almost exactly as if spelled spun, ruff, rum, rudd, and schull. These examples are quite evidently New England in origin, and were no doubt brought over with the immigration which followed the expulsion of the Acadians. There is also noticeable a tendency in some sections where oysters are abundant to refer to this delicious bivalve as the "eyester." Consequently there are "eyester" beds, "eyester" boats, and "eyester" tongs, which merely indicates a provincial habit, rather than any strain of Hibernian blood.

Further differences of expression are noticeable on the solemn occasion of funeral obsequies. In this respect New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island refer to those who are placed in charge of the remains as "pall-bearers," while in large sections of Nova Scotia the word "under-bearer" is in common use. The former term is doubtless derived from the ancient custom of covering the coffin with a black drapery called a "pall," while the latter, probably, originated from the old English practice of supporting the coffin upon the shoulders of the bearers.

There are many expressions confined to more restricted areas among people whose mother-tongue is other than English. These can hardly be called provincialisms, though they are peculiar to considerable groups of people. Many of these expressions are extremely quaint, and only illustrate the difficulty in overcoming a native idiom and accent. Among these most peculiar are those which are heard among people of French, Gaelic, or German origin. Space will not permit the reproduction of many of these peculiarities, but one may be introduced to indicate a common tendency among the Germans of Nova Scotia. A venerable father, speaking at a religious meeting, in quoting the well-known passage relating to "vowing unto the Lord," said: "Better not to wow a wow unto the Lord than wow and not pay." This is a characteristic difficulty among the older people.

Before bringing this article to a close, reference must be made to a few somewhat peculiar expressions found on the western border of New Brunswick, where it adjoins the State of Maine. Here the shafts of a carriage or sleigh are generally spoken of as the "thills" and sometimes "fills." Both of these expressions are probably corruptions of "felloes." In this region also the word "shoat" is commonly made use of in referring to young pigs, but nowhere else in the Eastern Provinces. Both of these expressions are decidedly American, and like many other things good, bad and indifferent have been borrowed from across the border.

In the June number Mr. Wightman will tell about peculiarities of Maritime place names.

AVENGING THE "NANCY"

BY MARY ADELAIDE SNIDER

To this day you could find at the edge of an island in the Nottawasaga River the bones of the good ship "Nancy," whose fate during the war of 1812 is here recorded. The record embraces also the fate of the United States schooner "Scorpion," whose hull lies in a muddy creekmouth in Colborne Basin, off the harbour of Penetanguishene.

THE last red ensign left on the Upper Lakes flamed from the main peak as the schooner *Nancy* dipped farewell to the mouth of the Nottawasaga River, in the Georgian Bay. 'Twas the first of August, 1814. Eleven months earlier the disastrous Battle of Put-In Bay had given the Americans command of the inland seas above the Great Cataract. The *Nancy* had a close call in the St. Clair River then—fifteen minutes under fire, with splinters flying from the main boom and railing and the mainsail ablaze, while she stemmed the current and worked clear of the treacherous shore. But she had escaped, and with a few other schooners winged to and fro in the service of King George III., piling up profit for her owners, the Northwest Fur Company.

Now the net was closing in. An American squadron had covered Lake Huron, bent on the recapture of Fort Michillimackinac at its north-west extremity. The *Mink* had fallen a prey at the neighbouring island of St. Joseph's, and the *Perseverance* was captured and sent over the falls at Ste. Mary's, where the ravaging invaders even burned the fur company's horses alive in their desire for destruction of all things British; and now, though her crew knew it not as yet, the *Nancy* alone was left—one little trading schooner pitted against a fleet—the twenty-gun sloops *Niagara* and *Lawrence,* the brig *Hunter,* of eight guns, four armed schooners and five gunboats.

At Fort Michillimackinac, 220 miles away, stout Lieutenant-Colonel Robert McDouall, with 550 men, was holding out against two foes—hunger and American sailors and soldiers who outnumbered him three to one. The *Nancy* had already made two runs between the island and the mouth of the Nottawasaga to load the supplies stored there after a long haul across Upper Canada from York or Kingston. When she left Michillimackinac on this last trip the blockade had not yet been established, and she was now homeward bound, loaded to the sheerstrake with 300 barrels of flour for the King's soldiers, fifty bags of the same precious article as private merchandise, besides powder and shot, clothing and salt provisions for the needy garrison. Her freight was precious, for flour was worth $60 a barrel and salt pork fifty cents a pound.

She was an inspiring sight as she stormed along, stretching ever stitch of canvas to get her cargo under the guns of the Gibraltar of the north. A square topsail and top-gallant sail swelled on the foremast like the bursting breasts of racers of the clouds. Her masks raked aft at a sharp angle. Her mainsail, cut low in the peak and loose on the foot, bellied in the following wind like

some rising balloon. Beneath a range of straining jibs her bowsprit speared defiantly heavenward. Below it, but above the smother of foam that burst and played in wild cataracts at her cleaving bows, showed the vessel's namesake, no nereid nor mermaid, but an eighteenth century belle in hat and feather and all the elaboration of costume of the late seventeen-hundreds. Skelling, the carver, had been at particular pains to make that figurehead, and it had been brought all the way from New York when the schooner was built at Detroit in 1789. From the lady's skirts swept the broadening curve of the headboards, on either bow, beaded and enscrolled with the letters of the schooner's name. They widened into a broad white band, which flowed aft, girdling the ship's bulwarks, broken with the black squares of gunports—some real, some only painted, after the fashion of the time, which made every craft look as formidable as possible, for the better effect on pirates and the nation's foe.

A glimpse of the deck gained as the schooner dipped and heeled showed a stretch of holy-stoned planking perhaps twenty feet wide and eighty feet long at the very most, looking narrow and crowded between the high bulwarks, with barrels and bales lashed in every available space between the forecastle head and the raised quarter-deck and cabin aft. A heavy wooden capstan and windlass, brass guns on little wooden carriages, and a long boat stowed on chocks amidships heightened the crowded appearance of her decks and left little room for the movements of her large crew of French-Canadian *voyageurs* and Newfoundland fishermen who had joined the Royal Navy for the war on the freshwater seas. But all were blithe as crickets. Lieutenant Miller Worsley was in charge and he was driving her, under a press of canvas, for the sore beset isle of Mackinac. The enemy might be there—would surely be there ere long—but the *Nancy's* cargo would be a godsend to the garrison, and of the mosquitoes and blistering heat of the Nottawasaga shore all hands had had more than enough.

Suddenly "Sail ho!" came from the vigilant lookout in the fore topgallant crosstrees.

There was a racing aloft of blue-jacketed figures, and a concentration of long brass telescopes on a tiny dot that heaved and disappeared far ahead, right in the schooner's track.

"It's a big canoe," said Worsley. "What's she doing in the open lake so far off shore?"

The schooner came up on the craft rapidly, for strong arms were plying the paddles. A man stood up in the canoe and waved.

"Why, that's Mr. Livingston, who piloted us to the Nottawasaga, voyage before last!" exclaimed Captain Alexander McIntosh, the *Nancy's* sailing master—a grim and seasoned veteran of the lakes, who not long before had sailed the *Nancy* past Detroit with a fuse laid to a powder keg, ready to blow her up rather than surrender. 'Twas he, too, who stood at the helm all the while she fought her way out of the St. Clair, escaping gunshot as though he bore a charmed life.

"Heave her to," called Worsley.

"Back the tops and put the helm hard down!" echoed the sailing master, and, with a flailing of loosened jib sheets, the schooner came into the wind, while the canoe swept alongside.

The seaman was right. It was Lieutenant Robert Livingston, the daring officer of the Indian Department, who had been midshipman, fur trader, and leader of Indian warroirs, and was always engaged in some desperate and thrilling enterprise which only a man of his pluck could undertake. He had volunteered to carry a warning to the *Nancy,* and here he was, despite the fact that two of four wounds he had received in conflicts with the enemy

were still unhealed. Worsley welcomed him as a brother.

"The island's blockaded," announced Livingston shortly, "and Colonel McDouall's orders are for the *Nancy* to take shelter in the Nottawasaga, as far up as she can be towed. The squadron'll be after her hot foot. Despatches, sir," and he handed Worsley a packet.

"The devil!" was Worsley's comment.

"The devil!" echoed Sergeant Thomas of the 104th, who had just escaped in the schooner after a miserable wait for her at the river mouth. "Back to that hole in the wall, eh, with mosquitoes and Indians in equal quantities. Ugh!"

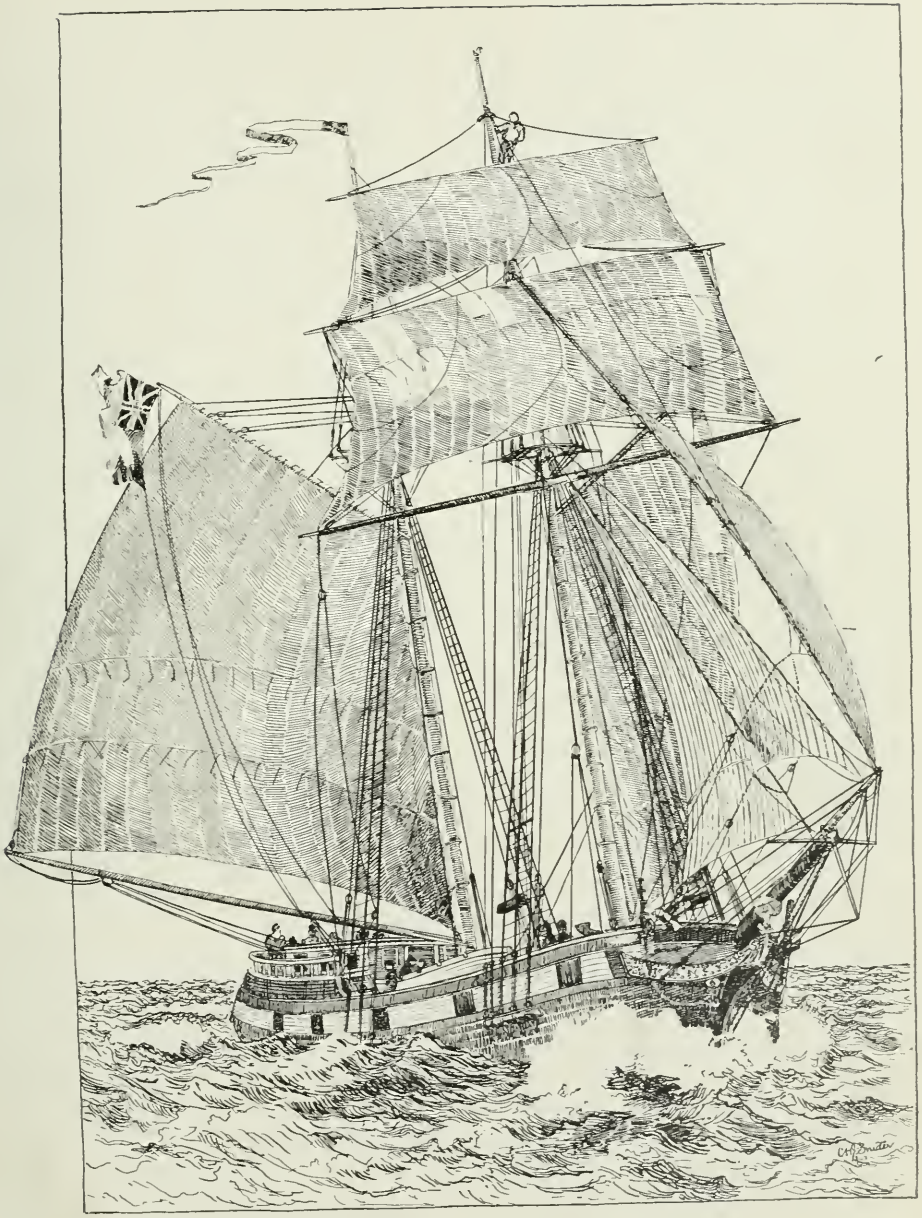
"Put the helm up and box her off," Worsley called to the sailing master, after a glance at the letter. "We must run back to Nottawasaga. There's no help for it, gentlemen, Colonel McDouall's orders are explicit."

The canoe which had carried the daring Livingston was taken in tow and the schooner headed back for the sandbanks that marked the river mouth from which she had emerged so jauntily a few hours before. Arrived there her own boats and the canoes and batteaux left at the little establishment formed in a long procession and towed her, with many a weary oar-stroke, up the winding stream fully two miles.

Lieutenant Livingston hurried the *Nancy's* peril to Lieutenant-General Drummond, who was besieging Fort Erie. On the high bank on the east side of the river a rough log blockhouse was hastily built, its elevation offering a better position for defence than the low deck of the schooner. Opposite this impromptu fortress the *Nancy* was moored. Through the treetops the lake could be seen from the blockhouse, as the river bank was only a few hundred yards distant from the shore, the stream paralleling the bay for miles before entering it. Guns were mounted in the fort—two twenty-four-pounders, and one six—and here Worsley and his men awaited the enemy, every moment of the time busily occupied in strengthening their logwork defences.

They did not have to wait long. On the thirteenth of August the lookout in the tall pines sighted the broad topsails of a brig, then the narrower pinions of a pair of schooners, in the north-west horizon, and ere long three American war craft anchored off the beach close enough to the blockhouse to be easily identified. All three had been in the battle of Lake Erie the year before and helped send the British squadron to its doom. To the largest, the twenty-gun sloop *Niagara*, Commodore Perry had rowed with his flag around him when his own ship the *Lawrence* was so shattered she could fight no more. The *Tigress* and the *Scorpion* had helped in the battering of the British fleet then, and were fresh from the capture of the *Mink* and the destruction of the *Perseverance*, and now, loaded with guns and men, they were hot on the *Nancy's* trail. Driven off with heavy loss when they attempted to take Mackinac, Colonel Croghan and Commodore Sinclair had determined to wreak vengeance on the *Nancy*, the last surviving British vessel, and, in destroying her, completely cut off communication by water, retrieve their repulse, and leave Mackinac to fall through the stress of starvation. Part of the discomfited flotilla was sent back to Lake Erie. Retaining three vessels with their regular complement of marines and sailors and armament reinforced by field guns, howitzers, and three companies of infantry, the invaders prepared to deliver this final blow.

Against this host of 500 Worsley had a little company of nine French-Canadian boatmen, twenty-one seamen of the Royal Navy, under Midshipman Dobson, and twenty-three Indians, whom Lieutenant Livingston



Drawing by C. H. J. Snider

THE "NANCY"

Stretching every stitch of her canvas to get her cargo under the guns of the Gibraltar of the North.

had mustered. Livingston himself had only returned that morning from York, and the promised reinforcements of Indians and militia were not due for days yet.

The first day the enemy's boats explored the river mouth and found nothing, but an encampment party which pulled to the beach in the evening and crossed the narrow sand ridge to the winding river spied a pair of topmasts when the sloping rays of the sun illumined the treetops—and the *Nancy* was discovered.

Commodore Sinclair wasted neither men nor ammunition in attempting a boat attack up the river by night. The fleet was brought as close to the beach as was safe next morning, opposite the *Nancy's* hiding-place, and a bombardment opened upon the hidden target, which the sand ridge and the heavy growth of pines and underbrush completely screened. The blockhouse guns roared back at the masts in the lake, which showed above the intervening foliage, but accuracy of aim was impossible. Under cover of the bombardment the Americans landed on the shore and dragged their heavy guns up the sand ridge, protected from view by the bushes, and soon opened a heavy fire across the river at close range. Worsley's position rapidly became hopeless. A train of powder was laid to the *Nancy* from the blockhouse, and preparations made for a retreat through the woods. A shell from an American howitzer burst right within the fort and the place at once took fire, the flames spreading almost immediately to the schooner. With a roar the blockhouse blew up, fragments being hurled in all directions, and the pursuing and victorious Americans, pushing across the river, found the works in ruins and abandoned, and the schooner in flames. Repeated explosions of powder below decks defied all attempts at boarding her or towing her to the lake. She burned to the water's edge and sank at her moorings.

Of the defenders the victors found no living trace. The desk of the commander of the *Nancy* was found in the woods, along with other scattered belongings, possibly hurled there by the explosion. The guns at the blockhouse had been spiked.

The surrounding forest baffled investigation or pursuit. Skulking Indians fired on the invaders and recalled ghastly memories of the scalps torn from tomahawked heads in the battle of Michillimackinac only a few weeks before.

The burning of the *Nancy* "accomplished," as Commodore Sinclair magniloquently told Lieutenant Daniel Turner, of the *Scorpion*, "the object for which the squadron came into this quarter, the destruction of the enemy's whole naval force on this lake."

Plucking what satisfaction he could from this victory for the defeat of the expedition against Mackinac, Sinclair sailed next day for Lake Erie, taking with him the spiked guns and a batteau he had found which mounted a twenty-four-pounder. He felled trees across the stream and left the two schooners to blockade the river. They were told not to suffer a boat to pass in or out—and yet Turner, of the *Scorpion*, was authorised to detach the *Tigress* for a cruise of a couple of weeks around the Island of St. Joseph's to pick up fur canoes as they passed between French River and Sault Ste. Marie, or rowboats that might be venturing across with supplies for Mackinac from far-away Montreal. He was warned that the enemy would be desperate and might try a night attack by small boats. For this reason Sinclair left him a boarding netting. But lest the time should hang heavy on his hands he was told to take an accurate survey of Gloucester Bay and its islands—as that part of the Georgian Bay was known—and also one of Matchedash Bay.

In the flame of the last sunset in August a deep-laden canoe paddled briskly into the shelter of Fort

Michillimackinac. She was crowded with twenty-five men—some pigtailed after the fashion of man-o'-warsmen then, some long-haired like bushrangers; all sunburned, powder-blackened, and unshaven. The brass buttons and stained blue and white of the King's uniform marked the man in charge as an officer of the Royal Navy. 'Twas Worsley.

"We had to blow the *Nancy* up," he told the wondering McDouall. "They thought we went to heaven with the bits of the blockhouse when our magazine exploded, but we stood off their whole force with the loss of one killed and one wounded, and escaped into the woods and reached the second blockhouse, four miles up the river, where Livingston's canoe and two batteaux were hidden. They never found us, for a gale of wind gave the schooners left to blockade the river an excuse to go hunting for the brigade of fur canoes, and we slipped out past the obstructions left to block us.

"We rowed and sailed 360 miles around the shores of this lake—and here we are. Only, at St. Joseph's, within thirty-six miles of here, we had to hide the two batteaux and seventy barrels of provisions we brought from the upper blockhouse. For, what do you think? When we reached the Detour we found our old friends the blockaders lying in wait for the fur flotilla. We passed within a hundred yards of one of them in the dark last night. Just give me a hundred Newfoundlanders and I'll bring them both here and square the yards for the poor old *Nancy!*"

"I'd give you half of his Majesty's Kingdom if I had it, seeing that you bring seventy barrels of provisions," said McDouall. "for our belts are pulled in here to the last hole!"

Next day four large rowboats, two of them with field-pieces in the bows, and a score of Indian canoes, set out from Michillimackinac. By night they were all securely hidden in a bay near the Detour, the narrow strait between the Island of St. Joseph's and the mainland.

In the gray of the dawn Worsley and Livingston set out in a small canoe, and, with the growing light, discovered one of the schooners anchored six miles away. Paddling back, they told the news and all lay hidden until sunset, when the flotilla rowed quietly to within three miles of the enemy. Here the Indians were told to wait, although three of their chiefs were taken on board the rowboats. With muffled oars the party of ninety-two sailors, soldiers, *voyageurs,* and redskins crept silently through the still darkness to the anchored vessel. Worsley's boat approached her on the starboard side and got within ten yards of her without being discovered.

"Boat ahoy!" suddenly hailed the startled lookout. "Show a light, or we'll sink you!"

There was no answer to the challenge, and the twenty-four-pounder the schooner carried at once roared a red greeting through the startled dark.

The shot went ploughing above the heads of the rowers and was followed immediately by a quick blaze of muskets and pistols. Worsley's boat swept alongside, followed by Lieutenant Bulger's, and then the others, and in a twinkling the assailants were pouring over the schooner's rail from port and starboard, British cheers mingling with French-Canadian war-cries and Indian battle screams. The sailing master in charge of the schooner was cut down with his officers and the crew of twenty-eight men driven below decks. From here they kept up a musketry fire which killed one of the boarders and wounded others, but victory seemed secure when a pistol flash revealed a sight which for a second froze the bravest heart. The great twenty-four-pound cannonade had been reloaded, and a huge negro was in the act of pulling the laniard and sweeping the gangway of friend and foe.

McIntosh, the Scotch seadog, leaped across the deck and severed the man's head from his body with one sweep of his cutlass. A black mass, grinning horribly, flew over the rail and fell in the starlit water with a hideous gurgle.

"Follow your head!" exclaimed the infuriated seaman, and, seizing the tottering trunk ere it fell, he hurled it overboard, too.

The prize proved to be the *Tigress*. All her officers had been wounded. Such had been the fury of the British onslaught that several of the defenders were pinned, writhing, to the deck, by the fixed bayonets of the Newfoundlanders, and the latter fought the rest of the fight with clubbed muskets. So crowded was the fighting space that only one dead body was found, the others having been forced overboard. The British loss was two seamen killed and Lieutenant Bulger and seven soldiers wounded. The enemy had four killed and as many wounded.

"And so the *Nancy's* avenged," laughed Midshipman Dobson, wiping the sweat-caked powder from his face.

"Not quite," said Worsley, "there's the other schooner yet."

Next day the boats, loaded with prisoners, were sent back to Mackinac, and the captured *Tigress* lay quietly at anchor. There was every likelihood that her consort had not heard the firing, so the American pennant flying from her truck when captured—although the rule says "Sun down, colours down"—was left aloft. Livingston, the indefatigable, paddled off in a canoe, returning with the information that the other schooner, which had been anchored fifteen miles away, was beating up to them. The wind was light and it was dusk before she came in sight. The elementary precaution of exchanging signals was not taken—as a matter of fact the vessels had no material for doing so; and all unsuspecting, the second schooner, Lieutenant Turner's *Scorpion*, anchored within a mile and a half of her consort, now held by the foe. She was the larger and smarter of the two, and had she suspected what had happened might have escaped. Worsley waited for the dawn, and with the first light slipped his cable, hoisted the jib and foresail, and stood down under easy sail, with the American colours flying, and his soldiers in the hold and cabin, only a dozen men in American greatcoats being visible.

The gunner was in charge of the *Scorpion's* crew, washing down the decks.

"The *Tigress* is standing towards us," was the word passed below, but no comment was made, and no officer came up until the crash of the *Tigress's* twenty-four-pounder rent the morning air. The soldiers rushed from her hold and amid a sharp fire of musketry she ranged alongside and her exulting crew tumbled over the rail of the craft that had destroyed the *Perseverance* and helped send the *Nancy* to the bottom. The bare-legged deck swabbers were in no condition for defence, and the first rays of the September sun flamed upon the British ensign proudly floating above the Stars-and-Stripes on both the *Tigress* and the *Scorpion*.

The latest prize yielded thirty-six more prisoners. She mounted a long twenty-four-pounder with a long twelve on a disabled carriage in the hold. Worsley had only one man wounded. Two of the Americans were killed and two wounded.

To quote Sinclair: Worsley in turn had succeeded in "the destruction of the enemy's whole naval force on this lake," and in addition had provided King George III. with two serviceable warships.

With a thoroughness which had a touch of humour in it, Worsley completed the avenging of the *Nancy* by sending her captured destroyers back to the Nottawasaga, where they disembarked some members of their former crews, and loaded enough pro-

visions to supply the garrison at Mackinac for six months.

Tradition around the river mouth still tells of the terrible aspect of the "fierce-looking cut-throats" disembarked there. The privations of confinement in the pent 'tween-decks of two small schooners had probably done little to improve the appearance of the survivors of the foray. The prisoners had to march across the wilderness to Kingston and Quebec. The boatswain and four others from the *Scorpion* escaped to the Bay of Quinte, crossed Lake Ontario from there to Genesee River, and made their way to Erie—the naval base on the lake of the same name.

To this port, too, on the wings of a November gale, came the cartel schooner *Union,* which had been held at Mackinac until the *Tigress* and *Scorpion*—now renamed His Majesty's schooner *Surprise* and His Majesty's schooner *Confiance*—returned from a successful trip to the Nottawasaga. The *Union* was loaded with paroled prisoners, including Sailing Master Champlin; and from them the directors of the war on Canada received full confirmation of how completely the loss of the *Nancy* had been avenged.

THE COMPACT

By CARROLL C. AIKINS

"LET each look in his soul to-night
And on the morrow we will tell
The secrets of that naked sight
Where no illusions dwell!"

Agreed! And each at his own place
Kept true the vigil, as he sware,
And looked upon his soul's sad face
And read his annals there.

I know not what of grief or guilt
They saw, nor if they cursed or pray'd,
For on the morrow when they met
No word of it was said!

GOING FISHING

BY CURRIE LOVE

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

THERE were four of us, and we planned a nice, long day in the country, with a fish-fry midday meal on the bank and the joys of trout fishing in the Elbow River during the day. It looked very alluring the night before, and we arranged to get up at fourth-thirty a.m. (note that a.m.) to get a good, early start. "For," said the fishing expert of the party, "we've simply got to get there early if we want to catch any fish."

It sounded very well, but I had an "innard" feeling that four-thirty is much more attractive the night before than it is when the alarm clock rings in the morning. Far be it from me, however, to cast any gloom over the assembled party, and I cheerfully agreed to bring coffee-pot, cream, a frying-pan, my own cup, coffee for four, and anything else they might like. The other feminine person in the party is her own chaffeuse (do you suppose that's the proper feminine of chaffeur? I don't know). She was to bring her five-passenger car and be the working member on the way out. She said she'd come down to spend the night with me in my bachelor girl flat, so we'd be ready to start off together in the wee, sma' hours. I agreed to that, too. It's a habit I have. You have never known so agreeable a person as I am. Even though I knew perfectly well she'd go sky-larking or joy-riding or something before she came, and arrive about eleven, full of conversation, just when I was sleepiest. That four-thirty alarm loomed large before me.

Well, she did just what I thought she would do. Isn't it a melancholy pleasure to be able to breathe to yourself, "I told you so"? She came about eleven (eleven-twenty, to be exact), and she talked until one. What about? Gossip, or clothes, or men, or something like that. I wasn't listening to her, but I do remember how sleepy I was.

At last she allowed me to drift into slumberland, and it seemed to me I had been asleep only a minute when the alarm went off. Isn't it a fiendish feeling, that impotent rage you engender against an alarm clock? I just opened my eyes and glared at the noisy thing and wished I were a man so I could have a really worth while profane vocabulary, and felt how tired I was, and groaned a little bit, and grumbled some more, and, would you believe me, that girl who talked all night jumped up as spry as you please and walked into her cold dip without a word. People like that are positively distressing in their moral superiority, aren't they?

Then, of course, I was ashamed to grumble any more, and I had to get up for my cold dip, too, and make coffee and toast, which we decided was all we'd need before the start. The other girl went over to the garage to get the car, while I proceeded to pack my best black "bull sea-lion" suitcase (it was an expensive one, too) with coffee, fruit, tea, coffee-pot, tea-pot and frying-pan. We had

UNCLE AND EMILY READY TO CAST

been told not to bring any more stuff to eat, for the other girl's uncle, who was married, was to provide a big basket of provisions. Her aunt wouldn't come. She said she had more sense than to go out at that hour in the morning with four crazy idiots who ought to know better.

I got everything packed, and carried it all down to the front door of the apartment building, with my steamer rug and two pillows, and stood there shivering in my knickerbockers and sweater, with a long coat over me, wondering why in the world that girl didn't come. It was six o'clock when she finally arrived with the first tale of woe. Her gasolene had all leaked out of the tank, and she had had to have it filled again.

We got in and started over to "Uncle's," (I'll call him Uncle, too, though he wasn't a relation of mine), where we were to pick him up, as well as some other man, a friend of his. When we got there we found Uncle simply dancing with rage because we were so late in starting. He looked like a picturesque pirate in his green and red sweater coat, a perfectly disreputable old pair of trousers and a cap that surely came out of the Ark. His friend, who had a name like Giestenhanger, or Gerstenhausen, or Geeseldopper, or something deradful like that, we promptly dubbed "Mr. Tom," because no one,

not even Uncle, could remember his name.

Mr. Tom was frightfully respectable-looking, and I shuddered as I thought of my knickerbockers, carefully hidden under the all-enveloping long coat. But it was too late to sigh for skirts, and I proceeded to huddle myself into the smallest possible corner, while Uncle and Mr. Tom packed me round with fishing-rods, more frying-pans, a huge basket of "eats," a fish basket, a camera, rubber boots, waders, and other li'tle things like that.

"Don't mind me," I murmured resignedly, when Uncle, who weighs about two hundred and fifty pounds, donned a huge fur coat and packed himself in on top of the load, while Mr. Tom, springing lightly to the seat beside Emily, which, of course, had to be kept free, so she could drive, gave the signal to be off.

Alberta early morning air is cold. Did I mention that we were starting out from Calgary, Alberta? No? Well, anyway, it was cold and I shuddered and shivered, and reflected that trousers weren't really as warm as skirts, though I'd always hitherto supposed they were, and wondered why I'd been such a fool as to go fishing at four-thirty a.m. and similar pleasing reflections. Uncle said I was sensible because I didn't worry him with talking, and Emily, that's the other girl's name, kept up a constant stream of conversation with Mr. Tom.

I will say it was a jolly drive out there, and the car behaved beautifully. Only one stop because the engine boiled over, or whatever you call it when the thing gets too hot to be handled. That didn't stop us, however, from going twenty-eight miles to the very heart of the beautiful Sarci Reserve. Mr. Tom, who is a Yankee, said, "Gee, isn't it a shame for the Dominion Government to keep this gorgeous place for the Indians?"

THE FISH-FRY OF THE BANK OF THE ELBOW

My voice was icy, when I said:

"You see, we Canadians keep our word, even to Indians, and, of course, it was a part of the treaty that they should get this place. Besides, if we hadn't kept it for the Indians it would probably be cut up

into sub-divisions for the real estate agents to handle, and you wouldn't be able to fish here at all."

Emily giggled. Mr. Tom had just been telling her he had come to Calgary to "go into" real estate.

Finally we found the place where Uncle said we were to stop. Uncle and Tom disappeared into the bushes to put on their waders, and Emily and I bravely got rid of our long coats and appeared in our knickerbockers. Mr. Tom looked surprised, but as he was too polite to say anything, we shrugged our shoulders and decided we didn't care.

Uncle, who is a heartless old brute when it comes to fishing, calmly informed us that he and Tom were going to ford the river, to explore a creek someone had told him about, and if they found it all right they'd come back after us. He didn't invite any comment on the scheme, so we didn't make any—just sat down and looked blankly at each other, as the two men disappeared into the water.

"Well," I remarked, as soon as the breath returned to me, "that's what comes of going fishing with married men. I wish we'd brought some nice young ones with us."

Emily just gasped. Suddenly I saw her eye brighten, and she remarked calmly, "I'm going to ask that man on the bank over there to put up the top on my car."

So saying, she arose and walked over to a youth who was stretched at full length on the bank, enjoying a siesta, while his two friends fished down stream. Making her sweetest smile, Emily asked in dulcet tones, "Would you mind putting up the top on my car for me?"

He was an amiable youth, and arising lazily he came over to put up the top, under Emily's calm direction, but he was not an enterprising youth, for after putting up the top he walked off and lay down again. I carefully avoided Emily's eye. But Emily has travelled round the world, and to think that a mere Calgary youth could circumvent her wiles was not to be calmly endured. So her busy brain suddenly bethought itself, "We'll have some tea, and we'll ask that man to build a fire."

Over she went once more, and back came the lazy youth to gather twigs and build a fire within two flat stones. The little sauce-pan was soon boiling right merrily, and then it began to rain. The lazy youth was pressed into service to put up the sides, while I hastily finished making tea, and we all scrambled into the car to drink it.

The rain didn't last very long, however, and after it was over, the youth, grown more enterprising, suggested that he and Emily should look for mushrooms. Personally, I didn't believe there was a mushroom within ten miles. Neither, incidentally, did Emily, but she said she'd "just love to," and off they went, leaving me alone in the car. I gasped. "Well, what d'ye know about that?" to myself, but philosophically reflecting I might as well make myself comfortable, pulled a rug over me, and putting a cushion under my head settled down for my long-wished-for sleep. Back came Emily and her new acquisition, with his two friends in tow. It was raining again. So I had to sit up once more and make myself agreeable to three strange men, meanwhile horribly conscious of my knickerbockers, and wishing to goodness they'd please go away and let me sleep.

But they didn't, until the sun once more broke through, and they all started off to fish again. Emily and I were suddenly conscious that we were hungry, so we decided to explore the provision basket. Horror descended upon us. There wasn't a thing that didn't have to be cooked. No cold meat, no pickles dear to feminine heart—nothing but a small can of sardines, with no can-opener, potatoes that needed to be boiled,

bacon that needed to be fried, with only bread and butter that could be eaten as it was.

"Oh, my aunt," wailed Emily, "what were you thinking about? My, I'm hungry! What shall we do?"

We sat there loking at each other mournfully. The wood and the ground were too soaked to permit of our building a fire. It was nearly one o'clock, and we hadn't had a thing to eat, with only a cup of tea to drink since our four-thirty breakfast. The gnawing pangs of hunger were beginning to make themselves felt. Suddenly Emily had an inspiration. "I know," she exclaimed delightedly, "we'll steal those boys' lunch."

Stern, sober, business woman that I am, I forbore to rebuke either her faulty English or her elastic morals. Nay, I even joined her in predatory march against the luncheon of the unsuspecting men, who had left their hamper unguarded. There were ham sandwiches, mustard pickles, and cheese, and with one accord we "swiped" a large, joyous sandwich each, a "hunk" of cheese and a handful of pickles, and clasping these to our grateful hearts, we made all speed back to the car, to stave off the aforesaid pangs with our stolen booty.

Once more we stretched ourselves on the seats of the car with rugs and pillows, and I, for one, was well on the way to dreamland when the voices of our recreant knights reached us. They had come back, like the cat of immortal fame, and they bore with them a basket of Alberta trout that weighed about forty-five pounds, and looked like food for the gods. The sun had come out, everything was dry and bright, and Mr. Tom soon had a fire going that was sufficient to warm the coldest heart. We forgot to be dignified. We laughed as we fried fish, boiled coffee, fried potatoes, and had a meal better than the *chef* of the newest and most gorgeous hotel could turn out.

It was a meal, believe me! And when we had finished, we decided we would not be left again—we, too, would ford the river. Little cared we that it ran far above our waists, that the current was swift, the riverbed stony, and one's footing consequently most uncertain. Go we would, and go we did. We borrowed waders from one man, and went across singly under the care of the other, who came back and gave the waders to his friend when we had finished. Then for the creek!

Such a creek! Deep down and clear, it was the abode of speckled beauties such as you dream about, but seldom see. Such scenery, such trees, such hills! We wandered on in our rubber boots, through water up to our knees, and we came to one place that made you wish you could be a fish for one of your lives, if you could spend it in such a beauty spot. A deep canyon, with a wall of rock on either side and verdure that surpasses in beauty anything you could see even in our beautiful Ontario. To Uncle its chief claim to beauty was the fact that he caught eight fish in about fifteen minutes in the deep pool under the overhanging rock. Uncle is one of those fishermen who can stand all day and all night—and just fish. As long as the fish are biting, he doesn't remember meal hours, the approach of dark, the long drives home or anything but—fish!

It was eight o'clock when at last we managed to abstract the absorbed Uncle from his fish. It was a half-hour's work to divide the spoils of the day, which numbered about a hundred speckled beauties. Emily and I rode across the ford on the horses of two obliging Englishmen, and we were soon ensconced in the car for our twenty-eight-mile homeward trip. It was ten-thirty when we reached Calgary, and even Emily was glad to go to bed.

THE MAN OF THE FUTURE

BY ANNE WARNER

HE was the only son. He had had every advantage, natural and acquirable. He was above the average—really very far above the average. Not perhaps quite as far above as his father thought, and certainly nowhere near as far above as his mother thought—but infinitely farther above than he thought himself, for he was one of the sweetest, most modest, and most lovable of young fellows, and to him it was nothing short of torture to be so awfully over-estimated.

"Because, you see, I'm really such an ordinary kind of chap," he said to the girl in the case (there is always a girl in every case—it's a little way that cases have), "and it bores me to be looked up to in that way."

"Oh, but you know you are most awfully clever," said the girl; "you know that you are."

"Now, look here, I won't take it from you," he cried out, almost angrily; "I won't have it."

The girl stared. She had never seen him vexed before. "I didn't know that you had a temper," she said very gravely—almost disappointedly. (But not quite, for she loved him too well to see a single fault in his construction.)

"I've a shocking bad temper," he declared through his teeth—and then he turned his horse in a bit closer her's and said, in the low, confidential tone which ought to be taken away from a man if he has any other social assets, for it is the cruellest charm of all, "I've a really most horrid temper, and it's worse than usual to-day, for I'm awfully cut up over something."

"Oh, what?" asked the girl. It was so heavenly to be told things by him. Life was *too* lovely when they happend to ride home together. "Do tell me all about it," she asked, earnestly, "you know how interested I am." (And, indeed, she really was.)

"Yes, I know, and I always do tell you everything—don't I? Well, this is what it is this time." He squared about in his saddle and tried to speak as if he liked the prospect. "My father called me into his room last night and told me that I was twenty-three now—just the age of Gladstone when he first went into the House of Commons, and he wants me to enter Parliament."

I suppose that the girl must have heard some rumour as to this before, for Parnell, when he rose from dinner and suddenly began looking about for a constituency, was a notable exception to a very well established rule. But she only turned her lovely face his way, and, although there was no enthusiasm in her eyes or her voice, still her faith was beautiful to watch in its milk and roses manifestations. "When shall you be elected?" she asked, and her parents had educated her so carefully that she really meant it.

He did not smile at her naïveté. Nothing delights a man so much as ignorance in a woman (until she becomes his wife). He had no doubt as to the prettiness of her innocence.

"There will be a bye-election

at——,'' he said, mentioning a place of which she had never heard, ''and it can be managed, my father says; indeed, it can be very easily managed, I believe. They want a new man, the present incumbent is worn out. He's been there years. Ever so long. Too long, in fact.''

''The Duke of Newcastle gave Mr. Gladstone his seat, didn't he?'' said the girl, who was glad that she had read that far in the Life of Gladstone, even though she should never read any farther. ''I think it was so kind in the Duke, for Mr. Gladstone can't have turned out at all as he expected.''

''No,'' said her lover (for he was her lover, although he didn't altogether know it yet); ''but the Duke didn't foresee that then.''

''No, I suppose not,'' said the girl. ''It must have been a great difficulty for the men who did the appointing of the members to ever be sure how they would turn out.''

''They didn't appoint them,'' corrected the young man, ''they went through a show of holding an election. But it was nothing but a show.''

''It's *so* different now,'' said the girl, and then she sighed. ''Elections are *such* hard work! Dear me, but how I did work last time addressing envelopes! And then our candidate lost. It was too dreadful. And the other was such a nasty, horrid little man. Even his wife was sorry that he won. Everybody was''—she paused to sigh again. ''I think that it's all so trying now-a-days,'' she added; ''quite impossible men so often get the most votes.''

''Yes,'' said the hero of this tale, slightly saddened by the manner and matter of her speech; ''of course, it's a game that one can never be absolutely sure of beforehand.''

In the face of this undoubted truth they both sighed and rode on a little more quickly. They were not exactly depressed, but there was a feeling that somehow life had taken on a deeper shade of meaning and the deeper shade was less agreeable than the old gay youthful irresponsibility. The girl felt a dread lest happiness might be forever over, and the man was deeply impressed by the sense of his impending lot. He might be going to be very great. No one could be positive that he wouldn't be. Very young men, who have never been out in the world much and who are consequently still carrying their ideals about with them uncracked, nearly always feel that to enter the political arena is a great, glorious, and *very* solemn thing. It is such a common feeling that I suppose that it is at once natural and customary to feel it, and when, in addition to such sensations there exists a widespread of one's very own horizon on all sides and a subconscious exhilaration over the power that is entailed with the acres, and over the presence of the only essential left to desire close by on another horse as good as one's own!—well, words fail to convey just the spiritual environment of the minute, but it was certainly superb and supreme. He was stirred to the depth of his soul and he knew, with a curious psychical intuition of which he had read two nights before in a book he had picked out at random—that his country, being in that especial state of need too well known to be recapitulated here—he and he alone was the man to respond. And how he would respond! It went through him with a flashing thrill that it was to be he—he himself—who might be entitled the man of the future, the man who—in that darkest time of all—would spring forward, bare his breast and somehow save things. Momentary depression over a dubious outlook is frequently followed by these gorgeous inner outbursts, warm-hearted, ardent youth always wanting to be in some breach, reloading somebody else's cannon. ''If I do go in for it,'' he said aloud, turning his face her way and with a strong undercurrent of feeling

threading his tone; "if I do go in for it I know one thing—I shall give myself up wholly to the work. There will be no halfway measures with me. There is such a lot to do in the world at present, a man could very well give his life to his country in this time of peace as well as in any past time of war."

The girl did not look happy over this speech, but if he had enthusiasm at command she made up her mind to have faith to match, so she said, trying to sound quite gay and natural, "You do speak so well. Whenever you are going to speak I'll run up and stay with aunt and we'll go together and hear you."

"I shall have a lot to learn before that, I expect," he said, smiling in spite of himself over the mental picture of his eloquence pouring up through the grating to her. He resolved to remember to always speak loud enough so that the ladies of the harem could hear; not all members bear that in mind, he knew, for he had sat behind the sacred screening himself once and hadn't heard a thing. His mother, who had been with him, had been quite vexed and had declared that he would have been further on with his education if she had taken him to the tower that afternoon instead.

"I think you ought to read a great deal," she said, trying desperately to be vividly interested. "Dear me, how much you will have to know! Think of the statistics. They are always asking such funny questions, too. About the Sunday Closing Bill and the sleeping sickness, and other droll things. Papa was talking about it to uncle the other night. Papa said that if all that was said was true this was no time for splitting hairs, and if it wasn't it shouldn't have been said. Papa is very bitter about the last two elections."

He looked extremely thoughtful. "I wonder if they are ever asked questions without warning?" he said. "I know so little about it all. It's quite a shock for me—it really is. Dear me, I must hope that they won't ask me questions. I never had any head for figures."

She could not reassure him because she knew nothing of Parliamentary rules and never read any of that part of the papers. A brief silence ensued and then finally she said, with another brave attempt to put a bright face on a bad matter, "It will be nice to have you know what everything means because then I can ask you to explain. I do so want to learn who Mr. Osborne was and what he judged, and all about it. And the difference between devolution and de-nationalisation and what preference is. I'm most anxious to be an up-to-date woman."

"I shall soon be able to tell you everything," he declared, laughing. "I shall begin by reading the Encyclopædia Britannica straight through, and then I shall specialise on the British Empire."

"How fine of you!" she exclaimed, her eyes glowing with anticipation. "They won't be able ever to catch you napping *then*."

"I think not," he said, laughing more. (She was so charming with her belief in the capacity of his brain.) "I certainly shall know it all when I finish."

"Yes," she said, with a little confident nod, "but we knew that before."

They had to get on a bit faster then as the sun was fast setting, and so the conversation turned to less heavy subjects, to subjects equal to taking a brisk trot without too much jarring.

*

The next time that the girl saw him he was weeks further on his upward way. The member who had expected to resign on account of severe and unremitting advance of age (he had sat for the same constituency for so long that when he had to make a speech he rarely ever mentioned any other fact), decided that perhaps he

could hold out through one more sitting, the more so as his country house was having itself rebuilt and the family would be away most of the year in consequence. There are all sorts of little ins and outs in the big Parliament game and this was one of them. The member never stopped with his family much of the time, but if they were to be where he wouldn't ever be called upon to stop with them at all he didn't mind London or any other place. Besides, the House was home to him—he had been lying about it in one way or another for so many, many years. So his vacating was deferred.

This gave his successor time to study, and he had studied. And he had done a lot beside studying. His parents were progressive and ambitions, each with strong biases and no end of plans for him to carry out. The girl noted with anxiety the changes which the interim had made, but when she learned how it had been spent she wondered that the changes were not yet more marked. It seemed that he had been up in town to look over the Doomsday Book. His uncle, the vicar, was anxious that he should do something in regard to Land Reform and had advised him strongly to "begin at the beginning." English land had its origin in the Doomsday Book, further averred the vicar, so his nephew had been up in town to see the Doomsday Book (of course, I mean a copy).

But that was not all. He had been through the Black Country, too. "You don't know what you're talking about unless you've seen Leeds and Birmingham," his father's second cousin, the awfully rich member of the family, had told him. "Why, they talk about London and Downing Street running the Government! Well!" The awfully rich second cousin had that way of speaking—that way of launching widely forth and then, before he had really said anything especial, stopping short in a manner that forbade any opposition to what he might have said further on. In this case his mere manner, without any words whatever, would have sent the family aspirant to Leeds and Birmingham. And that was not all either.

"If you are so far north you must —you really must go on to Edinburgh," the awfully rich second cousin's wife, who was Scotch, and with whom had originated that branch of the family's fortunes, had insisted. "If we are going to have a member of Parliament in the family I do want him to do a little something for Scotland. They talk so much of Ireland and India, but things need looking after just as much with our poor people. I do hope you'll bring in new marriage laws for the poor. They're so much better provided for if they're not married, that it's leading to a most shocking state of things. They soon won't marry at all, and then only think of the thousands upon thousands of orphans to be looked after!"

So, naturally, he had been to Edinburgh also, and had walked down from the Castle and up Calton Hill, casting earnest, thoughtful glances at all he saw. He was so earnest and so thoughtful. And getting more so daily. And that was not all, either! He had been to Wales, too. "Depend upon it that's where the trouble will begin when the trouble does begin," his father's old friend, the Colonel of the Crimea, had taken him confidentially aside after dinner to say. The Colonel of the Crimea was a very old and distinguished officer and everyone always tried to take his advice. "England can talk about Germany and Hounsditch," continued the Colonel of the Crimea, "but the real trouble is coming out of Wales. And I don't mean Lloyd George, either—I mean exactly what I say. It's war that we're going to have—that's it—war. War, with a big W. And it won't be anything funny. The Saxon is going to have the Celt at his throat—that's what

I said, the Celt at his throat, and when the Celt gets hold there he sticks. Talk about riots, we'll have riots, and then we'll have more serious riots, and then we'll have a riot that no troops can put down, and then we'll know that *that* place is held for the Liberals. And then we'll have war. In short," wound up the Colonel of the Crimea with cannon-like explosiveness, "you must, you really *must* go to Wales."

So he had been to Wales.

He was very white and worn-looking, and the girl's mother and aunt were quite shocked, and begged him to have something stronger than tea. But he declared himself to be quite all right.

"To say the truth, it's not the travelling but the situation at home that troubles me," he said confidentially (he knew them all so very, very well). "I'm awfully bothered over the situation at home."

All the three drew closer to the tea-table, and the girl's mother said anxiously, "There is no real trouble at home, I hope!"

"No," he said, rubbing his forehead with an air of perplexed seeking after truth, "but things have taken such a strange turn there and it's very hard on me."

"Poor boy," said the aunt, who was sympathetic and rather young, too. And such a sweet voice.

"Do tell us all about it," begged the girl, whose heart was sobbing fear over his status in general.

"Why, you know father has always been a Conservative and mother has always been a Liberal, but they're such a devoted couple that they never talk about it."

"Dear me," said the girl's mother, showing very plainly that the trouble was nothing like what she had anticipated when she provided her ready sympathy. "And what are you?" she asked, apparently having never thought of that before.

"Why, I had to be whatever the present member is or I couldn't succeed him, and now it seems that he changed when Chamberlain did, and is rather inclined to regret his change, so really it isn't easy to decide *what* I am."

"Does it matter?" asked the girl.

"Oh, my dear, you have to know what you are so as to know which Lobby to go into when you divide," said her aunt, in a tone of reproof. "Dear me, what a predicament," she added then to their visitor.

"I was away, so I knew nothing of the difficulty until my return," said the man of the future; "but now that I am back it appears that father and mother felt the gravity of the situation so kneenly that they've sent for no end of books and worked ceaselessly over them during my absence, and as a consequence they've each gone over—father's become a Liberal and mother's become a Tory."

"Oh, *dear!*" cried the girl's mother, "*what* a situation!"

"Yes, isn't it?" said the poor boy, "and the worst of it is that, like all new converts, they're so enthusiastic that really I don't know what to do. They're so fond of one another that they never talk about anything on which they differ, but they each have spoken to me privately and they feel very strongly. They didn't feel at all strongly before. Father was sensitive over the war scare and mother couldn't quite swallow some of her party's language, but now father says that the party that embodies the principles of a man like Lord Morley deserves the support of every Englishman, and mother says that if she had ever realised the whole truth about the Boer War before she could have been a Conservative since then, even if she never by any means was one before."

"I agree with your mother," cried the girl's aunt, "and there was poor dear Gordon, too—they simply deserted him up there, where nobody could get at him. It's a burning disgrace to have sent such a brave man

where he couldn't possibly hope to be rescued."

"We won't discuss that, my dear," said the girl's mother. "I know your feelings, and we won't say another word. But you know as well as I do that he disobeyed orders and——"

The man and the girl looked a bit forlorn and seemed to almost wish that there were a chance to talk of something else, but just then a dogcart came whirling along and whirled in that gate.

"Oh, this is delightful!" exclaimed the girl's mother, and she and the aunt hastened across the turf to greet the newcomers, who were jumping down to their level with a rapidity equally flattering.

"You look so ill," said the girl, hurriedly, and oh, so very tenderly! "all this is so hard on you."

"I don't know what ails me," said the man, rubbing his forehead wearily. "I do hope that I can pull it off satisfactorily, but it's so much bigger an undertaking than I ever imagined before I went in for it. There are so many sides. And they all seem reasonable enough to me. Whatever I read or whatever anyone tells me seems so reasonable. Both sides are so reasonable. They did treat Gordon abominably, but if he'd done what he agreed to do he'd never have been shut up in Khartoum. I quite agree with mother about the Boers; I think Kruger was an old rascal—but, then, most men who don't win prove to be as great rascals as the men who do. Wellington wasn't all they quite thought him. I agree with father that Richard Cobden did infinitely greater services."

"How bee-eautifully you put it," said the girl, pressing her pretty hands together in a veritable ecstasy of admiration (and it was noble in her, too, for she still was heartsick over his going away). "I *know* that you're going to be great," she added with a choke.

The man shook his head. "I'm not so sure," he said sadly; "they've sent me down four more cases of books and a complete set of Hansard. It's dreadful to only look at them, and my uncle writes me to cram for all I'm worth because the man of today is the all-round man, but my old tutor writes me to specialise because if Brougham had specialised he'd have made an immortal name for himself, whereas by not specialising he's only remembered as being so versatile."

He paused and rubbed his head again.

"I see," said the girl, who didn't see at all and wished most heartily that there were no Parliaments and that she had the right to rub his head for him. It seemed to her that life ran in the wrong channels so much of the time.

And now the dogcart people, linked arm in arm with the mother and the aunt, came across the turf, and while they were getting themselves pleasantly grouped fresh tea came out of the house and life took on a somewhat brighter view.

"Mr. McCrea is Irish," said the girl's aunt to the future M.P.; "he'll be able to tell you ever so much that will come in usefully later."

"No, he's not Irish," said Mrs. McCrea, an extremely pretty and vivacious little woman. "The very idea! When he's a descendant of those horrid Scotch Presbyterians who have helped make life a burden to us ever since the Peace of Limerick. Don't call him Irish. It's an insult to the Blarney Stone."

"My love," said her husband, smiling at her quick ripple of words, the which did not seem to distress him in the slightest, "the Peace of Limerick was over two centuries ago. My family have lived there ever since and been making the most orthodox mixed marriages constantly."

"Mixed marriages!" said his wife with lively disdain; "marrying into those Ulster families, you mean."

"Ulster is Ireland, darling."

"Ulster is not Ireland—don't for-

get that," she said, turning to the man of the future. "If you want to make yourself famous, emulate Regulus, and every time that anything Irish comes up in the House rise and proclaim loudly, 'Ulster is *not* Ireland.' ".

She spoke so earnestly that nobody could do so much as smile, and the man could only murmur:

"I certainly will do as you say."

The girl was fearful that they would send him flying to Ireland next, but beyond some rather rapid discussions of Grattan, the Castle, Irish lace, and whether Flood was or wasn't honest in accepting office, they did no other damage than that which was only natural to the cake and tea.

After tea the whole party strolled about the garden, and the man managed to say to the girl, "I'm off again, to-morrow."

Her jaw dropped. "Off again, to-morrow! Where?"

"Well, you see, I've had a letter from a man in London as to the German Workingman's Colonies. You can't think what a *mail* I get now, but this man's letter really set me thinking. He wants me to take up the cause of labour; he says that I can emulate Duncombe or something of the sort."

"Who was Duncombe?" asked the girl.

"I don't know. That's something that I must look up at once, too—but really he did put his case very well. He sent me four pamphlets and twenty-six leaflets, and before I'd read three I was dumbfounded over the state of things. Something must be done. I don't know what Duncombe did, but I do know that I shall try to do more."

"You are so good," said the girl. But she was conscious of a great sinking of the heart. She felt that he was too good for one so little and unambitious as herself. It flashed over her what a bitter draught it might be to see one's—one's husband —become famous. She wanted to cry.

*

He went to Germany and it took three weeks. It proved more arduous than Scotland or Wales. The man of London had given the man of the future introductory letters in Berlin, Essen, Ebberfeld, and Cassel, and the results nearly wore the latter to skin and bone. Every man to whom he had a letter gave him his whole time and more letters to other men. They wanted him to meet the heads of all their departments, to dine with the promoters of schemes for further benefits, and to visit everything that Germany had founded so far. The German charity mind was divided as to whether or not it was wisest to charge two-fifths of a penny for hot baths with two towels, and consulted his opinion. It seemed that Cassel felt baths should be like sunshine and so charged nothing. The man of the future felt that, according to that doctrine, baths would practically cease for his countrymen, but was too bewildered by this time to do more than shake his head.

"In Essen they make them pay," said his guide of the moment, looking anxiously into his face. But he could only shake his head again and say "So?" which, pronounced "Zoh," is probably the most useful German phrase which a travelling philanthropist can hold on the tip of his tongue.

They are thorough in Germany, and although he only came accredited to the workingmen, they led him to the deaf, dumb, blind and babies also. He saw poor houses, insane asylums, military drills, button factories, and the Gypsy foundling whom the Kaiserin commended to Wilhelmshöhe. He almost died.

When he finally finished and was on his way back home a friend of the London man's tripped him up at the Belgian frontier and carried him to Brussels, where he had his principles completely *bouleversé* by Socialistic propaganda, and, fleeing

to Bruges to rest at the Oude Doelen, fell in there with the free milk scheme for poor mothers of poor babies and learned with horror what ought to be—but isn't always being —done in that direction.

But at last, at last, *at last,* he did set foot on English soil once more and found his peaceful home looking even more attractive than he had ever imagined that any combination of nature and man-made material could be. It was perfect (until he found out the state of things within). He thought that a few days of quiet were now to brace him for the digestion of his late heavy feeding of facts, but, alas—alas! Bewildering things had come to pass during his absence, with the result that he had to learn that owing to a diet of still further and yet more burning application to the study of the problems of the day his father had become a teetotaler and was now in Glasgow, looking into the latest schemes of reform and entertaining serious thoughts as to whether he should be best fitted to work in the mission field or settle permanently in a London slum, while his mother, having once begun to develop had gone ahead at such an appalling rate that she had actually sailed the day before for American to conduct meetings on behalf of votes for women.

The reader will not be surprised that the son found the old place lonely and deserted, with only the butler and the housekeeper, tears in their eyes and quivers on their lips, to keep him company through his hour of shock.

For a little he was too dazed to speak—almost to even think. Later he ate his dinner in a gloomy silence, painfully conscious that the gardener in building the floral centre-piece had striven to conceal from him the absence of the family. After the meal was over he went out into the park and walked slowly down by the lake, thinking with a sort of mental somersault, things that he had never thought of before. He walked far and thought much, and then he returned through the village and thought more. All the cottagers were at their doors and he fancied—not being sure whether it really were so or not—that their faces were full of anxiety—almost of some poorly-concealed dread. He smiled and nodded to each and every one, but their expression did not change, and after a while he knew that it was no imagination on his part, but that their hearts were really fearful.

He came just then to the last cottage of all, the cottage where the old man lived who had cared for his pony when he was a little lad and for his father's pony when *he* was a little lad. Old John was *very* old now and had his cottage and his garden and pretty much his everything as a free gift from the House on the Hill. In return he was supposed to unlock the little gate that led into the park if it wasn't rainy, or his rheumatism wasn't too bad (when either of these mischances befell, his daughter, who lived just beyond and had an extension of the bell, opened it for him). The old man was sitting outside his door contemplating nothing, with that beautiful appreciation to which a higher order of intelligence can never hope to attain. But when he saw the man of the future approaching, he hoisted himself upon his crutches and hobbled quickly forward, his hands shaking, and tears re-born again after a long series of dry years. As he hastened he mumbled something, words which neither you nor I could understand, but which the boy whom he had first mounted in a little white frilly frock and whom he had last held the bridle for the day that he attained his majority, understood very well. They were words of appeal, of pleading, of begging not to be abandoned. They stammered troubled apprehension, they trembled with fear of something that might be desertion. He said that there were enough men in Lon-

don, men who weren't needed by those of the poor who had loved, and nursed and harboured their love from generation to generation until it grew into the family life as the bark grows about the heart of the tree. He was not so far out of the current of the day but that he spoke about the land, too, the land that cries for its heir as much as it cries for any other man or men.

The man of the future stood still, his hands upon the old, wrinkled hands that clutched the crutches close in their shaking grasp—his head bent down over that other head bent down by years that had not always flown. It was a great minute in his life.

As he stood thus it came to him that no one life can carry all the burdens, master all the knowledge, or hold the skeleton key to fit every problematical keyhole. He had tried, he had tried earnestly, and he had not learned enough to help effectively in any one channel of need, but he had learned enough to learn himself. After all, which of us by seeking may hope to learn much more?

"I hardly think that I shall go away, John," he said, pressing the old, nervous, twisting fingers hard in his young, firm grasp. "it seems as if my place were here."

Then the old man broke down altogether and his daughter came running. "He is not goin' to leave we, he is not goin' to leave we," her father sobbed as she led him under the porch-vines, and the man shook his head with a smile at her backward-glanced question, and then strode quickly onward with a lump in his throat.

He entered the park and threaded its fair, curving paths in silence. Those turnings which led to the House upon the Hill he passed one after another. But the turning that led to the stables he took, and when he reached them he ordered his horse and mounting, rode through the fast-falling night to where the girl lived, her life just now nothing but an anxious pit-a-pat of wonder and waiting.

He arrived. He went in. They were in the library, all three, and in their faces he read at once that they knew of his parents' flight. No need to explain—they understood.

"And what comes next, India?" her father asked, trying to be jocular, but not so very sure that there was any joke about it.

"No," he said slowly, thoughtfully; "I've given it all up."

"Given it all up?" exclaimed the girl's mother.

"Yes," he said. "They say that all things must have a balance or a drag or some what-you-may-call-it, and I feel that under the existing circumstances I'm most needed as a dead-weight. Perhaps I'm best fitted for that, too. I know that I never could be a success in politics. Whatever anyone says seems so reasonable to me. I've no proper party spirit."

Her father stared at him with such a curious expression that, while its purport seemed vague, its intenseness was perturbing, but it very quickly settled into deepest admiration, and then the visitor felt relieved indeed. "I wish that we wouldn't have another reform, or another piece of progress, or another Parliament for ten years," her father declared with great emphasis.

"Then you'll settle down and live here?" said the girl's mother, and a perfectly radiant smile overspread her face.

The girl said nothing; she simply sat still, rose-pink as usual and newly beatific. It was coursing through her every separate vein and nerve that he wasn't going to leave them all and be stupid and famous and absorbed.

They had a delightful evening, and towards its close someone wanted her father at the telephone and her mother had to attend to something important, and so they two were left alone by the open window, with a flower-laden breeze drifting in and

unutterable happiness interweaving.

"I suppose, perhaps, it will be doing just as much good in the end," he said slowly, almost painfully; "it won't be the world or big things, but there are a good many people here and some are poor and some are ill and—and one can always make things a bit better while one lives and maybe leave them a bit better when one dies." And then he stopped and flushed deeply and looked at her—and that was his proposal.

She looked at him and then down at her hands and then aimlessly about. The night-breeze kissed her forehead. "I'm sure that it's what God meant for you," she said, almost in a whisper.

And that was her answer.

*

And they were married. And never knew who Duncombe was. Nor bothered about devolution nor denationalisation nor preference.

THE DAISY

By VIRNA SHEARD

AN angel found a daisy where it lay
On Heaven's highroad of transparent gold,
And, turning to one near, he said, "I pray,
Tell me what manner of strange bloom I hold.
You came a long, long way—perchance you know
In what far country such fair flowers blow."

Then spoke the other: "Turn thy radiant face
And gaze with me down purple depth of space.
See, where the stars lie spilled upon the night,
Like amber beads that hold a yellow light.
Note one that burns with faint, yet steady glow;
It is the Earth—and there these blossoms grow.
Some little child from that dear, distant land
Hath borne this hither in his dimpled hand."

Still gazed he down. "Ah friend," he said, "I, too,
Oft crossed the fields at home where daisies grew."

THE TRIUMPH OF THE TAXI

BY BRIAN BELLASIS

THE theory that chauffeurs are of mechanical creation rather than human birth was not so generally accepted among surviving horse drivers as it is to-day when these Beings first came under discussion at the Green Lawn Club. The theory then developed in that cosiest of cab shelters was more to the effect that chauffeurs were an irruption from the nether world—a sort of demoniacal plague with which London and its cab drivers was afflicted.

The taxi-cab had appeared in London and the club endeavoured to conceal its obvious uneasiness by feverish protestations of disbelief in the continuance of the plague. Juggins held that no gentleman who knew a good 'orse would consent to patronise one of "them stinkin' rattletraps," and he pointed out in addition, that for luggage-carrying purposes no noisy 'eap of old iron on wheels could hope to compete with a smart, solid-roofed, four-wheel Clarence cab.

The Club fervently agreed with him and adjectival kettle was the mildest of opprobrious terms heaped upon the new form of locomotion, which could be distinguished in the general riot. Battersea Bob, the patriarch of the Club, alone disagreed with the majority and shook his head in mournful prophecy of the downfall of his ancient craft.

Suddenly the Club was stricken dumb. New and highly complicated terms of abuse froze on the lips of their utterers. A chauffeur had actually slid open the door and calmly taken a seat; and no man could find words of sufficient or worthy protest

Amidst dead silence the taxi-man ordered—with a gratuitously insulting reference to cab-horses—fried sausages and mashed. Awaiting his meal he sat stiff and unsmiling in all the arrogance of a double-breasted overcoat of super-military cut and a peaked cap after the fashion of a German field marshal's. Not a word was spoken as sausage followed sausage into this grim man-mechanism. The Club remained silent for an appreciable time after the monster had risen from his seat, lighted a cigarette and vanished into the night. Corkey handled his sixpence as though it were a loathsome thing.

I was puzzled by the unusual silence of the Club in the face of an enemy. I had looked forward to an outburst of blistering comment and repartee. I was disappointed in being deprived of an opportunity of gauging the conversational prowess of these new London phenomena.

Then light came to me. I understood that it was this frigid immobility on the part of a presumably human being that was appalling to my hosts—something altogether outside their experience. Now to me, of course, it was familiar, even homelike. The chauffeur had the same air of god-like superiority worn by Canadian baggage-men and express-drivers. His lip had curled in exactly the same manner as that of a Niagara hack-man and doubtless he would be capable upon occasion of the same expresion of piratical ferocity. Familiar enough to me, to the London

cab driver it was a terrible thing.

Rockin' 'Orse Alf broke the silence in a hoarse whisper with a long and ingeniously intricate oath. Battersea Bob slid open the door and spat vigorously into the night.

"Thet puts the lid on it!" he said dismally. "Thet's London's future kebman. Mark my words! 'twon't be four years before 'arf you young men 'ere will be learnin' engine drivin' same as 'im."

"Read this, wot it says in print," continued the old man when the storm had subsided producing a crumbling newspaper cutting and handing it to his neighbour. "In America the 'orse is forbidden by lor. All the kebs and carts there is now motor-cars and what 'orses they 'ave is bred only for eatin'."

The cutting came round to me. It was one of those circumstantial prophecies of what will happen some problematical number of years in the future. A "filler" at the bottom of a column.

Ginger George, more in touch with modern ideas, laughed derisively at the old man for believing all he saw in print and turned to me for confirmation of his denial that the horse was extinct on my side of the water. He had learned only the previous week that Canada was on the American continent and it had surprised him to discover that it was not "a country by its bloomin' self"—a sort of island.

Fortunately I was spared the pain of shattering the patriarch's faith in the printed word by the Club's unwritten law. With one voice the members reproved Ginger George. "Shut yer 'ead yer silly fool! Can't yer see the gen'elman's eatin'?" It is not etiquette to speak to a man till having put away his victuals he signifies a desire for human converse by pushing away his plate.

"Well, any'ow," said Ginger George conclusively, "stands to reason 'e's wrong. I pinched a book abaht America from my eldest nipper and was readin' it on the rank yustiddy. Wasn't a word about motors in the 'ole book. 'Pears they don't do 'ardly anythink but ride round on 'orseback shootin' injuns, and from what they said I shouldn't say there was roads there as you'd care to take a motor on. . . . Rocky-like it seemed from the pitcher on the cover. 'Ardly fit even for a ridin' 'orse."

It is difficult to say how Battersea Bob would have met this spirited and well-founded counter attack if Juggins had not roused himself from morose meditation. Someone in a distant corner had uttered the word "Police" and that echoed in his ears like a war trumpet.

"The p'lice! These motor bloomin' kebs in another bloomin' p'lice outrage if you arsk me. The coppers ain't 'appy wiv all they've got again us nah, so they goes and puts these bloomin' steam-rollers on the streets as an extra aggravation. Thet shuvver wot none of you 'ad the guts to kick aht of 'ere was the very moral of a copper's bloomin' nark!"

Juggins professed a violent hatred for the London police based on the number of times he had come into collision with that unrivalled body of men. To see a police spy in the visiting chauffeur and Scotland Yard underground influence in the introduction of the taxi was quite a natural course for his foible to take.

"Wot they're after is to force these 'ere little clocks on us 'orse drivers. . . . D'you know wot the beak said larst time I was up for overchargin'?—and s'welp me I 'adn't arsked the old gal 'ardly more than the legal—'e said it would put a stop to these 'ere contortionate practices if the 'orse kebs was fitted wiv taximeters, and 'e 'oped that keb owners would once a-bloomin'-gain consider the question thet 'ad so often been put before them—and wiv thet 'e fined me five shillin'."

"Nice state of affairs thet 'ud be,

wouldn't it? By the regulations you're under the rozzer's thumbs as it is. Got to 'ave your licence ready to show to any bloomin' copper. Got to be able to identify yourself as 'im wot's named there. Any copper can get you for "plyin' for 'ire" if you bloomin' well stirs orf the renk to look for a fare. Copper's word goes again yours as to wevver you're drunk or sober. . . . And nah we 'ave the very magistrates openly confessin' thet they wants to force these 'ere taxi-blooming'-meters on us. . . .

" 'Oo know where it 'ud stop? Scotland Yard's capable of putting machines on the kebs wot wouldn't only tell lies abaht the fare we was to get, but which 'ud tell where we picked up a bloke and where we set 'im dahn and wot colour 'is 'air was and where we stopped to 'ave a drink. . . . 'Tain't the motors, or the bloomin' shuvvers as I'm afraid of; they'll never do no 'arm, the public likes 'orses too well; but wot I don't like is the new 'old the slops'll 'ave on us. . . . And 'ere we are doin' nothin', makin' no struggle! 'Strewth! they'll never force me to tie a bloomin' alarm clock on the old 'orse—I'll bloomin' well take and drive a 'bus first."

But argument waned that night at the Green Lawn and light-heated gayety was absent. A blanket of despondency seemed to descend upon the company. Even Slop's Pal Peters —so called from the affability of his manner towards the police—failed to make his accustomed feeble protest against Juggins's attacks.

Rockin' 'Orse Alf started a hoarse oration advocating "nippin' these motors in the bud by amalgamatin' and takin' a stitch in time," pointing out that taxi-cabs were in London as a bloomin' experiment, that people would not use them if they did not work, and that the cabman's obvious duty was to see that the experiment failed by crawling in front of taxis in the traffic, interfering with them wherever possible and even puncturing their tires and bu'sting them up anyhow. The measures he propounded were bold and imaginative, but, unencouraged either by support or contradiction, Alf relapsed into gloomy silence. The members glared despondently at their empty coffee mugs, saying nothing. The Club was "fey."

One by one the men grunted goodnight and passed out into the fog with an air of fear lest they should find their horses drinking petrol from a bucket and the reins transformed into a hateful steering-wheel.

*

Last summer I saw thirteen spick and span taxi-cabs on the rank by the little shelter. One horse in a battered old four-wheeler ended the line. I thought I recognised it as the four-wheel Clarence cab of which Juggins had been so proud, but I hadn't the heart to enter the Green Lawn again.

Curiously enough, a few days later I saw the fulfilment of Battersea Bob's Jeremiaic predictions. I had taken refuge from a shower in the Law Courts, and the first thing I heard as I entered one of the galleries was a familiar voice inquiring indignantly, "Wotcher larfin' at up there?"

Years had added to his girth, but it was unmistakably Ginger George's red face which glared at the convulsed spectators over the barrier of the witness-box—a claim for damages case was in progress.

"Close by the fountain in Piccadilly Circus it was," said Ginger, addressing himself to the examining counsel, "I was just passin' the end of Conduit Street when the motor-'bus come up and I felt thet summink was goin' to 'appen. . . . I was drivin' a blood mare and goin' eight or nine mile an hour, but the bloomin' 'bus come up at sixteen mile an hour good."

"Did it pass you? Did the driver sound his horn?" said His Lordship.

"Passed me like a bird, sir. The driver never 'ad time to sound 'is 'orn. If there'd been a bird flyin' across the road 'e'd 'ave caught it. . . . All right, larf away!" this last with an indignant glance into the well of the court.

But the fulfilment of the prophecy came in his answers to the next questions.

"I've drove a keb since 1874, sir. . . . Well, I don't say I *like* motors, but I think they're most deservin' things when you're in a 'urry. . . I'd like to 'ave the eight bob a day their drivers make and go about blowin' a 'orn. . . Yessir, I 'ave tried drivin' one, but there was a difficulty."

The Court was curious

"What was your difficulty, my good man? Hadn't you the nerve?"

"Nerve! Gawd bless you, sir, I've got the nerve of an Irishman! All of us kebmen 'as plenty of nerve. Lots of my pals is drivin' taxi-kebs today and doin' well at it. I wish I could myself. I'm almost the last 'orse kebman left. The 'orse ain't no good nowadays," he observed pathetically. "Nobody wants to wait, the 'orse ain't fast enough for them. Quite time 'orses was done away wiv, although I'm drivin' a——"

"But what prevents you following your friends' example and learning to drive a motor-cab?" interrupted counsel impatiently.

"Well, sir, it's my figure," confessed George, looking down sadly at his waistcoat. "I'd drive a taxi tomorrow if I could get be'ind the steerin' wheel. They ain't made big enough.

FRIENDSHIP

By HENRIETTA MOONEY

WE sit alone amid our mystic themes,
By day, by night watch the shifting scenes.
Our loved ones come; we open the door,
But none may cross the threshold o'er.
We rise and teach with defining lines.
With wisdom's words we decipher signs—
The twilight dim, the mysterious lore.
"How strange!" they say, and we close the door.

With soft, low tap our belovéd stand:
We lift the latch with a timid hand.
Strange forms of loveliness, pure and fair,
And upward flashes like thoughts of prayer!
Then eye seeks eye, and hand clasps hand:
And swift and strong is the heart's command.
Though none, aye none, cross the threshold o'er,
Yet free and wide do we open the door.

PHOTOGRAPHY AS A MEANS OF ARTISTIC EXPRESSION

BY H. MORTIMER-LAMB

THE application of photography to artistic accomplishment and endeavour is relatively a recent development. There were, it is true, pioneers of the movement, even in the days of the wet plate, whose achievements, more especially the *genre* of portraiture, have scarcely been excelled by the best of modern workers. The portraiture, for example, of D. O. Hill, a Scotch painter, whose photographic productions date from between the years 1840 and 1850, is remarkable for its virility, its characterisation, its individuality of expression. No less fine in their way were the photographs of Mrs. J. M. Cameron, whose portraits of Watts and many other notabilities of that time possess great charm. But these are isolated instances. It was not until many years later that the potentialities of the medium began to be properly appreciated; and, in truth, the last decade has witnessed the really important development of this application of photography.

Before proceeding, however, it may be necessary to define what is ordinarily implied by the term "pictorial photography." The meaning should be obvious enough if the word "picture" were not so commonly misused or abused. Hence I here define a picture as the deliberate and personal expression of a conception by means of graphic representation in terms of colour, or of light and shade, and designed to awaken æsthetic pleasure or emotion in the mind of the beholder. Whether the picture is good or bad depends, of course, on the mental equipment—the personality—of the artist and on his ability to sensitively and convincingly set down what he wishes to convey; but for present purposes the definition may be allowed to stand.

The photograph taken, therefore, merely for the purpose of recording a physical fact may not be described as a picture. It is a topographical record, mechanically obtained. On the other hand, the same subject, attempted with artistic intention, that is to say, without regard for its objective characteristics or interest, may readily be capable of pictorial representation or interpretation. In this case the subject as subject is of quite secondary importance to the artist. He has merely made use of it as a motive, as a basis, as an excuse, if you like, for his pictorial essay. He has seized, perhaps, on its decorative possibilities; or a bold effect of light and shade has presented an opportunity for an interesting arrangement; or he may merely have watched and studied these changing aspects under differing conditions of time and season, until at last he finds nature's mood in tune with his own: and his endeavour then is to concentrate on registering not the actual facts, but their essence—the greater truths of which natural phenomena are the sign and symbol. But

By Courtesy of "Camera Work"

PASTORAL

By Heinrich Kuehn (German School)

here the artist employing photography as his medium is confronted with his main difficulty. Art is selection, emphasis, a personal interpretation. The photographic lens has no discrimination. Its optical perfection is unwelcomingly obtrusive and must be subordinated. We desire to concern ourselves with salient matters, the real essentials, and the inclusion of petty, unnecessary detail is fatal to forcefulness of expression. Thus the use of late years by many pictorialists of the single uncorrected lens, whose scientific shortcomings from the artist's standpoint are virtues, since such an instrument, corresponding as it does more closely to the limitations of the human eye, will yield a result more nearly approaching the visual impression. There are other means of checking or suppressing the too exuberant responsiveness of one's mechanical appliances and of introducing control in the subsequent operations of development and printing; but even under the most favourable conditions it is rare in nature to find an arrangement that without subsequent modification will be entirely pictorially satisfying if directly photographed. Certain modification, particularly in the direction of emphasis, may, however, be introduced at the moment the exposure is made in the camera by erring deliberately either towards over or under-timing to obtain an aimed-for result. But this is a somewhat uncertain and risky method of procedure, and most successful artist-photographers now aim at securing a technically perfect negative, which afterwards may be modified chemically or otherwise manipulated to yield an image representing the pre-conceived intention.

Perhaps enough now has been said

THE DREAM (London Salon, 1909)

By H. Mortimer-Lumb (Canada)

by way of introduction and explanation. We may next proceed to consider some of the claims of pictorial photography to serious attention. The position of photography among the arts has been the subject of an extraordinarily interesting and even bitter controversy; and it is only quite recently, thanks chiefly to the advocacy of and educational campaign so truculently conducted by Mr. Alfred Steiglitz, director of the photo-seces-

By Courtesy of "Camera Work"

MONTMARTRE

By Puyo (French School)

sion movement in the United States, and his coadjutors, both in his own country and abroad, that a half-reluctant recognition of the æsthetic value of this means of expression has at length been accorded. Among other champions are men well known in an even wider field, and the interest attaching to their views, whether we agree with them or not, is a sufficient warrant for quotation. This from Maurice Maeterlinck I have extracted from *Camera Work*. He writes:

"I believe that here are observable the first steps, still somewhat hesitating, but already significant, toward an important evolution. Art has held itself aloof from the great movement, which for half a century has engrossed all forces of human activity in profitably exploiting the natural forces that fill Heaven and earth. Instead of calling to his aid the enormous forces ever ready to serve the wants of the world as assistance in those mechanical and unnecessarily fatiguing portions of his labour, the artist has remained true to processes that are primitive, traditional, narrow, small, egotistical, and over-scrupulous, and thus has lost the better part of his time and energy. These processes date from the days when man believed himself alone in the universe, confronted by innumerable enemies. Little by little he discovers that these innumerable enemies were but allies and mysterious slaves of man which had not been taught to serve him. Man to-day is on the point of realising that everything around him begs to be allowed to come to his assistance, and is ever ready to work with him and for him if he will but make his wishes un-

Courtesy of "Camera Work"

NUDE

By Edward Steichen (American School) Copyrighted

derstood. This glad message is daily spreading more widely through all the domains of human intelligence. The artist alone, moved by a sort of superannuated pride, has refused to listen to the modern voice. He reminds one of one of those unhappy solitary weavers, still to be found in remote parts of the country, who, though weighed down by the misery of poverty and useless fatigue, yet absolutely continues to weave coarse fabric by an antiquated and obsolete method, and this, although but a few steps from his cabin are to be found the power of the torrent, of coal and of wind, which offer to do twenty times in one hour the work which cost him a long month of slavery, and to do it better.

"It is already many years since the sun revealed to us its power to portray objects and beings more quickly and more accurately than can pencil or crayon. It seemed to work only its own way and at its own pleasure. At first man was restricted to making permanent that which the impersonal and unsympathetic light had negatived. He had not yet been permitted to imbue it with thought. But to-day it seems that thought has found a fissure through which to penetrate the mystery of this anonymous force, invade it, subjugate it, animate it, and compel it to say such things as have not yet been said in all the realm of chiaroscuro, of grace, of beauty, and of truth."

Bernard Shaw's contribution to the subject is characteristically "Shavian": in fact, so much so that one is more than half inclined to doubt his sincerity. "I know nothing funnier in criticism," he remarks, "than the assurance of the painter and his press-parasite, the art-critic, that all high art is brush work—for surely nobody can take three steps into a modern photographic exhibition without asking himself amazedly how he could ever allow himself to be duped into admiring and even cultivating an insane connoiseurship in the old smudging and soaking, the knifing and graving, rocking and scratching, faking and forging, all on a basis of false and coarse drawing, the artist either outfacing his difficulties by making a merit of them, or else falling back on convention and symbolism to express himself when his lame powers of presentation break down. It may be asked why, if photography be so exquisitely an artistic process, it was not practised by painters twenty years ago. Well, there were many reasons. The first and principal one is never mentioned. It was that artists were terrified by the difficulty and mystery of the process, which, as compared with the common run of their daubing, in which any fool can acquire a certain proficiency, certainly did require some intelligence, some practical science and dexterity. However, many artists were quite handy and clever enough for it; and a good many, as I have hinted, used it secretly, with lucrative results. The artists have still left to them invention, didactics, and (for a little while) colour, but selection and representation covering ninety-nine-hundredths of our annual output of art belong henceforth to photography. Some day the camera will do the work of Velasquez and Pieter de Hoogh, colour and all; and then the draughtsmen and painters will be left to cultivate the pious edifications of Raphael, Kaulbach, Delaroche, and the designers of the S. P. C. K.; and even then they will photograph their models instead of painting them." And so on *ad infinitum*—I had nearly written *ad nauseam*, which would apply justly enough had the author of this delightful rubbish been anyone but Mr. Shaw.

To come to the real truth of the matter. The worth of the medium employed by the artist may be measured by the limits of its capabilities. Further, the means employed to arrive at a desired result do not, or should not, count in estimating the

THE MOTHER (London Salon, 1910)

By H. Mortimer-Lamb (Canada)

value to be placed on a work of art; always provided the end is attained. It is no longer necessary to prove that in the hands of an artist photography is capable of yielding results possessing a direct æsthetic appeal. Such a photograph then should rank with and be judged by the same standards as a fine etching, lithograph, engraving, mezzotint, or any other artistic monochrome production whose æsthetic value is dependent on truth of sentiment, beauty of line or mass, tonality or atmospheric quality. When, however, we come to colour, we must concede the inadequacy of photography, at least at present, to cope with the problem. It is true we live in an astonishing age —an age of discovery and invention, and the marvellous development of mechanical science during the past few years may well make any man pause before postulating that any achievement within the conceivable limits of human accomplishment is impossible. Yet no two people see colour alike. It is a distinctly personal attribute, so indefinable a sense that one's imagination refuses to grasp the idea of a machine or mechanical process so cunningly

By Courtesy of "Camera Work"

THE CITY OF AMBITION

By Alfred Steiglitz (American School) Copyrighted

adapted to successfully record, not the material colour of various objects—for that is more or less effectively done to-day—but the subtle mental conceptions or impressions of colour peculiar to each individual, and which, finely conceived, mark the great colourist. Therefore, I question whether photography will ever even in the most limited way take the

place or rival oil or water-colour painting, although pictorial work, similar in conception and intention to Japanese colour prints, wherein colour is employed merely for the sake of emphasis or with strictly decorative intent, is quite within the limits of possibility; in fact, very interesting productions having these characteristics represent in a notable degree the work now being done by leading exponents of pictorial photography in Germany.

What the future of pictorial photography may be it would be difficult to forecast. The last word may already have been said, the highest pinnacle of achievement attained. That, no doubt, would be a pessimistic view; but after all we are bound to remember that the basis of all great art is the exercise of the creative faculty. In this respect the photographer is limited by the limitations of his medium. He has the power to select, to compose, to arrange, to render in perfect drawing and tone the facts the lens records; to even leave on his work the impress of his own personality; but more he cannot do, and unless some sort of camera is invented whereby he shall be able to photograph his dreams and visions, photography must necessarily continue to occupy a subordinate, if honourable, place among the graphic arts.

Meanwhile the discovery of the pictorial possibilities of photography has had a further, and, I venture to say, a more important and far-reaching value than that of merely placing another medium at the disposal of the artist. Among photographers the number of artists whose productions entitle them to distinctive rank is indeed small; but many thousands are climbing the hill of ambition, and year by year their recruiting grows. However futile the efforts of this majority, usually they lead somewhere—to the love and better understanding of nature and, in general, to the development of the faculties of observation, of order, of arrangement, with all that necessarily implies. Nor does the education of the camerist usually stop here. A realisation of natural beauty leads on to an appreciation and comprehension of the language of art—the human expression of the beautiful. For he who has learnt to know and love nature is worthily equipped to sit at the feet of art and listen sympathetically and understandingly to her message, be the language in which that message is conveyed never so foreign. For nature is the instrument on which the artist plays, and the greatest art is that which most truly and melodiously strikes those chords whose vibrations are heart beats and whose music is the language of the soul. In the last quarter-century there has manifested itself a remarkable improvement and refinement of taste in general. In no small measure this may be ascribed to the development of pictorial photography and the influence it has exerted in teaching its thousands the value of communion with nature. Good taste is a synonym for harmony. Since nature always sings in tune no one who attempts to study her intelligently will for long continue to tolerate the discordant or endure the tawdry, the vulgar, or the commonplace. Had the movement been fruitless in all else it has done this great thing.

Photography, in fine, may be regarded as a sort of short cut to the study and practice of art. In the practice because it is easier and less tedious to master the technique of photographic processes than to become expert in handling brush or pencil. But the actual achievement, be it what it may, is of little account compared with the worth of the effort. The artist gift, the God-like powers of creation and of nobility of expression are shared by few. They cannot be acquired, and unless already innate, cannot be cultivated. But to nearly all is given the capa-

city to see and to enjoy, and the fault and loss are ours if we remain oblivious to the possession of that sense.

This article would be altogether incomplete without a brief reference to the several existing schools of pictorial photography, reflecting as they do in each case racial differences of outlook and manner of expression. This may be prefaced by remarking that photography as an art would have no claim to such pretensions did it not afford an opportunity or scope for individualisation; and not only is the work of individual artists of any prominence at once distinguishable by this test, but there is seldom difficulty in determining the nationality of the designer by the general character of the work. The accompanying illustrations are intended to bear out this contention. Of the schools in question those especially worthy of mention are the American, the English, the German, and the French.

Writing on the subject of the American school in the special number of the *Studio* devoted to "art in photography," Mr. Charles H. Caffin, a well-known art critic, points out that the growth of artistic photography in the United States has corresponded in point of time with a remarkable development of American painting, and in no slight measure has been influenced by it, although when the serious student of photography has turned to painting for instruction in artistic matters he has sought to emulate neither the technique of painting nor the manner of the various painters, but has borrowed and adapted to his own medium the general principles applicable to all forms of pictorial representation. "In adjusting their pursuit of these qualities to the characteristic possibilities of the camera, the best American photographers," Mr. Caffin proceeds to remark, "have put themselves in line with the most modern workers in painting. For the latest phase of the latter, the most important contribution of the nineteenth century is the closer analyses of the action of light, especially in relation to the rendering of atmosphere and values; and the best American photographers, recognising that light in their palette, have, as a body, ventured further in the direction of these qualities than those of Europe." Again, most of the really fine work is produced by the most direct and the simplest means, involving a minimum of subsequent interference or modification by hand, the artistic result being almost entirely dependent on selection and arrangement, the disposition of light and shade, and fine tonality, such correction in negative or print as may be necessary is usually chemically made. This, of course, necessitates an absolute mastery of technical methods. While some American workers belonging to the secession body are apt to give a too free rein to fancy and thus risk the charge of eccentricity, the distinguishing marks of the American school are originality of conception, sincerity of purpose, and breadth of outlook; and probably the school can boast of a greater proportion of workers to whom the title of artist belongs of right than any other.

The British school is essentially—British. That is to say, it is eminently respectable, inclined to sentimentality and stodginess, and is rarely profound. In fact, British photography is but a short step in advance of British painting, generally considered. Until more recently the chief exponents of the school depended to a large extent on methods of combination printing—the making of a print from two, three and sometimes four different negatives—to arrive at a given result. The work sometimes showed extreme cleverness and ingenuity, but was not often convincing. There are, however, among British photographers a few workers of unquestionable artistic

ability and standing. In time, it is hoped, their influence will tend to counteract example and teaching that has been in a wrong direction.

The photography of France, as exemplified by the work of such exponents as Demachy and Puyo, is characterised by a piquancy, a deft delicacy and daintiness, unconscious and altogether charming; but behind that one feels the thought, the keen and ready perception, responsible for representations essentially vital. The leaders of the French school have developed the bi-chromate printing processes to a point near perfection. These processes, which are based on the well-known sensitiveness of the chromates to light action, of all processes afford the widest opportunity for the introduction of control. Thus the development of the gum-print, which has many things in common with water-colour, is conducted by removing superfluous or unaffected pigment and mucilage by laving the surface of the print with water, a paint brush being commonly employed for the final corrections. Another of the bi-chromate processes very much in vogue in France at the present time is known as the oil process, in which pigment, or, rather, a lithographic ink is applied with a brush to the surface of the paper, which, coated with sensitised gelatine, has been acted on by light in such a manner as to produce an image in slight relief, and hence susceptible to the application of pigment in a proportionate degree. This is, of course, merely an adaptation of the old Collotype process, which for a certain class of commercial work is still in common use. Among, however, the photographic purists (and Mr. Steiglitz, to whose influence I have already alluded, is of their number), the methods and results of those utilising these processes are alike condemned and deprecated as non-photographic and, therefore. since they trespass on the domain of painting, an admission of weakness or inadequacy. A great deal is to be said for this point of view. It is that of the consistent believer in the integrity and independence of photography as a means of expression. A work of art is a work of art irrespective of the means employed to bring it into being; but there is soundness in the contention that a photograph is one thing and a painting another. Each has its characteristic quality. To detract from or destroy the photographic quality by substituting a quality appertaining to water-colour painting is to these advocates an art solecism, under no circumstances justifiable. Yet who having seen a Demachy gum-print has not found in it a fruitful source of delight?

Lastly, there is the German-Austrian school—for those of Italy, Belgium and Spain do not at present call for especial comment. Those who have followed the progress of the modern art movement in Germany will better appreciate the significance of the statement that photography in that land has marched with it. The German is generally supposed to be a sentimentalist; but in his art of to-day this is far from revealed. Brutal rather, vigorous always, sometimes passionate, never weak nor small, his aim seems to be primarily decorative; an effective massing; the motive usually of the simplest. Hence the work has a directness, a purport, a strength to make up for what it lacks in subtlety and the more delicate qualities. Most of the leading German photographic pictorialists, the Hofmeisters, Kuhn and others, employ the gum bi-chromate process, printing in two or more colours, to produce colossal prints of poster-like effect. The small half-tone reproductions of such work give but a faint suggestion of the originals, although indicating well enough, in the examples selected, their individual and decorative character. It is worthy of remark, in passing, that photography as an art has so far received its major public recognition in Aus-

tria by the acceptance of photographs on equal terms with paintings, by the Vienna Secession and the Artists' Club Secession of Munich.

In Canada to the present the movement has made no great headway. There is, however, a small group of pictorial workers whose achievements are not discreditable, and in this regard the work of Mr. Sydney Carter, of Montreal, is entitled to special mention, while recently Messrs. Mackenzie and Fenwick, in collaboration, have succeeded in raising commercial portraiture to a higher plane. These are the pioneers. In no country are the pictorial opportunities greater; in none is there more pressing need for education conducive to the knowledge and appreciation of the finer things of life.

THE VICTORY

By LLOYD ROBERTS

RUPERT called his troopers up
(Strong hearts and light hearts singing for the fray),
"Gentlemen, your blades I want,
Fling your sheaths away.
Your voices ring
For God and King;
For we will guard the throne of each
Before the close of day!"

Rupert led them to the foe
(Prince and Lord and Commoner, true to cross and crown),
From the heathered hills and locks,
From the sea and town,
Rode to their Lord,
With hand on sword,
But lived to taste the joy of war
Before their plumes went down.

We are cavaliers to-day
(Gallant-hearted gentlemen whose naked blades are bright);
We have flung our sheaths away,
For what we know is right;
And singing go
Against the foe,
For triumph's in the sweep of steel,
Though death is in the fight!

THE WASTER

BY E. HYLTON

WE sat down outside Bloemfontein for six fever-stricken weeks before the army faced north again towards Pretoria. We sat down near the Modder River, about seven miles from Thaba N'chu, and waited for fresh horses and ammunition. Day by day the lumbering ambulances carted away the sick to Bloemfontein Hospital, and every day down Maitland Street rolled the buck waggon, piled high with dead, to the cemetery beside the old fort. Many of the Waster's comrades took that journey in two stages—the end was the big grave that lay open until layers of dead men and quicklime rose close to the surface. Death had a merry time in those sunny six weeks. But the Waster did not get enteric; he got fat—fatter than ever before. He was free from care, free from the menace of Mauser bullets and screaming shells. His old-time gaiety of manner returned to him, and the fine appetite that was naturally his, now that his fears had left him, urgently insisted upon being attended to. The Waster became the very finest, most skilful and completest forager in an army of petty larcenists of foodstuffs.

"Waster," they said—"Old Waster thinks about nothing but his stomach."

Once he stole the remaining two fowls from Widow von Start. Several times he returned to camp with more than a dozen eggs. He captured a thin sheep and a mangy goat, and stewed and ate them both. At the very worst he thrived upon great supplies of mealie meal, levied from bewildered Kaffirs. He laid tribute in a score of ways upon the scant supplies of a hungry and exhausted land.

One evening he rode his Basuto pony into the lines, and pegged him down with an air of satisfaction.

"Oh, Waster," they shouted at him, "what luck?"

He beamed on them.

"Fine," he said, "done first-rate."

"Did y'eat it all? Ain't there none for us?"

"Did I eat it all?" he retorted. "Didn't I think of you boys at home? Ain't it my style?"

They crowded round him, noting the fat haversack that rested by his fat side.

The Waster enjoyed the recital of his foraging exploits. It was his specialty, the acquisition of provision. That was the direction in which his military genius lay. He could fatten while others starved, and justly he was proud of his accomplishment.

Horses came suddenly from Port Elizabeth. London 'bus horses, draught horses and cab horses, and in the chill hour before dawn the brigade stole away northward on a morning in May. Horse, men, guns and waggons streamed across the golden veldt as the sun rose, and the wonderful fresh African day, smiled upon another Great Trek.

And De Wet put up a battle. As battles go in history it was not a very

imposing affair. Beside Inkermann, Waterloo, or Mukden it was nothing. But to those who were concerned in it it was a very strenuous argument indeed, a very laborious slaughterous, perspiring controversy. There is no special clasp for it upon the South African ribbon, because it had little meaning and little result. But it meant a great deal of hard work, a considerable amount of danger, and little ease to the men who fought in it.

To the Waster it meant no breakfast, no dinner, and—Death. It also meant more glory than he ever expected.

There was a chill bivouac on the northern bank of a great river. As the evening turned the gaunt thorn bushes into fantastic shapes, and the sentries before the outpost began to strain their eyes in trying to see through the gathering gloom, a sudden storm came up, and the rain came down in torrents and put out the feeble little fires. Steadily the heavens soaked till midnight. At one o'clock the drenched troopers were stealthily aroused. Orders were given in whispers, more particularly and aggravatingly, that no matches should be used. The cold, flabby, saddlery was girthed upon the shivering horses, and, in the starlight that comes incredibly quickly after rain, the brigade staggered away to the unknown.

It is a dreary thing to ride damply in the small hours towards the inscrutable. It is a sad thing to halt at daylight, feed the horses and not feed one's self . And it is a miserable, deplorable, unsatisfactory thing not to know what it all means.

The forenoon mellowed and warmed, and the sun blazed down upon the hungry thousands who, away from the rest of the army, moved slowly over the undulating veldt. Kopjes of a dainty blueness lay at wide intervals across the edge of the yellow world. Little herds of springbok fled noiselessly before the advance of the profane and hungry brigade. The guns rumbled along on the right flank. At noon they halted, and when the march began again it was at right angles to its former direction.

"What ho!" said the wise, "we're getting round behind 'em."

The Waster mused sorrowfully upon his condition of hunger and fearfully as to the possible strife which the midnight march, the weary trekking of the forenoon, and this sudden turning to the right might mean. He thought uneasily of the bullets, and often looked at the big warrens of the meer-cots, with a longing to thrust himself deep into one of the dark holes that make the ground so treacherous to mounted men. An oppressive melancholy beset him. He wondered if anyone would notice or miss him if he just slid out of sight. But they all seemed to be noticing, and they even chaffed him, recalling his former fright.

"Waster," said one, "you dunno—they might be getting your range now."

And just as he spoke the first shell arrived in their midst, without any announcement. It was from a high-velocity gun, and the noise of its crashing burst drowned the "boom" of the gun's discharge. Six horses lay still or kicked the ground. Two men were dead, and one crawled about blindly with a red mask to his face. The regiment had been riding knee to knee. At once it scattered to more open interval, and at once came the rush of six more screaming shells. Back came Bowler's scouts. For five minutes there was confusion, and in that five minutes the Waster made his military reputation, and perished in glory.

There was a panic in his soul. There was vague terror of persecution, which he had experienced before,

that certainly he was the focus upon which the path of destruction concentrated.

"My God!" he groaned. "What have I done?"

In his terror he dropped his rifle and clung to his horse's neck. Hurrying men forgot the shells and yelled with laughter. But one came by. The Sergeant-Major of a rearward squadron saw the Waster crouching in the saddle along his terrified horse's neck. His quick eye saw the rifle lying in the grass, and his heavy hand smote the Waster in the ribs as he galloped past him. The Waster fell off his horse.

"You d—d coward," the Sergeant-Major roared, as he rode, "pick up your d—d rifle!"

The Sergeant-Major had his leg shattered and his horse killed under him before he had ridden the next fifty yards towards the crest, behind which the brigade was hastily dismounting. But his words impressed the Waster. He crawled towards his rifle, reaching out a trembling hand, grasped it and stumbled to his feet.

From the crest came the roar of rifles. Farther away another crash of rifles answered it, and with the sound of screaming shells over the Waster's head mingled the spitting whisper of the Mauser bullets beside his ears.

He turned to run for cover, but the nearest kopje was a mile away. But distance did not matter. He ran blindly. In front of him a volcano of earth sprang with a crash from the ground. He turned about and ran, panting, in the opposite direction. A string of crackling pom-poms tore the ground in front of him. He spun round dizzily, still grasping his rifle. His helmet fell off. He stopped to pick it up. As he did so, with feet wide apart, a "plugged" seven-pounder shell struck the earth between them, tore out of the ground, ricochetting across the veldt, until, tumbling over and over, it came to rest three hundred yards away, without bursting.

The Waster fell over backward. He was unharmed. He picked himself up slowly, dazedly. His eyes were starting from their sockets, for beside him lay a dead horse, and beyond him a groaning and helpless man. With all his running and turning he had made little headway. Seeing the mangled horse and the face of the groaning Sergeant-Major, his dazed brain seemed to clear. He forgot his terror, forgot the screaming shells and the whisper of the Mauser bullets. He dimly remembered having seen a golden-haired child clinging to this same man and crying, "Oh, don't leave me, don't leave me! Do come back soon!"

The Waster in earlier, peaceful times, in far-off Canada, had worked on the docks, a labourer, lifting and carrying heavy burdens. Now, with all the strength and knack that were in him, he gathered up the helpless and suffering man, the dead weight taxing his muscles cruelly, and this time started off in the right direction, towards the lumbering ambulances that had been hastily summoned to the firing line.

He had already carried him more than half the distance when his old horror came upon him. Little spurts of earth were springing up all about him. Screaming shells went hurtling over his head. His chest laboured, and he breathed with a gasping mouth. His limbs ached bitterly. He staggered on under his burden. In his misery and terror he would have liked to drop his burden and flee from it.

But he was close to shelter now, close to the hastily-erected emergency hospital, out of the awful bullet-swept zone. The stretcher bearers were coming toward him. Why did they come so slowly? They had no heavy burden to carry! Surely they could hurry! A few more yards and

he would have been safe, when a stray bullet pierced his brain.

Three years afterward, unveiling the memorial tablet erected to his memory, Sir James spoke in part as follows:

"'Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend.' He died for his Queen, for his country. He died that others might live. The bullet that killed him killed a hero. I am proud to be called upon to unveil this tablet in his memory. May the glory of his brave deed never fade."

Amidst the crowd listening to these words was a man with but one leg, his eyes dim, tears coursing down his cheeks, and clinging to him a weeping, golden-haired child.

THE HOUSE OF CEDAR

By JEAN GRAHAM

AFAR in depths of dim and fragrant woods,
We builded in the Very Long Ago
A house of cedar walls, with glint of gold,
Where vagrant sunbeams crept in softened glow.

The furnishing was of the woodland craft,
With cushions of the coolest, softest green;
The couch was framed of boughs of sturdy fir,
The carpet had a rich and mossy sheen.

The pictures, those by childish fancy hung,
Were fairer than the connoisseur can buy;
All painted with a broad and lavish brush
In colours that were borrowed from the sky.

The dishes were of fragments bright and rare,
Which served a banquet fit for Eastern kings;
The broken tumbler held the draught of youth
That gave to all the moments radiant wings.

The walls are dust and gone the tenants gay
Who toiled and laughed and sang within their shade,
The guests who gathered in the spicy gloom
Have nigh forgotten where their games were played.

O, little house of fragrant cedar boughs!
We'd give the richest mansion with its show
To dream one golden hour within your walls,
Amid the treasure trove of Long Ago.

A CANADIAN'S RECOLLECTIONS OF TEL-EL-KEBIR

BY LIEUTENANT-COLONEL C. F. WINTER

During the night of 12th-13th September, 1882, that portion of the British Expeditionary Force invading Egypt which had seized the Suez Canal and advanced westward from Ismailia—some 15,000 men, with forty-two guns, under General Sir Garnet Wolseley—made a surprise attack at daylight of the thirteenth, after a night march of eleven miles from Kassassin, upon the main Egyptian position at Tel-el-Kebir, which was occupied by some 30,000 men, with sixty guns, under Arabi Pasha. With a casualty list of about 500 they carried the position, captured fifty-nine guns and all the enemy's stores and supplies, as well as inflicting a loss upon the Egyptians of 2,000 killed, 1,800 wounded, and 2,000 prisoners. The actual struggle for possession of the trenches did not occupy more than twenty minutes. The immediate results were the surrender of Cairo, the capital, and the implanting of British supervision and control in the Government and administration of the country, producing the direct results of the abolition of slavery and the corvee, the regulation of the courts of justice, the modification of taxation and rehabilitation of the national credit and finances, while the indirect results extending over half the African continent are well nigh incapable of numeration. Even as British soldiers and sailors have by their sacrifices opened up many of the dark places of the earth to the sway of a more beneficent civilisation, so the men of Tel-el-Kebir may be said to have paved the way for modern progress and enlightenment in Egypt and the Soudan. For years that progress was along a crooked and weary road, but the sequel came sixteen years later, when in September, 1898, the misrule and tyranny of the Dervishes in the Soudan was brought to a close at Omdurman by another British Field Force—allied this time with Egyptians—under Sir Herbert Kitchener.—The Author

A NIGHT of inky blackness—a veritable "Egyptian darkness that could be felt"—following a blazing hot day, in which the superheated air waved and quivered over the sandy desert as from a furnace, preceded that which now nearly thirty years ago was to mean so much for modern Egypt. To the troops of Sir Garnet Wolseley's army at Kassassin, lying down in serried rows of lines of quarter columns as they tried to snatch what rest was possible prior to the commencement of the night march to carry out the instructions of their commander, indicated in the orders issued early in the evening, the intense darkness of the night seemed fated to be unfortunate, for all knew there were eleven miles to be traversed between midnight and the dawn, with an "attack" at the end of it, and "Tommy" couldn't quite see how he was to make his way with any certainty through such a blackness. In addition, an unusual order had been promulgated and enforced by the officers making a rigid inspection of the men's pouches to see that all loose cartridges therein were tied up in packets as when first issued. This at the time caused much grumbling, on the ground that if there was a sudden attack from the enemy during the night no man had a "round" handy with which to defend himself. The knowing ones among the rank and file (in an army they correspond to what are called on board ship "sea lawyers") waxed

eloquent among their comrades in the bivouac as to the foolishness of such an order, though in the quiet hours of the next day all extolled the wisdom of the General's arrangement.

Sir Garnet intended his attack to be a surprise. His plan was to carry the enemy's position with the bayonet, and he very wisely refused to risk the success of his whole scheme by some panicky private banging off a shot in the darkness, thus apprising the enemy of our approach and enabling him to take measures to avert the storm that was being prepared to break upon the heads of his devoted followers behind the sandy earthworks of Tel-el-Kebir.

Shortly after midnight of the 12th-13th September the British Force of some 13,000 men (a detachment with details was left at Kassassin) was in motion westward, groping along in the darkness with much difficulty on the part of individuals to avoid losing touch with one's neighbour, and under the strictest admonitions of silence—"not a word above a whisper," "no matches to be struck or pipes to be lighted"—now sinking ankle-deep in soft sand and then stumbling over low gravel ridges, with ever and anon a whispered halt to correct direction and to try to find out just where one was. It is not likely that any who made that march will ever forget its tedious monotony and the heavy sense of anxious expectation felt by all through what seemed to be an almost endless night. Few could have counted upon the lucky, short-lived struggle which was to ensue, while the majority looked forward to a long and arduous day in the stifling heat and without water, which would follow the sleeplessness of the night.

To Canadians especially some of the features of the action at Tel-el-Kebir will always appear interesting. The date of its occurrence, the 13th September, is the same as that of Wolfe's brilliant achievement, which is primarily responsible for the Canada of to-day. The midnight march and attack in the early morning at Tel-el-Kebir were likewise similar, in a certain degree, to the movements of the troops in the darkness which preceded the "Battle of the Plains"; and even as the results of the one changed the fate of half the American Continent, those of the other are exercising the same influence to-day upon more than half that of Africa. Moreover, an officer, born and educated in Canada (Bishop's College, Lennoxville), in the person of Commander Wyatt Rawson, R.N., led the force across the desert by compass and chronometer as one would steer a ship at sea, and was the first to sacrifice his life in the casualties which followed. Further, "Tel-el-Kebir" was the last battle in the long list of Empire struggles in which the regular troops of Britain wore their historic "red-coat," and which has become emblematic of the martial pride of the mother country. Gray or khaki has taken the place of the red ever since, but here, in all probability for the last time, was seen the "Thin Red Line" of verse and story. At the time, of course, none of us thought of these things.

After what seemed an interminable time of plodding and stumbling in the darkness, with scarcely suppressed murmurings and ejaculations which were not all prayers, much concern was aroused among all ranks by the appearance of a strange light upon the horizon in our rear. This we afterwards knew to have been our first sight of the comet of 1882, the beautiful appearance of which in the clear atmosphere of Egypt we subsequently learned to admire during the weeks it continued visible. Little opportunity was, however, given on this morning of the 13th September to take much notice of what was behind; then all our thoughts were in front, and scarcely had the first signs of approaching dawn been observed when the force was halted and whispered cautions passed along that we

Grave of some of the British killed in the advance to the entrenchments

EGYPTIAN TRENCHES AT TEL-EL-KEBIR

were now close to the enemy's position.

Thanks to their carelessness and lack of discipline, the Egyptian outposts, which should have warned their main body of our approach, were cleverly captured by our Mounted Infantry in advance, and thus when the line had again moved forward a few hundred yards it was practically safe from the fire with which the enemy had counted upon receiving us upon the slightly elevated plateau, which at about 1,100 yards from the

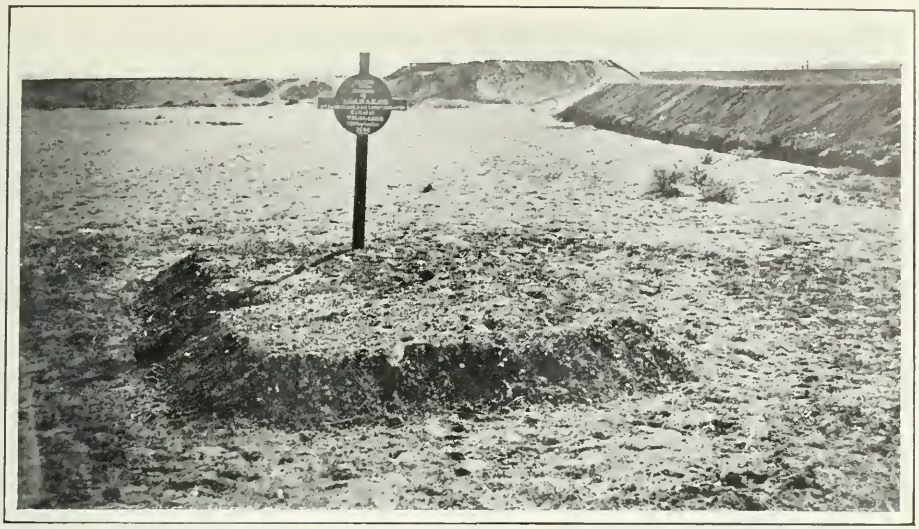
The extreme left of the Egyptian position in the desert, with debris of the fight

EGYPTIAN EARTHWORK AT TEL-EL-KEBIR

earthworks, extended along almost the whole of his position. West of this plateau the ground dipped for several hundred yards, and then again rose at a gentle slope to the low gravel ridge crowned by the Egyptian earthworks. In front of the centre of their line and at about 400 yards from it, was a one-gun field redoubt, a cannon shot from which was to be the signal for volley firing by double companies and the opening of the field guns all along the entrenchments upon the plateau in their front, where they expected our troops to be. The plan was good, but the Egyptians naturally counted upon being notified by their advanced posts of our approach in time to prevent our men ever getting beyond the edge of the plateau, the whole area of which would be swept by their fire. As it was, on going over the ground afterwards, the surface in many places from 1,100-2,000 yards from the entrenchments was furrowed by shell and rifle fire like a farmer's field, and it was not difficult to imagine the punishment our force would have sustained had the Egyptian plans not utterly miscarried owing to the inefficiency of their advanced posts. Our men, however, being in the hollow ground, the first outbursts of fire from the trenches all went overhead: one of the first men killed being a Royal Artillery gunner sitting on his limber far in rear and probably asleep or dozing as the batteries crawled along at a slow walk, with wheels of guns and limbers bound up with hay to prevent noise as they crunched along over the gravel.

It is very doubtful if any man in our little army of that morning will ever forget that first cannon shot, the enemy's signal from the one-gun redoubt, which opened the engagement. For hours we had been plodding along in the darkness, footsore and half asleep—the watchful anxiety of the first hour's march having been worn off by the eleven miles of shuffling over sand and gravel in the darkness—but that one reverberating "boom" in the silence of the early morning brought everyone "upstanding," wide awake to the knowledge that something was now happening. No longer any need for silence. Loud commands of "fix bayonets," "double," "steady by the centre" were followed by those crashing volleys which straight ahead in the darkness appeared in places long lines of fire, like lightning flashes, extending right and left, while others by their flickerings and lack of martial uniformity told of a hasty manning of the parapet by excited and startled men. Marvellous is the effect of rifle fire upon even the most tired and weary mortals. Gone in a moment was all thought of the long and tedious march; sleeplessness was banished instantly, all dashed forward with every sense alert—nervous no doubt and filled with a strange feeling of repressed excitement difficult to describe, but keen to get beyond that parapet, the dim outline of which was now visible, fringed with its vicious lightning flashes, and, after the first volleys, accompanied by the louder booming of the field guns all along the line.

It was not the writer's fortune to be in the front line of the troops most exposed in the attack—the gallant "Highland Brigade"—and which, owing to the difficulty of keeping touch and direction in the darkness, as well as the angle which the line of march had taken up with the entrenchments or main objective, had got out of line with the other troops. The 2nd Brigade (with which the writer served), under Major-General Gerald Graham, was some distance to the right rear of the Scottish regiments, as well as farther from the parapet when the actual firing began. Theoretically, all should have been in line together, but nothing is more difficult at any time than to ensure a simultaneous attack by many units; and, of course, this is all the more



Grave of British officers in foreground

EGYPTIAN EARTHWORK AT TEL-EL-KEBIR

difficult when preceded by a night march of many miles. The consequence was that for several minutes the brunt of the enemy's resistance fell upon the 3rd or "Highland" Brigade, which, being the only troops at first seen in the dim light by the Egyptians, was given the monopoly of attention by those manning the parapet to right and left, as well as directly in their front. In much shorter time, however, than it takes

The front face of some of the gun redoubts in the front line

EGYPTIAN TRENCHES AT TEL-EL-KEBIR

now to describe it, the Highlanders were in the front trench, scrambling and assisting each other up the outer face of the parapet, while Graham's Brigade, hastening forward at top speed, prolonged the line of attack to the extreme right. The next five minutes was a "wild" time indeed, a veritable Donnybrook Fair, but with more serious and lasting consequences, since it was not only "hit wherever you see a head," but also jab with the bayonet at anything and everything in front of you. As the prisoners of war expressed it afterwards, "It was not war, but simply a great wave of brown helmets," as our men surged over the parapet and on the other side engaged in hand to hand combat with the bayonet; for it will be remembered they had no cartridges loose for instant use in the rifle. The effect of this silent surprise was startling. The poor Egyptians, finding we were so much closer than they had imagined possible, lost heart on seeing our men amongst them, and, with the exceptions of individuals here and there, and in the main the men of the Egyptian Field Artillery, made but a very poor fight of it. The artillerymen fought valiantly with gun rammers, spades, shovels, and anything they could lay their hands to, and wherever there was a gun our men had a lively time around it. In the intervals, however, or "curtains" of the earthworks between the gun redoubts, the enemy appeared panic-stricken. Many of the Egyptian officers made brave attempts to stem the tide. Here and there a devoted few would rally, drop on the knee and fire, then retire, to do the same again farther on.

It was now daylight, and the scattered groups of individuals of various regiments who had at the first opportunity loosened their ammunition and were firing independently upon the fleeing Egyptians, were reformed as hastily as possible, while our Horse and Field Artillery, coming up from the rear at a gallop, got over the works wherever they could do so, and, dashing on in front, came into action with case and shrapnel upon the flying foe, now thoroughly demoralised. About this time Sir Garnet Wolseley and his staff rode along the line from the right and were received with vociferous cheers from the elated troops in the midst of the débris of the enemy's bivouacs in rear of the entrenchments and surrounded by many of the dead and dying of both armies. The scene was one well calculated to make any General rejoice. Securely planted within the enemy's position, which a few hours before had seemed capable of keeping his force with much suffering in the desert for an unknown period—that enemy now a panic-stricken mob in the utmost confusion, each individual who could do so flying for his life, and leaving wounded, guns, stores, and supplies of all kinds behind—his own troops flushed with success and scarcely at all affected by the small losses sustained—no wonder if Sir Garnet felt devoutly thankful, while the morning's events gave great promise of the fulfilment of his prophecy made some three months earlier before leaving England, and which was literally carried out to the letter by the surrender of Cairo by Arabi and Toulba Pashas to Sir Drury Lowe and his cavalry in the evening of the next day, the fourteenth September.*

The advance of the front line was at once continued, following closely the demoralised Egyptians, while to the pressure of the infantry and artillery was soon added that of the two brigades of cavalry from either flank—the British Life Guards, 4th and 7th Dragoon Guards, and 19th

*In a report made in June, 1882, at the War Office regarding the then proposed intervention in Egypt, Sir Garnet Wolseley, as Adjutant-General to the Forces, had stated that by the 14th September the Expeditionary Force would have secured Cairo. He was vindicated with an exactitude extraordinary in the annals of war.—C. W.

A portion of the second line of works, unfinished, showing debris of the fight

EGYPTIAN TRENCHES AT TEL-EL-KEBIR

Showing the rear of a gun redoubt and scattered ammunition

EGYPTIAN TRENCHES AT TEL-EL-KEBIR

Hussars, from the north-east or left of the enemy's position, and the Indian Lancers and Light Cavalry, from the south-east or right of the line of earthworks, while the Brigade of Foot Guards, under H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught, continued a compact, formed body as the general reserve in rear of the advancing line and conforming to its movements.

Personally, my own experiences I believe to have been in some respects unique. Scaling the parapet in rear of the attack made by the 2 Highland Light Infantry (old 74th Regiment), I had, as a corporal, with a small squad of men, been left for a little time to watch prisoners and assist the regimental first line transport when it came up in getting over the entrenchments. Several cases had occurred after our first line had passed of wounded Egyptians shamming dead firing upon our men from the rear, and even after the reserve had crossed, a colour-sergeant of the Coldstream Guards was shot in the back by a man who had been passed by lying on his face, with his rifle under him, shamming dead, so it was very necessary to exercise care in this respect. In crossing the front ditch a number of our casualties were met with, and I particularly remember seeing young Lieutenant Stirling, of the H. L. I., who had been shot fair in the centre of the forehead and looked exactly as if he were asleep. He had just joined from Sandhurst a few weeks previously. Inside the parapet many dead and wounded lay about, and there were some very harrowing scenes. Close to where we crossed over a young Egyptian artilleryman, badly wounded and bleeding profusely, had propped himself with his back against the parapet, and as we approached him asked in excellent English for a drink of water. To say that we were surprised is to put it very mildly. I asked him where he had learned English and he said in the mission school at Cairo, where he had been a pupil until conscripted and detailed to one of the batteries. We moved on with regret that we could not do more for him, but knowing that our ambulance parties would soon be along to do what they could, after attending to our own wounded. In one of the trenches we found an old, gray-haired man in the loose gown or "gibbeh" of a fellah and wearing on a cord around his neck the Turkish war medal for the Crimean, 1854-56. The poor old chap had evidently been one of the Egyptian contingent to the Turkish Army in the Crimea, and it seemed a strange destiny that he should have met death in his old days at the hands of the allies of his youthful service.

In one of the gun redoubts, where a stubborn hand-to-hand struggle had taken place, some ten or a dozen Egyptians were lying intermingled with several of our men. Some of the latter had been shot, while others had had their heads fearfully smashed by spades or shovels. The Egyptians had all been bayoneted. One young Highlander lay on his back, with his head horribly smashed, but he still grasped his rifle, which was bloody almost from bayonet to butt. He had certainly fought fiercely while he could. All along the line in rear of the infantry parapets and about a pace apart were boxes of rifle ammunition with the lids removed, but in most cases with scarcely a packet missing. The cooking fires were still burning and meat frying in the pans, and everywhere evidences of the surprise were most apparent. Farther on as we advanced in rear of our infantry, following up the flying enemy, the trouble effects of our heavy Martini-Henry rifle bullet were met with. It is certainly something to be grateful for that the wounds inflicted by our modern small calibre projectile, as experienced in South Africa and elsewhere, are much less terrible.

Perhaps the most spectacular event of the day was the charge of the

Indian Cavalry Brigade, which after turning the right flank of the enemy's position swept on in pursuit of the flying thousands. With an open and unrestricted front and on a practically level plain the two regiments of Bengal Lancers (9th and 13th), with the 6th Bombay Light Cavalry, fairly tore up the ground as they launched themselves at full gallop after the mob of fugitives. Never before had I realised the meaning of that expression in the Bible, "terrible as an army with banners." This brigade of horse had no banners in the general acceptance of the term, but the little pennons of red and white on the lance heads, which have such a fine effect at the "carry," must have been terrifying in the extreme to the panic-stricken men whom they were so fast approaching, as the lances sank in line at the charge fringed by a row of swarthy bearded faces, fierce with the lust to kill and intoxicated with the easy victory. Few met the charge with any attempt at resistance—most of them dropped upon the ground, hoping the horses would pass over them. Others threw away their arms, and, dropping upon the sand, held up their hands in token of surrender. Men talk of the days of cavalry being over. They are over, undoubtedly, in an attack against a well-armed foe, but once that enemy has been turned or broken there is nothing like the horsemen for reaping "the fruits of victory." In this case even our own men, looking on with jubilation from afar, felt all the impressive effects of the terrifying spectacle presented by those flying horses tipped in front with the fluttering pennons and flashing lance points. The lesson was not lost upon our men, because, of course, it was quickly pointed out that even the Egyptians, had they been capable of proper discipline and cohesion, could have emptied half the saddles before the threatening lances became effective. To do this sort of thing, however, men must "keep their heads."

The pursuit continued for about two miles, when we came upon the enemy's standing camp opposite the little railway station of Tel-el-Kebir, behind which ran the "Sweetwater" Canal, with the village of Tel-el-Kebir set back some little distance to the southward. The road to the village led over an iron bridge spanning the canal, and thence through what had been a few hours before a beautiful field of wheat, of perhaps 30 acres, dead ripe and ready for the reaper. Flying men in thousands in their eagerness to escape had run through the field along its whole extent and scarcely a stalk was left standing. The congestion at the bridge must have been terrible, but most of those who got away evidently swam the canal, and then rushed through the wheat field like a terrified mob. The whole field was trodden till it looked like an immense threshing floor. At the south end of the bridge were some gruesome sights—camels and horses disembowelled, with many men lying about, the effects of shell fire from our horse artillery, whose motto evidently is "once get the enemy on the run, keep him on the run."

The enemy's camp was large, and the rows and rows of tents abandoned by their owners, with here and there large stacks of all kinds of supplies, with boxes of ammunition piled up like cordwood, afforded excellent opportunity for rummage, which for some time was allowed to be indulged in before the troops could be collected and formed up. Many and curious were the spoils—one gunner of the R. A. was reported to have got a bag with 1,200 sovereigns from one staff officer's tent, though the authorities secured Arabi's tent, with the headquarters papers, and specie, and very soon guards were mounted and general looting and rummaging suppressed. After the seriousness of the morning's work, it was, however, comical in the extreme to see the "Tommies" who had been fortunate enough to

find them here and there rigged out in all the gorgeousness of Eastern costume. Here a tall guardsman would be met in the flowing robes of a Bedouin Sheik, his waist distended to an abnormal degree by his pouches, haversack, and water-bottle, underneath a many-coloured sash or cummerbund; there a little Cockney rifleman of the "60th" would be stalking along in the glory of enormous turban, while many of all corps had secured Arab officers' pouch belts, pistols and holster, or Remington rifles, and looked like veritable walking arsenals as they inquired here and there for the whereabouts of their respective units—only to be obliged to discard most of their trophies when they found it. The most common and picturesque, however, of the soldiers' spoils were the Arab horses and camels, which were picked up in great numbers. At first the officers very wisely purchased the Arabs from the men capturing them, and many very beautiful mounts were bought in this way for five shillings. Laughable indeed was it to see a big Highlander or a sailor of the Naval Brigade endeavouring to drive or bring along a fractious camel, only to find that nobody wanted to buy camels. Afterwards these animals were collected and taken over by the Army Service Corps for the Egyptian Government. The food supplies in the Egyptian camp were enormous, particularly the huge pyramids of lentils and the bags and bags of onions and hard bread like rusks. There were also great quantities of soap, of a coarse "castile" description, in bars, and used chiefly, we were informed, for washing the white drill uniforms of the men.

Some two thousand odd prisoners had been taken and these were assembled under guard near Arabi's headquarters. To reduce the number of men for guard purposes to a minimum the prisoners were at first tied by the right wrist to a long rope, the end man was told to sit down on the sand, the others started to walk round him, sitting down in turn in ever-increasing circles. To break away or be stampeded was soon a physical impossibility. When all were seated, and in order to number them accurately, some bright genius suggested counting them by their caps, and through the interpreter they were ordered to throw the fez which each man wore to the outskirts of the circle—these were then collected in a heap and counted. How each man ever got back his precious fez is a problem I am unable to explain, but the anxious looks from that sea of faces, while the dusty and begrimed red-coats of the guard tossed the red caps from one pile to another as they counted them by hundreds, were curious to see. The same afternoon the prisoners were taken off by train to Ismailia, where, to their amazement, they were paid sixpence a day by the "mad Englesi" for working on the railway, putting in new sidings, or loading or moving stores. A people must be mad indeed, they said, who would pay more to prisoners than the same men had received as free men from their own country.

Arabi Pasha's headquarters were very spacious and luxurious—large marquees grouped around a central enclosure, with cut-glass chandeliers, soft carpets, in which the foot sank to the ankle; mirrors, office desks, sofas and divans, and a cooking establishment that must have been the envy of even the Brigade of Guards. To our eyes this was all very fine, but it was not "soldiering." The tent, with its equipment, was given by Sir Garnet Wolseley to the Commander of the 1st Division—the late Lieutenant-General Sir George Willis, and was taken by him to England.

Upon reaching the bridge over the canal, Sir Garnet called for all his senior officers and there and then issued orders for the pursuit, pushing on the British Cavalry Brigade by the shortest route to Cairo, while the

Indian Cavalry Brigade and the Indian Contingent were directed upon Ez-Zagizig, the nearest large centre, where it was expected the enemy might rally and make a further stand. Before the Indian Contingent marched off about 8 a.m. all regiments and units, both of it and the British Force, were formed up and a personal telegram from Her Majesty the Queen to Sir Garnet Wolseley was read to all the fighting units, congratulating all ranks upon their success, thanking them for their splendid services and expressing regret at the losses sustained and sympathy with the wounded. This had been rendered possible by the cable laid along the desert by the Royal Engineers, and which during the night had been extended from Kassassin in the wake of the army's advance upon Tel-el-Kebir. One can imagine the hearty cheers of the soldiers after the reading of such a message at such a time, and if there was any doubt in anybody's mind of the warm feelings of regard entertained by her soldiers for "Victoria the Good" they would have been rudely dissipated by the earnestness and devotion shown in their remarks about the "little Widow of Windsor, God bless her," to be heard on all sides.

Thus ended our engagement at Tel-el-Kebir. Of the aftermath, the occurrences and experiences which followed, they may be recounted another time, for as Kipling says, "that is another story." The little graveyard close to the railway station, into which our dead were collected some time after the battle, is a monument for all travellers to see, and, if they like, moralise upon those of our race who were fated to give up their lives that Egypt might live and prosper. Subsequent events have, it is contended, shown that their sacrifices were not in vain, and may nothing but increasing good continue to come therefrom.

As to the lessons of the action, they were numerous, but to the writer the main outstanding ones appear to be that quality and not numbers succeeds in war, as it does in so many other things, and that "eternal vigilance is the price of safety." In numbers vastly superior, with the benefits of position, and with arms and equipment which might fairly be considered as equivalent, yet the Egyptians lost all these advantages through lack of discipline and training, which rendered valueless the services of their outpost troops at a time when such meant everything to them. Truly, "the wolf cares not how many the sheep may be," and any men without proper discipline and training, unless indeed they be endowed with exceptional moral fibre, are but as sheep in the hands of even a much smaller force highly disciplined and trained in the use of modern weapons.

A SABBATH IN SKYE

BY ADA MACLEOD

THERE are those who claim that the Scottish Sabbath does not occupy the high place that once it held as a national institution, that it has fallen from its high estate and bids fair to become more and more buried beneath the rising tide of mammon-worship and the cult of pleasure. Glasgow, for instance, in some sections on a Sunday, might almost be deemed a Continental city, with its noisy streets, its open shops, its belching furnaces, and even staid Edinburgh, with its army of black-coated, tall-hatted churchgoers, has its clang of cable cars and its procession of pleasure vehicles, insomuch that a certain zealous kirkman during the last summer spent the hour before morning service in strewing the Dean bridge with goodly tacks in the hope of incapacitating some of the many cycles that cross this thoroughfare and of spoiling the day on would-be pleasure-seekers.

But if there is one spot in Scotland where this criticism does not apply and where no breath of the Continental Sunday has as yet penetrated, it is in the Islands of the far Hebrides, where men dwell beneath the shadow of great mountains and live their simple lives and keep the same forms of faith as their fathers in days of old. Strange it is that within a few hours' journey from such a city as Glasgow one should come upon a region so remote, not only in its aloofness from all the hurry and bustle of modern life, but in its very atmosphere, as if here the shadow on the dial has stood still and one breathes literally the air of a past century.

Skye is at all times a haunt of peace. Over its brown moors one may wander for leagues and see no sign of life but the shaggy, long-horned cattle or an occasional shepherd rounding up his black-faced charges, and may hear no sound but the flute-like call of the cuckoo, or, under distant cliffs, the boom of breakers rolling free from Greenland. But in all the haunts of men there is no quiet more profound than that which reigns on a Sabbath among the braes of Skye. On the lochs there is no plash of oars or dip of brown sail, on the hillsides no laughter of children or jest of neighbour, even the raucous cries of the sea-birds seem hushed and all nature goes by as with feet unshod.

On the evening of Saturday we walked through the hamlet and noted on all sides the bustle of preparation for the day of rest. All the water required for Sunday use was being carried in, the peats secured, the meals as far as possible prepared, sometimes even the tresses of the girls were being braided tightly so as not to require "doing up" on the morrow, and as for the man who would leave his shave until Sunday morning he would at once pass beyond the bounds of respectability. By the brink of a tumbling waterfall a tall girl stood washing her small sister's yellow curls, and the picture was well worthy of an artist's brush —the high, grim background of basaltic rock twisted into strange shapes

by the writhings of ancient earthquake, the mountain stream itself, shrunken under summer suns, gentle enough in its descent and easy to be crossed on stepping stones, but bearing witness by its deep-grooved, boulder-strewn bed to mighty forces held in leash sometimes to break forth in sudden death-dealing passion, and in the foreground this Madonna-like vision of youth looking up in quick, shy surprise, a level shaft of the sinking sun making a halo round the golden head of the child.

Another picture remains clear on the mental vision, the simple Gaelic service on the Sunday, strange to Canadian eyes and ears, yet in its inner beauty more impressive than the stately ritual of many a gray cathedral. There is no church and, on this occasion, no minister. The people sit on the benches of the old stone school-house, where many generations of young Highlanders have carved their names, and conned their Latin, and gazed regretfully through the open door at the swimming-pool nearby. Outside one sees no rows of buggies as at any country church in Canada. From far and near the people have gathered on foot, and one imagines that the very walk itself on this rare June morning, amid such a mighty panorama of mountain and sea and flower-clad moorland must of necessity raise the mind to higher levels. The leader is a reverend, gray-bearded elder. My companion had espied him walking grave and solitary on the road ahead and knew him for the very one who in their mutual school-days had once on this self-same spot been his opponent in a boyish wrestling match. And as he glanced back at us out of the tail of his eye, one fancied that he would fain linger and talk over some of these incidents of long ago; but such things must needs wait for the morrow, and the temptation is sternly set aside. In leader and people alike there seems to be a spirit of reverence and devotion that is foreign to many of our modern religious services. The congregation stands during prayer, all seemingly unconscious of the unusual length of the petitions, and in the reading of the Scripture lesson not only is every eye bent on the sacred page, but on many a face is there evidence of the inner vision as well. Most impressive of all, however, is the singing. The leader is the precentor also, chanting the Psalm after the old Highland fashion, one line at a time, in a musical, sonorous voice, and the people respond in the strains of "Martyrdom" or "Stroudwater" or some other of the historic melodies of the church. In all times and places there is a majesty about the singing of the old Psalms to the old tunes that strikes a deeper chord than any hymn music can possibly do; but only those who have heard the singing of a Highland congregation in their native glens can understand its weirdness and pathos, how it touches the very fount of tears. These quavering minor strains seem to have gathered into themselves all the haunting melancholy of this northern clime, the shuddering sigh of the wave as it searches in hidden inlets, the moan of the wind through the corries, the sadness of the Celtic heart. Yet through it all there seems to throb a clear dominant note of hope and victory; and we realise, gazing through door and window at the grim encircling peaks, that on these mountains also have been the beautiful feet of those who brought the good tidings, and that here men through great tribulation have entered into high estate.

Since the days of the wonderful religious awakening attendant upon the Disruption the one great event in any Skye community is the annual Communion season. At that period, under the ministry of such notable men as Macdonald, of Ferintosh; Dr. Kennedy, or Roderick Macleod (known and loved as Maighstir Ruari), it was nothing unusual for

two or three thousand persons to congregate on these occasions at some central place such as the Fairy Bridge, where three highways converged. The services, lasting for four or five days, were held on the open moor and many and fervent had been the prayers for propitious weather. From all directions the people crowded, some by boat from the neighbouring islands, others on foot, and it was no uncommon sight to see women walking twenty or thirty miles over stream and bog and hill, with skirts tucked up and boots carried carefully in their hands, until near the place of meeting. The service begins on Thursday, the "fast day." Friday is the "men's day," when the leading religious men are expected to participate, generally by one of them propounding a certain doctrine or the meaning of a passage of Scripture, and it is the duty of the others to "speak to the question." A tent is erected for the use of the ministers and a pulpit set up, in front of which is the long table for the seating of communicants. But, although such a large throng is present, the number of those who actually participate in the sacrament is comparatively small, so strictly are the tables "fenced" and so extreme is the reverence attached to the rite by the people themselves. Warning rather than encouragement is given in approaching the table, especially in the case of the young people. Indeed, it was customary to place inquirers on a three years' probation before admitting them to church membership at all, and so strict were some of the Free Church ministers in applying the test that *Maighstir Ruari*, on assuming charge of the parish of Bracadale, at once cut down the communion roll from two hundred and fifty to five; yet none was more gentle than he in the house-to-house catechising, that ordeal to which all, righteous and sinners alike, were subjected.

"*Ochan! Ochan! Maighstir Ruari,*" said an old man, shaky on the catechism, "it is myself that is glad to see you on the questions this day, for that Donald MacQueen (the regular catechist) would bring the sweat through the hide of the factor's gray horse."

Some of the clergymen made the performing of the marriage ceremony dependent upon both the contracting parties passing a strict examination on the shorter catechism, and thus to the naturally flustered state of the groom upon such occasions was added the fear that he might flounder in the middle of "effectual calling."

Much of the conversation in the homes of the religious folk of Skye centres about the sayings and doings of these idolised ministers of the olden time. Apart from spirituality and zeal, there were also some mundane qualities that the people seemed to have expected of them, a stalwart, vigorous frame, a good voice, and unimpeachable Gaelic. Not for them the weak bodily presence or the speech contemptible. Indeed, on one occasion the parishioners of the Reverend Mr. Rainy, grandfather of the famous Principal Rainy, went so far as to lay a protest against him before the Presbytery in these words: "When he enters the pulpit we cannot see him; when we see him we cannot hear him; when we hear him we cannot understand him."

Nor was the anxiety about the preacher's Gaelic without foundation in the days when the landed proprietors had the choosing of the minister, for they sometimes placed over the people some callow *Sassenach* of doubtful doctrine and still more shaky in his acquired Gaelic. Such a man was preaching one day from the words of Elijah on Mount Carmel: "How long halt ye between two opinions?" What was the horror of the people when every time he used the text, which was very often in order to fill up other deficiencies in subject matter, he made use of the words, "How long halt ye between

two barrels," the word for "opinion" and "barrel" being somewhat similar. "Oh!" exclaimed an old elder after the service was over, "May the Lord have mercy on the man that sent him to college."

Along with the memory of the heroic ministers of the Disruption who made such sacrifices for conscience sake is treasured also the remembrance of "the men" of that period. This term in the Highlands has a special significance, referring as it does to men of outstanding piety and unusual gifts of expression, who, as lay preachers or catechists, rendered notable service to the church. Such, for instance, was blind Donald Munro, who devoted his whole life to this work, being led from one township to another and carried on men's backs over the rushing streams. Like many others of his class who were not able to read a word, he could in conducting service repeat almost any chapter in the Bible without a single error, and it has always been accounted a marvel that unlettered men such as these should have attained mastery of language and skill in exposition. Some of the Skye "men" came to Canada and served as lay preachers, such as Murdoch Macleod, who emigrated to Prince Edward Island in 1840, and is still remembered by many there for his extraordinary knowledge of the Scriptures, his eloquence and forcefulness, and the magnetic power of his personality.

While many of the "men" in their religious views tended to the gloomy type, they were not devoid of a certain grim humour.

"What is the meaning," asked a certain glib-tongued woman of one of them, "of the words: 'There was silence in Heaven for the space of half an hour'?"

"That is what would not be there if you were there," was the uncompromising reply.

There was one Donald MacDonald in Braes, a thoroughly good and intelligent man, but of weak voice and very backward in public utterance, and it was the self-constituted duty of a certain half-daft admirer to sit beside him in prayer-meeting and when his name was called to thump him unmercifully until he arose. On one occasion Donald met with an accident on the shore and being unable to move out of the way of the incoming tide called so lustily for help that all the neighbourhood was aroused.

"Why is it," a cavilling neighbour asked of Walter the catechist, "that Donald's voice is so weak in church and when he was on the shore he brought all the people from their houses?"

"Because," replied Walter, "in the church he was calling on God, while on the shore he was calling on men."

To this day the elders are the dignitaries of the community, reverenced by the grown people and held very much in awe by the youths, especially with regard to any supposed breach of the Fourth Commandment. The writer, on the Sabbath referred to, after the simple noonday meal was over, went out and sat down on the hillside above the cottage. She was accompanied by the young daughter of the house, who removed her snow-white apron and rolled it up under her arm, explaining as she did so that in that case the elders would not so readily see her. For it is forbidden to go even so far afield on the Sabbath. One is supposed to remain indoors and read with reverence Baxter and Boston.

Yet there is no doubt that a more tolerant spirit is abroad in Skye. Not many years ago if a Free Church boy were compelled to pass a building belonging to the Established Church he would run as fast as possible, not knowing the moment when something with tail and cloven hoof might emerge, and no sorer insult could be hurled at a man than to call him a "Moderate." Now there is talk of the two churches uniting. And although the Highlander is a born

combatant and is ever ready to kick up a dust over a matter of doctrine, the spirit of union is abroad, and all signs point to the time when the barriers between Frees and Wee Frees, Established and Seceders, U. P's, U. F's, and all other hair-splitting sects shall be broken down and one united church shall stand ready to do her share in the bringing of the Kingdom to the beautiful Isle of Skye.

BLOOD VENGEANCE

By CLARE GIFFIN

NEVER were poppies so red as those in her garden that day,
Never were lips so white as hers when I bore her away,
And knew she was dead, past hope, and cursed, and then tried to pray.

He laughed in his deadly pride, as he sat at ease in his hall,
Laughed and waved me aside, as a thing not worthy at all,
And I fathomed his guilt, and struck—and the thing was done, past recall.

For I saw the red of her blood and the blood-red flowers nearby,
And her face went out in a mist, and the air grew shrill with a cry,
And vengeance seemed mine to take, for I knew that he ought to die.

MUSIC OF THE SEASON

BY KATHERINE HALE

THAT music is becoming a part of the national life of Canada is manifest by the practical support that Canadians are giving to establish local effort. It is probably due to youthfulness and Anglo-Saxonism that we are not intuitive as regards unestablished effort and that we have an unfortunate habit of waiting for the endorsement of other countries. If anyone had ventured to prophesy a decade ago that within five years one province in Canada should boast of a world-famous Mendelssohn Choir, a permanent Symphony Orchestra and another province of a National Opera Company comparing favourably with any other opera company in the world, the prophecy would not have been believed. But these achievements have been made in so short a space of time that it would seem as if one could almost watch musical feeling grow in Canada.

Not to catalogue with any critical precision, but rather to trace movements and events in their significance to the musical public at large, the season just closing has been a notable one in Ontario—taking the musical centre of the Province, Toronto, as the pulse of the movement.

Before the new year the Symphony Orchestra was well on its way with the series of ten concerts, which mark the sixth season of this splendid organisation. Madame Alma Gluck, one of the younger singers now coming to the front so rapidly in the Metropolitan Opera, New York, was the soloist of the first concert, and the chief number on the programme was Devorak's symphony, "From the New World," which brings to life many of the folk songs of the South, which are most interesting and colourful. It was felt at once that this season was to provide a better ensemble in the orchestra. Mr. Welsman's arrangement of the players is more skilful, and the exquisite sweetness of the strings is now ably backed by the woods and brasses.

The second concert introduced our Canadian violinist—Miss Kathleen Parlow—of whose work mention was especially made last season. She played the Bruck concerto in G Minor for violin and orchestra with an added virility, showing that in a year her art has grown surprisingly. The orchestra gave one of the three great symphonies that Mozart composed in the year 1788, the one in E Flat, which breathes the very spirit of joy and gaiety.

Later followed an evening of orchestral numbers chosen from the French school, of which one remembers particularly the "Suite Aresienne," by Bizet, an arrangement of the incidental music to Daudet's tragedy, also the overture to "Anacreon," by Cherubini. Further interest was added by the appearance of Efrem Zimbalist, the great Russian violinist, who played a Spanish Concerto, by Lalo, in a most vivacious and artistic way. His work was full of colour and abandon.

Then came a concert which brought again Gadski, the beloved soprano, whose appearances are always hailed with joy, and on December 13th oc-

curred one of the most important events of 1911 in the Liszt Centenary, celebrated by the orchestra and that great interpreter of the master Arthur Friedhan. To be sure, the longest work of the evening was the Beethoven symphony in C Minor, and the programme ended with Wagner's introduction to the third act of Lohengrin, with the Liszt concerto for piano in A Major and the "Mephisto Waltz," "Les Cloches de Geneva," and the 10th Rhapsody in between. But this was in reality a triumph of programme making, for it is where most musicians place the great Hungarian—after Beethoven and before Wagner. This centenary has been the first cause of a great awakening of popular interest in the composer whom some believe to have been the father of all modern music-drama, including that of Wagner. It is true that the themes, the harmonies, the treatments of Liszt are echoed in the moderns from Wagner to Charpentier. Huneker, the well-known critic, goes so far as to say "the later Wagner could not have existed without first traversing the garden of Liszt."

MADAME BEATRICE LA PALME
Of the Montreal Opera Company

After the New Year came a request programme, which resulted in the Tschaikowski "Pathetique," the Peer Gynt Suite, by Greig, and the Tannahauser March by Wagner—showing a decided popular love for colour and pictorial effect.

Then a great evening with Leo Slazak, a dramatic tenor from the north—a giant in force and ability, well known in European opera houses, but a stranger to Canada until this appearance. A great interpreter of German song, there was a certain fitness in his appearance after the closing strains of the Beethoven Symphony in B Flat—the Fourth Symphony—given for the first time in Toronto. It was composed as a kind of happy lyric between the two great epics the "Eoica" and the C Minor. In its spontaneous joy one catches that happy run of ideas, pent-up emotion let loose in the relief of lesser thoughts, between two great creative efforts. The orchestra was at its very best in the expression of this charming music.

Spring was heralded "In der Natur," Devorak's exquisite overture, played on February 21st, when Jan Kubelik performed the Mendelssohn concerto for violin in E Minor in a way that was as pure and faultless as any lark at heaven's gate singing. The same artist played the evening before at the closing concert of the Schubert Choir, when he gave the Tschaikowski concerto in D Major and three shorter numbers, with all that marvellous dexterity for which he is famous.

One of the intensely classical programmes was that which introduced Mr. Wilhelm Bachaus, a young English-German pianist of note, when he interpreted, with tremendous virility and power, the famous Beethoven concerto in E Flat—that one which has been called "The Emperor," because the year it was written, 1809, was a troubled one for the inhabi-

tants of Vienna, when the French occupied the city, and the rising of the Austrian forces occurred. It is significant of the power of Beethoven to concentrate, without regard to externals, that, while the cannons were booming without, he was able to compose a work which, as regards his compositions for the piano and orchestra, is undoubtedly his *magnum opus*. This concerto was a magnificent fusing of the work of the soloist and the orchestra.

A contrast of the various pianists who have appeared here this season makes quite a study in personality and degrees of art-consciousness. First of all and greatest of all came De Pachmann. The writer has heard this master many times, but never before when he was so wholly detached as on this wonderful September evening. You remember what Arthur Symons, the great English critic, says of Pachmann: "He has the head of a monk who has had commerce with the devil, and it is whispered that he has sold his soul to the diabolical instrument, which, since buying it, can speak in a human voice." At any rate, Pachmann is the greatest living, or dead, interpretor of Chopin, because Chopin is the most inveterate Dreamer that ever put down his thoughts in music. Beethoven is a Prophet, Liszt is a Poet, Wagner is a Seer, but Chopin is the immortal Dreamer of all time. He journeys on the astral plains, and no one can follow unless he also knows the brightness of the night. Pachmann knows, and a few listen to him and understand. He is the only occult among the army of modern pianists. This is to the distinct disadvantage of the army. There may be danger in the degree to which Pachmann has allowed himself to become possessed, but there is also a power which will be more fully understood a generation hence than it is to-day. We are in the grip of intellectuality in most ways of art just at present. It is often complained that Pachmann does not interpret

MADAME OLGA PAWLOSKA

Of the Montreal Opera Company

between the brains and music, that he is disembodied. And truth lies in this. Beyond it is the fact that intuition is a short cut that leaves intellectuality very far behind, and everything penetrating the inner circle of life, from an electric ion to the overtone of a note, exists far beyond the limits of the mind. To realise

DE PACHMANN

The great interpreter of Chopin

Pachmann is to have touched Mystery, the messenger of the gods.

Mark Hambourg, who played from Chopin later in the season, showed the exoteric as directly opposed to Pachmann's esoteric vision. Hambourg also contributed to the Liszt Centenary, and in the Hungarian Rhapsody worked up to a tremendous climax of power.

It must be noted that our local music has profited greatly by the sojourn here of the Hambourg family, who have given, among other delightful concerts, a series of historical recitals, illustrating the development of the violin and violincello literature from its earliest beginning to the present day.

One of the most delightful song recitals of the season was given by Emma Eames and Emilio de Gogorza. The evening was a lyric delight long to be remembered. Gogorza is probably the most delightful concert baritone of the day, and to the silvery voice of Eames has been added a touch of golden warmth which makes it more beautiful now than it was a decade ago. In a personal interview Madame Eames said: "The reason that I am now much more worth while than I was as a younger singer is because life has brought me closer to people, so that I love my audiences now where formerly I dreaded them. Also, I believe that to those of us who think and feel deeply, who live with a vision, the years cannot but bring a happier perfection." She said of her Canadian tour then in progress: "Tell the readers of *The Canadian Magazine* that my greatest wish for them is that they may ever cherish their innate desire for beauty and cleanliness in their cities and towns. Natural beauty seems to be a kind of religion in Canada. I have travelled all over the world and in this vital respect I believe that Canada leads. My message to her is a simple one—keep clean."

There remains an account of the local society concerts and the visit of the Montreal Opera Company, which combined to render the midwinter a brilliant festival of music.

The National Chorus came first, with a fine concert, introducing the Italian tenor, Bonci, the most exacting work of the chorus being the motet for double chorus, "In Exitu Israel," by Samuel Wesley, a number which is regarded as a supreme test of thorough choral efficiency. It was exceedingly well done by the choir, which improves steadily from year to year in balance, sonority, and restraint.

The Mendelssohn Choir presented two evenings of miscellaneous programmes on the 5th and 8th of February, "The New Life," by Wolf-Ferrari, and the Te Deum, opus 22, of Belioz, on the 6th; the Manzoni Requiem, by Verdi, on the 7th; and an orchestra matinée, at which appeared Mr. Josef Lhevinne, the solo pianist, on the afternoon of the 8th. Of the

Manzoni Requiem, which was given by the choir for the first time last year, much has been written. The evening of Tuesday, February 6th, represented the contribution of new work for this season, and certainly gave the mind as much as it could digest in two hours and a half.

"The New Life" is a cantata based on "La Vita Nuova," of Dante, for baritone and soprano soli, adult chorus and children's chorus, orchestra, organ and piano. It is a piece of work so significant and profound in its appeal to the intellect and the emotions that the effect of a first hearing is almost painful in its intensity. In listening the sense of Time's insignificance and Eternity's value sweep over one in much the same way that the verbal measures of Dante attack the ear of the spirit. Wolf-Ferrari is a new writer, but he has an old soul. He makes you hear and think things of which he himself is probably not quite certain. At least, that is the effect. His theme is an Apostrophe to Love in the prologue, followed by the first part, which is a springlike treatment, containing a "Dance of Angels," and the most exquisite chorus work, with an Ariosa and Sonnetto for the baritone. An intermezzo follows, and the second part deals with the death of Beatrice, the agony of Dante and his final beatific vision.

It is, on the face of it, impossible, in a résumé which covers such an extensive season of music to do more than suggest the values of any one piece of work, but I should say that nothing which has been presented this year is so valuable in suggestion as to possible future developments in choral music as this delightful old-world tapestry so pure and uplifting in its sentiment, so faithful and at the same time far-sighted a revival of the rapture and despair of that starry vision which illuminated the mediæval world. The author's treatment of the orchestra is significant. He raises the piano to a compli-

MADAME EAMES

mentary place and by his use of bells and harps, as well as the deeper organ tones, makes an impressive and thrilling picture. In the second part, in which the Angel of Death is represented in sombre harmonies of the strings, and the soul of Beatrice, questioning Death, is heard in the solo violin, one of the most impressive orchestral scenes that can be imagined is evolved. Miss Florence Hinkle's beautiful voice was heard as the Angel Visitant, and too much praise can hardly be given to Mr. Clarence Whitehall, whose deep baritone was perfect in the quaint *ballata*, *arioso* and *sonettos* that he had to interpret. The Mendelssohn Choir, under Dr. Vogt, showed the clarity of tone and splendour of effect which has so justly made them famous the world over. The tremendous volume of tone of which they are capable when

DR. F. H. TORRINGTON
"The Father of Oratorio Music in Ontario

very heavy work falls to their share was ably evinced in the Te Deum of Hector Berlioz, in which effect after effect is piled up to a climax of dizzy height. In the "Judex Crederis" the choir was at its most imposing point, and the audience departed in a "looking upward" attitude. A word must be said for the delightful quality of the Children's Chorus, trained under Mr. A. L. E. Davies. The young voices are charmingly fresh and sweet. It is notable that the Mendelssohn Choir festival brought before the public this year almost every school in the history and development of music for the past two hundred years.

The Mendelssohn Choir, in its tour this season, visited Buffalo, New York, and Boston. The appearance of the choir has become a feature of the musical season of New York, but Boston was a fresh page. In reviewing many columns of critical report from this critical city one gathers that even here "Canada's matchless singers" were a revelation in "exquisite tonal quality," "careful shading," and that "reverent spirit" which Boston guards in relation to all the arts. In spite of the fact that French and German critics, at least, still cling to the belief that the use of their profession is to stimulate and not to smooth, it is probable that few European musical centres could be more difficult to capture, in choral music, than the intellectual "huts" of America; so that the stirring of cool Boston still means a good deal.

Important choral contributions to the brilliant season were given by the Schubert Choir in its two concerts of February 19th and 20th, with Madame Pasquali, a fine operatic soprano; Henri Scott, the principal basso of the Chicago Opera; Jan Kubelik, violinist; and the Toronto Symphony Orchestra. The programmes revealed much versatility, from the simple ballad and sacred song to the works of Liszt and Schubert, comprising novelties from the fifteenth century up to the present time. One of the most pleasing features was the A Capella numbers, which were graceful and well modulated in tone.

A new chorus is The Oratorio Society, conducted by Dr. Edward Broome, of Toronto, which gave two concerts in January, at Massey Hall, bringing to Toronto the New York Philharmonic Orchestra, whose conductor, Mr. Josef Stransky, is one of the chief forces in the musical world of this continent. The Oratorio So-

PROFESSOR HAMBOURG
A distinctive figure among musicians of Toronto

ciety contributed three numbers on the first evening, one of which was Dr. Broome's "Hymn of Trust," and on the second evening "The Elijah."

No account of choral work in Canada can be complete without mention of the name of one who has been the father of oratorio music in Ontario. Dr. F. H. Torrington, who, on March 12th and 13th, gave final performances of the Messiah and the Elijah, works which he has conducted in Canada scores of times during the thirty odd years that he has been actively engaged in the furtherance of music here. Dr. Torrington has been the pathfinder and broken the hard ways for others to cultivate after him. Too much cannot be said in acknowledgment of his magnificent pioneer work.

The work of the Toronto String Quartette has been carried on most successfully this season, and mention should be made of the Flonzaley Quartette under the auspices of the Woman's Musical Club.

In organising the Montreal Grand Opera Company, one object was to give Canadian operatic singers a chance to develop in their own country, another was to give the Canadian public a taste of good opera at reasonable prices, all of which has been carried out in the institution of that magnificent company which has sung this season in Montreal, Toronto, and Ottawa. It is said that so great is the public enthusiasm that in Montreal a number of millionaires have subscribed a sum sufficient to erect an opera house as a permanent home of the organisation, and it is the wish of its backers to make the enterprise as national in its scope as possible, and eventually to provide other cities with properly equipped Grand Opera. The organisation is, of course, a Canadian enterprise in the sense that it is backed by certain leading capitalists of Montreal, but

DR. A. S. VOGT

Conductor of the Mendelssohn Choir

it also has on its Board of Honourary Directors such men as Clarence H. Mackay, one of the chief guarantors of the Metropolitan Opera House; Eben D. Jordon, the backer of the Boston Grand Opera; Jean de Reszke, and Sir Edmund Walker, Honourary President of the Mendelssohn Choir. Its artists, conductors and stage managers come from almost every opera house in Europe, and the singers, though chiefly young, have already won fame on two hemispheres. Their repertoire is of the finest French and Italian works, and the aim is to produce each with an ensemble as nearly perfect as possible.

Out of this company three Canadians stand forth prominently: Olga Pawloska, who was born at St. John's, Quebec, is a professional pianiste, has studied singing in Germany, and comes of an intensely musical family; Bruce Wainmann, born in Morrisburg, Ontario, has been educated in Europe and just made his dèbut as one of the principal baritones with the Montreal Opera this season; and Beatrice La Palme, a Montreal girl, who started life as a violinist. She went to Europe to study this instrument, and in France her teachers found that she had a wonderful voice. She took up vocalism and was soon singing at the Opera Comique and in London. She returned to Canada a full-fledged operatic artist.

I have had the pleasure of hearing this young singer in most of her leading rôles, Marguerita, Rosina,

Micaela, and it is my conviction that she has one of the most remarkable soprano voices that this continent has yet produced. The critics who practically ignored Ferrabini until she was established have treated Madame La Palme with the same delightful moderation, but the day is not far distant when she will probably be accounted as the greatest Canadian singer and one of the world's famous prima donnas. She has a faultless voice of silvery soprano timbre, and when she has attained more vision in her work—and she will attain it—her interpretations will be very rare in vocal excellence.

Ferrabini, the wonderful and laughing, was with us again, she of the red-rose voice and the dusky eyes. Her mezzo-soprano was not as smooth or as perfect in production as last year, but the warm-hearted singer, the skilful actress, remained.

The "Louise" of Madame Dereyne was one of the memorable interpretations of a memorable fortnight, as was the "Mephisto" of Huberty and his *Father* in "Louise," the *Valentine* of Bruce Wainmann, and the *Jongleur* of M. Sterlin, one of the most memorable performances of all. Indeed, the two operas new to Canadian audiences—"Louise" and "Le Jongleur de Notre Dame"—stand out as virile and remarkable examples of certain tendencies in modern musical drama.

"Louise," an opera in four acts, with music and libretto by Gustave Charpentier, had its first hearing in Paris a dozen years ago. The opera may be regarded as a huge canvas, depicting the varied panorama of Paris. The contrasts are extremely sharp and vivid. We are introduced to a bit of home life in a family of three, typical of the French lower working-class; the big father, who is somewhat of a socialist in his way, the narrow-minded mother, and *Louise,* representing the younger generation that leans out to life, and, listening on the one side to the stern voice of Duty still longs with all its heart to be free. *Louise* has fallen in love with a young artist, whom her parents will not let her marry. She escapes and goes away with him, only to be recalled by her father's stern desire. The musical score, which for two acts has woven the most marvellous pictures of the glamour, despair, laughter and light of that "city of splendour," turns in upon subjective things, and, as in the first act, deals with fundamental emotion in a way which proves, beyond all question, that art is not taking leave of real life in these days of much impressionism. Here is the love of father for daughter in opposition to that of the daughter for her lover, the love of age for safety in opposition to the passion of youth for adventure, and, above all, singing around and through all in great trembling waves of emotion we feel the lure and the endless call of the city, of the pulse of many people beating together as the heart-of-all. Charpentier's music is intensely realistic—revolutionary in some ways. He is a kind of Walt Whitman, as Massenet is a Maeterlinck in music.

"Le Jongleur de Notre Dame" is a miracle play, as mystic and exquisite in its conception as is "The Blue Bird." Indeed, Jules Massenet has gone Maeterlinck one better, for his music is even more simple, and, at the same time, subtle, than the Belgian's poetry. They both represent, however, one of the most important movements of the present day—a recall of mystery in all art. "Le Jongleur" was first produced in Paris in 1903. It is cast for men's voices only. The time is the fourteenth century and the scene a priory near Cluny, in France. To the monk's garden comes a wandering mountebank, with his store of songs and tricks. He is poor and joins the order so as to obtain food and lodging. As he is truly a poet and a mystic, he learns to love the Holy Virgin, but he cannot praise her duly because he

knows no Latin. The cook tells him the legend of the sage bush that harboured the infant Jesus when all the haughty flowers refused, and so he decides to give himself and all he possesses—the little store of songs and tricks. He sings and dances before the high, cold image until the monks would flay him. When, behold, the statue itself wakes to life to bless, with outstretched hands, this inspired child. "The Pure in Heart, it is they who shall see God," chants the Prior, and the voices of angels and monks echo the "Amen."

About this story Massenet has woven the most exquisite harmonies it is possible to imagine. Indeed, in hearing these two operas alone—not to speak of the train of works: Faust, Carmen, Rigoletto, Romeo and Juliette and the rest that we know so well—one is convinced of the important mission that lies in the presentation of much Grand Opera in Canada.

IN AVALON

By CLARE GIFFIN

IN Avalon the lilies bloom,
The still, wan water glides,
Within the quiet garden gloom
The nightingale abides.

Ah, Love that died, and Hate that lives,
What do we here to-day,
When peace that silent garden gives
Twice the world's width away?

What dreams may come, what dreams may go,
Beneath that orchard shade,
We may not guess, nor may not know
Whereof those dreams are made.

Only we know, past fear, past doubt,
That there is quiet sleep,
That this our world is all shut out
From that still meadow's sweep.

THE OTHER WAY

BY L. J. BEESTON

THE two men shook hands with the lawyer, passed down the narrow stone staircase, and so into Serjeants' Inn, Fleet Street, London.

"Short and sharp," said Lomas, almost viciously. "You can do things in a hurry in this old country—if you are paid well."

William Peters lifted tired eyes. An hour back he had been the only surviving partner of Juxon and Peters, jute merchants, Billiter Street. And now the slowly dying business had been sold to the stranger. To the stranger he said:

"I understood, Mr. Lomas, that you are British born?"

Lomas, staring fixedly at the stone flags of the quiet court, was lost in some consideration which was drawing hard, ugly lines on his bony face. He looked up suddenly.

"Eh, what's that?" he snapped. "Oh, yes. Born in Yorkshire. I'm a tyke, right enough. Lived in Canada twenty years, though, and have naturalisation papers. Hell, what a dull hole is this Serjeants' Inn! Which room did Noah rent?"

He stared at the pavement again, busy with that consideration which did not improve his looks. Peters reflected that this man was a hard nut, and that his bullying eyes gave nothing away.

"Short and sharp," snapped Lomas. "Root, stock and branch, Juxon and Peters is mine. I'm a jute merchant. Ha, ha! What is jute, anyway? I've no positive idea."

"I fear that you have purchased a moribund business, as we made clear to you," said Peters gravely.

"A dead-as-ditch-water business, if you ask me. Considering which, you have been confoundedly well paid."

Peters winced.

"Twelve years ago twenty times your present figure would not have tempted me," he answered. "I trust, however, for your sake, that you will impart some life to its dry bones."

"I? Good Lord, man! Didn't I tell you that what I don't know about jute would fill the British Museum? I've made my money in cattle." He pushed out his arms as if the tall buildings pressed upon his breathing. "Good Lord, I'd give something for an Alberta breeze. These burial vaults upset my nerves."

"How long have you been in England, Mr. Lomas?"

"Ten days."

"I presume that you will remain until you see what you can do with the business that you have purchased? Rest assured of my assistance in any——"

"Oh, rot the business! I shall do with it—well, what I choose. I have about as much use for it as for another bit of property I've invested in lately, and which makes me a mortgagee on a small scale. That is to say, I don't actually own the property yet, but I can foreclose whenever I want to, the debt being long overdue. In plain words, I've bought the debt. And I've bought William Peters and Juxon. And you needn't think me a fool, either."

Peters regarded him with anxious, kindly eyes. "I certainly do not, Mr. Lomas. I confess that if you have purchased this business and mean to do nothing with it, you make me curious; but I have no desire to ask questions. One matter, however, I compel myself to call to your attention. My clerk, John Greengold, has been with me for thirty years; and if one thing in connection with our recent transaction has caused me apprehension——"

"Any more staff?"

"It has dwindled down to five: Greengold, an office lad, and three men-packers. As I was remarking——"

"And according to my explicit instructions, you have not breathed a word to any of the five?"

"I have not."

"Then that's all there is to it. Now take me where we can get a decent dinner, and afterwards I'll go with you and have a look over your—my offices in Billiter Street."

They had the meal together at a grill-room in the Strand. Peters dined under silent protest. He did not take to this man who shot his bullying remarks at him like pistol balls; but then, he had parted with the remnants of his business for quite a handsome sum in the circumstances, and had to make some show of meekness. He had wanted the money badly, otherwise he would have paused. The precipitancy of the transaction troubled him vaguely, but his lawyer had shrugged his shoulders at it, which seemed good enough.

All the same, the remembrance of his head clerk, who was working late this evening, who was probably at this moment before the desk which he had faced for thirty years, which, in its scratched, dinted, varnished surface had faintly reflected the head of a young man who had become an old one: this recollection dragged a little at his heart-strings.

Lomas paid the bill, and they went out. They climbed to the top of a motor-'bus and were carried through the city. On the fourth floor of an office building in Billiter Street they stopped before a door with black letters on frosted glass: "Juxon and Peters: General Offices." Peters went in. From this room a closed door led to another. Lomas looked contemptuously at the usual, terribly uninteresting office furniture and dusty, linoleum-covered floor.

"Two rooms only," said William Peters. "The firm's books are in the other——"

At that moment the inner door opened, and a man of fifty-five, who looked a decade older, came out.

"Greengold——" began Peters.

Lomas uttered a startled sound that resembled a curse, jerked his broncho hat over his eyes, and bestowed a reminding pinch on his companion's arm.

Peters, however, had not forgotten instructions. He merely said: "I should knock off now, Greengold. Half-past seven's late enough."

The head clerk glanced in a dull fashion at the stranger, who had turned his back upon him, and was looking through the dingy window. A dull and emotionless fashion! What else could one expect? Thirty years bound to a wheel. It wasn't so bad even twenty years back, when the wheel sped round with a hum, for that made things lively; but its rotation—the rotation of daily business—had been lessening and lessening; and no one knew better than the head clerk that a permanent stoppage was imminent.

Thirty years. The life of one day the existence of the next. It does not tend to keep one young. Greengold had seen the row of ledgers in the rack over his desk grow, one by one as he filled them up, each placed by the side of its fellow, and buried in each the best work of one man.

"Thank you, sir. Ten minutes will see me through."

The steel-framed spectacles that assisted light to his faded eyes never got higher than half-way up the bridge of his nose. His office coat was a tattered disgrace. What matter? There was his tail-coat on a nail, ready to be slipped on whenever a customer called. His cuffs, protected by paper, protruded four inches. And he looked tired—tired, subdued by monotony, by this eternal diurnal round on a salary which had never exceeded four pounds a week, and which had dwindled in late years, owing to business stress, to about two-thirds of that sum.

His stooping shoulders disappeared through the doorway.

"Will you see the books, Mr. Lomas?" asked Peters, in rather too loud a tone.

"Shut up, man!" rapped out the other fiercely. "The devil take the books. That thing's Greengold, eh? He goes with the rest of this shoddy rubbish. Greengold? My soul!"

William Peters, a flame of indignation burning his cheeks, watched the other in amazement. Contempt he saw, clearly enough, but what surprised him was something which had the glare of hate.

"I've had enough," growled Lomas, and they went out together.

"We will say 'Good-night' here," said Peters, very coldly.

"Yes; I suppose so." Lomas spoke as if in the least bit ashamed. "You mustn't mind me," he grunted. "I've a reason for wanting to keep this transaction between ourselves for a day or two—no longer—and you seemed to be letting the cat out of the bag. About Greengold! What do you pay him?"

"Three pounds a week."

"He looks worth half that. Don't fear; I shan't offer him less. What are his hours?"

"From nine o'clock to about half-past six, and he's a steady man."

"He looks as if fresh air would blow some of the dust out of him. It's in his clothes, in his eyes, in his face. He's dried up with dust. I suppose that at noon he goes out for a bun and a glass of milk; and for recreation to a lantern-lecture at his chapel. Phew! How anyone could live thirty years in that mouldy air beats me. I guess we'll part here."

"Well, call it a dog's life if you will——"

"Emphatically!"

"But allow to Greengold the merit of a loyal attachment and unswerving faithfulness. Good-night, Mr. Lomas. I am at your service when you want me."

A touch of the hand, and Lomas swung away abruptly. "Piffle!" said he to himself. He paused to light a cigar. "And now I've got him!" He dropped the match, and put his heel on it grindingly.

He looked singularly unpleasant as he hailed a taxi, and ordered the chauffeur to drive to Streatham. The vehicle glided away southward, over London Bridge. Lomas saw nothing; not even the enormous moon, glaring red through the smoke on the river. The voice of the chauffeur through the tube roused him.

"What address, sir?"

Lomas read it from a page in his pocket-book. It was some distance still, where the houses were more scattered. The taxi stopped before an ordinary small villa, gabled, with a wooden fence round it, and chrysanthemums growing in the front garden.

"Keep where you are; I'm not getting out," called Lomas.

The driver wondered, and kept his engine going. Lomas put his face within six inches of the window, and stared at the house opposite. A curtain was pulled back, and a woman looked out from a room at the waiting cab. Lomas recoiled, though the woman could scarcely have seen him.

Nor could he see her with any distinctness, for all his eager staring. His teeth, biting into the cigar, were bared in a ferocious grin. His eyes wandered from the woman to the stuccoed facade, to the roof of red tiles, to the strip of garden where the chrysanthemums nodded ghostly heads in the light of a street lamp.

"That's all," cried Lomas. "Get along to the Trafalgar Hotel."

The cab purred rapidly through the streets, now quite dark; crossed Westminster Bridge, where the river flowed silently under a pallid shimmer, and drew up before the hotel named. The swing door opened as he ran up the portico steps.

"Mr. Tredways in?"

"I think not, sir," answered the hall porter.

He found a letter for him in the rack, asked for his key at the office, and was run up in the elevator to the fourth floor. The key admitted to a private sitting-room. He rang for the fire to be made up, and jerked open the letter. It was headed simply "J. and S. Traves," and was a bill for eight pounds.

"They've earned the money," Lomas growled.

Though the letter-head did not testify to the fact, J. and S. Traves were private inquiry agents.

"Well earned it," repeated Lomas. "I'll send the brutes a cheque."

He put aside his hat and coat, and was in the act of writing the cheque when a man of about his own size and general build, but gray moustached, came in. He gave Lomas the semblance of a nod, tossed his hat on to a chair, unbuttoned his top-coat, and flung himself on his back upon a sofa.

"You look sick," said Lomas.

"Huh!" said Tredways.

"What have you been doing all day?"

"Playing the blighted loafer."

Lomas began to seal up his remittance. His friend jerked his shoulders to the head of the sofa, pulled a pipe from a side pocket of his overcoat, crossed his legs, and sent puffs of strong tobacco to the ceiling.

"So ends twenty years' sighing for home," commented Lomas. "The first real growl I've heard from your lips for two decades. Ominous." He got up and stood with his back to the fire. "I don't feel that way myself—yet. You see, I've had things to do. I've been going some. One, I've bought up a mortgage."

Tredways made a questioning grunt.

"I can foreclose on Greengold without delay."

Another grunt.

"Two, I've bought a business, goodwill and all. A rotting, godforsaken affair, but now mine. You know what I mean?"

"On that old tack still?"

"Is that a criticism?"

"Too bored to criticise."

"I've got him nailed, as I swore I would."

"Good man."

"There isn't much blood left in him, but what there is I'm going to squeeze out."

"Admirable."

"Yes, sir."

Lomas spat the words with vindictive self-satisfaction.

"I congratulate you," drawled Tredways. He drew up his feet on the sofa. "You will smash Greengold."

"As I vowed to do twenty years ago."

"Vengeance so long deferred must taste very nice when it comes."

"You bet! I set an inquiry agency to work. They acted promptly. Greengold was still with Peters and Juxon, and his life has been humdrum enough. Nothing sensational. A boy was born to him sixteen years back: a delicate kid who went into a decline and died at fourteen. It

cost Greengold a good deal of money —for him. He had to mortgage his house in Streatham. Then business went wrong, and his salary was cut down. He wasn't able to pay off the mortgage, or anything like it. He owes money here and there."

"Ah! So, when you turn him out of his job, and bundle him out of his home, he will bitterly repent the wrong he did you, Lomas."

"That'll send it home to him!"

"And when he learns what you, his ancient enemy, have done for him in so thorough a fashion, the sting of ruin will become all the sharper—poisoned, in fact."

"He will suffer, as he made me suffer."

"Splendid."

Lomas glanced towards the figure on the sofa.

"Don't get tender-hearted, old man," continued Tredways. "Rub it into him. No mercy, mind you. There's only one thing that occurs to me."

"What?"

"Twenty years is the devil of a time, Lomas. You have changed physically tremendously since I first met you in Montana all that time back. You didn't look much more than a youngster, then, believe me. Now you've filled out to twice the size. See your picture twenty years ago and look at yourself in the glass—two absolutely different beings. I would bet a thousand dollars to ten that this chap Greengold won't know you, couldn't guess in ten guesses."

"What of it?" growled Lomas. "I don't suppose he will. I hope he won't."

"Why?"

"Because it will make the after-shock all the more deadly."

"Ah, ah, I never thought of that. Fine!"

There was a silence. Tredways reloaded his briar, edged his shoulders into a more comfortable position, and threw one knee over the other. Then he said:

"I'm a fish out of water in London. Just as you have been nursing the idea of revenge, so I've been hugging the notion of having a good time here when my pile was made. We've both made our pile; done uncommonly well. Listen. I want to tell you something, Lomas. You know I was the black sheep of the family. I told you that yarn over a camp fire, and I'm not going to drag it up again. My family was more than glad to pack me off to Canada, and a mighty good thing it proved for me. Well, what I never troubled to tell you is the unimportant fact that I'm related to people of some sort of position here. They lost sight of me, and I of them. It appears now that I'm within reasonable distance of a baronetcy."

Lomas opened his eyes.

"Don't think the discovery pleases me. I've made my wonderful presence known here and there, and I'm received not with enthusiasm—the cold shoulder. I thought I'd lived down the little affair which got me packed away. But it's remembered. People here move in a narrow sphere. Possibly it's my fault. My manners haven't improved since I went away. Anyhow, I've got the hump—the pip. I feel I'm not wanted; and between you and me, I'm going to clear out of this blasted place."

"H'm," said Lomas.

"I want to breathe; I want to use my limbs. Don't be surprised if I pack in a hurry and get back to the wild."

"H'm," said Lomas again. He stretched his legs wide before the fire. "Surprised? No. I've a kind of feeling that when I'm through with my little matter I shall be attacked by the same sensations. Twenty years was too long to be away. It has

spoiled us.'' He strode to the window and looked down at the wandering lights creeping round Trafalgar Square. ''I keep finding myself thinking of the snow-drifts, the pines, the good smell of cattle.''

''Don't,'' pleaded Tredways. ''When you have finished your little affair. When?''

''To-morrow.''

''To-morrow you snuff out this man's candle?''

''And leave him to grope.'' Lomas returned to the fire.

''Bravo!'' Tredways felt for a stump of a pencil in a pocket, and jerked down three or four inches of white linen cuff. He then took a firm grip of his pipe, and said:

''Refresh my memory. The eternal woman was the pivot of the trouble, of course. Her name was Alice Bar——''

''Alice Bartrop. What the deuce are you writing it on your cuff for?''

''Interest, merely interest. Correct me if I stray. You and Greengold worshipped this girl, and were most infernally jealous of one another. Er—er—there was Abram —Abram——''

Lomas interrupted with an exclamation of impatience.

''The story's brief enough,'' he cut in, curtly. ''I was caught in one of those chains of circumstantial evidence that may trip up any man, however innocent. Mistaken identity has sent to prison more than a few. One sometimes reads of cases of men whose guilt seemed black as death against them. They plead an alibi; they can't prove it. Under they go. Years later, maybe, someone confesses, and the other poor devil is dragged again into the light and receives a 'pardon.' Such a case was mine. Abram Stoles, a moneylender, and seller of flash jewellery, lived over his shop in the East India Dock Road. I rented a couple of rooms on the top floor—furnished rooms. I was shockingly poor those days and owed rent to Stoles. Pushed hard by him, I made up my mind to cut and run. I walked out one evening, leaving such of my property as I could spare for part payment.

I had a crown in my pocket—my sole wealth. Feeling pretty down in the mouth I decided to spend a shilling of my wealth at a cheap music-hall. Greengold was there. He sat just behind me, and we exchanged a nod. I had met him two or three times only, at Bartrop's. We were both after Alice, and detested each other accordingly. When the show was over I put up for the night at a lodging-house. Next morning came the news that Abram Stoles had been half-murdered in his bed and robbed. He made a declaration that his assailant was myself. Mind you, I think Stoles believed what he said, for he had no grudge against me apart from rent owed.

''I was arrested, of course. The fact that I had cut my tether on the evening of the crime was dead against me. But Stoles declared that he was attacked at precisely half an hour after ten o'clock that night. He was quite sure because there was an alarm clock by his bedside, and he noticed the time just before he saw the man in his bedroom. Well, I was at the music-hall until after eleven. Greengold saw me there all the while. His testimony would have proved my alibi; but the pup swore on oath that I was not there at all: that he had not set eyes on me at all. That lie and circumstantial evidence did for me, as it would have done for any man. I was sentenced to two years' imprisonment. Two years in hell. And I drank that bitter draught to the dregs.''

Tredways quitted smoking and sat up, paying deference to the thrill of rage and pain in his friend's voice. He broke a long silence.

''That is a terrible story.''

"Not one that I care to dwell upon, old chap. You understand why I hate this fellow?"

"You must. Did he marry Alice Bartrop?"

"No."

"She refused him?"

"I neither know nor care."

"Those inquiry people told you whom he did marry?"

"Some girl ten years younger than himself. She has always been delicate."

"They live together happily?"

"I know nothing to the contrary," answered Lomas shortly, chafing under this fire.

"Delicate, and loves him, presumably," murmured Tredways. "That means that the death of their boy at the age of fourteen must have drawn blood. Being thirty years at one house of business argues for his steadiness, and when a steady man has a wife who loves him it argues that he owns some sort of conscience. It follows, therefore, that he has been haunted more or less by the deadly wrong he did you."

"My soul!" flashed Lomas. "You take his part?"

"I? By no means. He will deserve all he gets. When you have chucked him out of his job, what will you do with the business?"

"Close it down," snarled Lomas.

"And when you have turned him out of doors, what will you do with the house?"

"Shut it up." Lomas uttered a terrible laugh.

"Where is the house?"

Lomas told him, snappingly.

"Has he any money saved?"

"Not a cent, apparently. On the contrary, he fights hard to make ends meet."

"Excellent." Tredways rubbed his palms in appreciation. "A man of forty-five, of his tame, worn-out spirit, will struggle for an infinitesimal time, in a panic, mad with fear, terrified to meet his wife's uncomplaining eyes, sweating agony as he hears the wolf howl outside his door, and then—down he'll go. Revenge is sweet. You ought to enjoy it."

"In the meanwhile," said Lomas savagely, pulling on his coat, "I'm going out somewhere. I shall try a theatre for an hour or two. Will you come?"

"Thanks, I'm so brutally fagged. I shall have two drinks, smoke three pipes, and retire early to bed."

Lomas muttered an unintelligible good-night, and went out.

He felt mad. Going over the old ground again of that history had heated and excited him. What a despicable cur, to be sure, was Greengold, who had let him sink in the mire—nay, had helped by his lie to push him in! Two years of bitter shame for a crime of which he was wholly innocent. How he had suffered! And now—now——

Why should he wait for the morrow before helping himself to his desired vengeance? Why not go to the little house in Streatham at once and get it all over and done with? A far sweeter draught than that former cup of anguish was at his lips. Why delay to swallow it—slowly—slowly——

He walked about for twenty minutes, and then made up his mind to act. The hour was between nine and ten o'clock. The night had turned warm, close, unhealthy. Once more a taxicab hummed him through South London. He dismissed it a hundred yards from the house, towards which he began to walk, thinking of the precise words with which he would open the interview with Greengold.

Lomas approached slowly on the opposite side of the street. On both sides was a row of lindens. Greengold's house was at the end, separated from its nearest neighbour by

a space of ground partly cleared for building. A man's tread drew Lomas's eyes across the street, and by the light of a lamp on that side he saw Tredways push open the wooden gate of the villa, walk briskly up the tiled approach and ring!

For a second or two Lomas could not stir, so greatly was he astonished. What possible business had Tredways at this house?

"Blight him!" snarled Lomas, his eyes ablaze.

There came the sound of a closing door. The visitor was in the house. With difficulty Lomas fought off an impulse to follow. His blood was boiling. What the devil did Tredways mean by it? There was no light in the front of the house. He ran round and peered over a wooden paling into the back yard. He hesitated.

"My property, really," he grunted; and then, after a glance to right and left in the darkness, he vaulted the fence and advanced with confidence to where a light from the house streamed over a short flight of stone steps and flower beds. These steps led to French windows that opened into the room where the light was. One of the glass doors was ajar a few inches and secured in that position by a hook. The curtains had been drawn, but the draught through the open door had swung them apart a little; and through this space Lomas had a tolerable view of the room. An old lamp, green shaded, burned on a table in the centre. Tredways, just admitted, was pulling off his weighty overcoat. A woman was sitting by the table, on which she was holding some needlework which she had apparently just lifted from her lap. Lomas could not see her face, but he saw distinctly Greengold, who was standing up and looking at the visitor with an expression of trouble in his eyes. He was terribly pale, and his hands at his sides kept clenching and unclenching in a nervous way.

Tredways sat down in a comfortable, quite-at-home attitude. He said, "Permit me to introduce myself. I am the purchaser of the business of Juxon and Peters, jute merchants; offices in Billiter Street."

If he looked to see amazement in Greengold's face he was mistaken. The head clerk of the late firm did not even start.

He glanced at his wife and began, "My dear, we are going to talk business."

"I beg that you will remain, madam," said Tredways sternly. "You are not surprised to hear my news?" he added, turning to Greengold.

"I heard it this evening," answered the other, speaking slowly in an effort to steady his voice.

"Then Peters acted contrary to my wishes," rasped Tredways.

"He told me that he was breaking a promise. I asked him if the visitor was the purchaser, but that Mr. Peters declined to tell me. He informed me of the sale merely."

"No, that visitor was not the buyer; he was my agent," replied Tredways composedly.

Lomas uttered a gasp. He was capable of nothing more.

Greengold waited, stealing a glance at his wife, who kept her eyes fixed upon Tredways.

"I understand that you are—were—head clerk to the firm?" said the latter imperiously.

At that word "were" Greengold trembled.

"Quite right," he answered.

"In which case you are aware that it was a dying concern."

Greengold wetted his lips and said something about "new capital and up-to-date methods."

"A dying concern," went on Tredways harshly, "and I am shutting it down."

The head clerk bowed slowly.

"It has employed you for—for"—Tredways glanced at his cuff—"for over thirty years?"

"Yes, sir."

"You may consider yourself discharged—fired."

Greengold looked round for a chair. He sat down, drawing it up to the fire as if he felt very cold.

"You have nothing to say?" demanded the visitor.

"Only that I wonder why you purchase a business for the sake, apparently, of closing it down."

"That is my concern, not yours."

Lomas, crouching outside, could scarcely breathe for fury. He would have burst in like a tempest, only he foresaw a touch of ridicule, and in spite of himself he was burning with desire to know just what Tredways meant by this cursed interference. Also, he was touched by a sense of admiration for Tredways's coolness and high-sounding insolence; it was a height which he himself longed to approach, and which he knew was beyond him.

"To touch upon another matter, Mr. Greengold. I understand that a year or two ago you mortgaged your present residence. Owing to a reduced salary your payments have fallen off. I wish to tell you that I have purchased the mortgage deed. If you are prepared to settle at once the arrears due, well; if not, it is my intention to foreclose on the property."

Greengold lifted his head slowly. As a matter of fact, he was not quite sure whether he was awake. His senses reeled under the force of these two blows — staggering, blinding, numbing. He rose dizzily, with an almost vacant stare. He felt his wife's hands pressing his arm, and heard her whisper, "John, what does it mean?"

Tredways rose also, keeping his back to the light. He folded his arms and regarded the head clerk steadfastly.

"I have come here to-night for an answer," he added.

Greengold made an effort to pull himself together. He saw his wife's face close to his, with its terrified eyes, and he kissed it. He turned to the visitor.

"For some reason," said he in a strained, unnatural tone, "you are making me an object for persecution."

"Precisely."

"Who are you?"

"Take a good look at me."

A long silence ensued. With haggard, bewildered gaze Greengold obeyed the command. He shook his head.

"I am just back from America," added Tredways in a voice of iron. "I went there twenty years ago. I will tell you why. I had spent two years in a prison cell for a crime of which I was wholly innocent. One man could have saved me. He refused."

Greengold recoiled as if he had been struck in the breast by a pistol ball. He caught at the mantel for support.

"Not Lomas?" he said in a strained, husky mutter.

"You recognise me, then? I have altered in twenty years."

"Lomas!" repeated Greengold, drawing a hand down his ashen cheek. "Yes, you have changed. My God!"

The watcher outside was rigid as stone.

Tredways looked at the woman, still at her husband's side.

"She knows all," said Greengold in a voice of heartbreak. "I told her before I married her. She helped me to pray for forgiveness. It has been the undying worm with me. I have suffered. *You*, Lomas? Is it possible?"

Tredways, suspecting doubt, flash-

ed a glance at his cuff. "You have forgotten me, eh?" he rasped. "And Alice Bartrop, and Abram Stoles—and that night at the music-hall when we met—and how you swore on oath——"

"Stop!" cried Greengold, down whose forehead beads of sweat were gliding. "I begin to understand. You mean to ruin me. You have come back for your vengeance. Is that it?"

Tredways took a framed portrait from the mantel. It was the bright face of a young lad with curly hair. He was just going to ask if this was the dead son when the thing was drawn quickly from his hand. He looked into the eyes of Greengold's wife; they flashed fire.

"I beg your pardon," he said.

"I ask you to go, Lomas," begged Greengold, fighting the breakdown in his voice. "You have done your worst. I don't blame you. I deserve every bit of it. I only ask you to believe that I wronged you on impulse, in a mad jealousy; and then it was too late to contradict my sworn word. I would give anything to undo that frightful sin. I thank God that it did not submerge you altogether. You have prospered, and I have not. And now you take your measure of revenge. It is a deep and full measure, I assure you. Go, please go."

He dropped into a chair and covered his face with his hands.

The unsuspected watcher remained as if carved from marble .

"Yes, I have had my revenge," answered Tredways slowly. "The cup is empty. I am glad you acknowledge my right. You show more pluck, Greengold, than I gave you credit for."

He resumed his seat.

The woman moved to the table and stood there watching Tredways with an indescribable expression, as if she saw something in his face or read some meaning in his voice.

"It was sweet, but it is over and finished. Look up, man; I want to talk business.

"I have got on, as you say. I have more thousands of dollars than you probably ever had pence. I landed in England ten days ago. I said to myself, 'I'll find that fellow Greengold, who served me a shabby trick, and I'll give him a scare. I found you were tied to a job that isn't worth a pinch of salt; the roof that covers you isn't your own. I haven't a boy of my own, but if I had it would cut me about cruelly to lose him. A rough road, Greengold, you have been travelling on so long."

The head clerk fixed an extraordinary look upon the speaker.

"I've been knocked about, too, but in a different way," went on Tredways. "I've had my angles smoothed down, like you. Glory! I went away sorry that I hadn't murdered you; but twenty years in the big places of the world shows a man what his fits of temper are worth—the snuff of a candle. Still, I did want to give you a bad scare. Felt I owed it to myself. I bought up that ramshackle Peters and Juxon affair; yes, and the mortgage-deeds of this house. More, I mean to keep 'em."

Tredways slipped his thumbs in his waistcoat and tilted his chair.

"But when I've said that I've said half only. Look here, Greengold, it was time you got out of that coffin-office, anyway. I propose to make such a lot of fuss over my forgiving disposition as to come to your assistance in some substantial way. Between you and me, I'm off to the wild again; and before I go I want to make pals. Sure, that is what I mean. I brought along with me this evening a few dollar bills and a Bank of England note or two. There they are. Refuse them, and our forgiveness pact is off—dead off."

Tredways got up and tossed the

roll of bank notes upon the table.

Greengold drew a handkerchief over his forehead. Twice he tried to speak, but utterly failed.

His wife put a protecting arm round his neck and watched him anxiously.

Lomas was breathing so heavily that it was a marvel he was not heard.

"So that's all right, then, eh?" cried Tredways.

"No, no, no!" panted Greengold.

"I say yes."

"Impossible! It—it's impossible!"

"Look here, if your boy sees you now—and who shall say he doesn't?—then I guess you would please him, Greengold, by making friends with me. And I swear to you that I won't ever forgive you unless you let me do this thing."

Greengold let his arms fall upon the mantelpiece, buried his face in them, and he sobbed—sobbed.

It was a terrible sound, this cry of an overcharged heart.

Lomas, outside, drew himself up and fumbled at his collar as if it was choking him.

"I'm off," cried Tredways. "Don't suppose I shall see you again, old fellow." He touched Greengold's shoulder in a stroking way. "Good-bye to an old score well rid of." He picked up his coat hurriedly and went out. Lomas heard the door slam; but he did not move; he kept his eyes fixed upon those two.

Greengold could not control himself. His wife was already looking at the bills and notes upon the table, and Lomas saw how they fluttered in her fingers and refused to be counted. She went to Greengold again and drew him away gently.

"It is a great deal of money, John," she said. "I think there are some thousands of dollars—a small fortune."

He yielded to her guidance. Lomas saw the convulsed face as he lifted it. Greengold walked slowly with his wife towards a sofa, then dropped upon his knees, and she knelt by him.

Lomas came away then. There was a sensation at his heart, and at his throat, which he did not understand, which he had never experienced before, but which was inexpressibly fine. He reclimbed the wooden palisade, and got back into the street, and went along slowly, under the linden trees, his eyes on the ground, wondering at himself, at his revelation, at this splendour.

Tredways hurried back to his hotel and began to pack a steamer trunk. He felt horribly perturbed. What a shabby trick to serve his friend! He had got to confess to Lomas and have his head punched. What an ass he had been to give way to this amazing impulse! Every time he thought he heard Lomas's step he started violently. He did not relish the outlook at all.

CONDUCTED BY BESSIE McLEAN REYNOLDS

AT DUSK

BY ETHELWAN WETHERALD

The phantom time of day is here,
  Some spirit, from diviner air,
Unto our blindness draweth near,
  And in our musing seems to share.

Who hath not in a darkened wood
  At twilight's moment dimly known
That all his hurts were understood
  By some near presence—not his own?

YES, that "near presence," not our own—what would we do in this world, with its ups and downs, its joys and sorrows, without it?

Nearer do we seem to it in the beautiful month of May, with all its sweet wild flowers, giving us a taste of a "heaven" near at hand, whereby that subtle, almost clairvoyant presence near, a spirit we might almost talk to, to whom we might lay bare that inner self whose thoughts make no claim to the land of the "make believe," where Will-o'-the-wisp reigns and where, as Swedenborg tells us, "the departed watch over us."

At dusk we have, nearly all of us, been conscious sometimes of an experience which words cannot explain, a something like the snapping of a chain or the sudden waking of a dream; since Plato enunciated his doctrine of the cave or the twice-divided line; since Plotinus urged his Neoplatonic philosophy; since Bacon and Pascal; since "Sartor Resartus" and "In Memorium" it has all been a commonplace with thinkers that "the invisible" from the creation of the world is clearly felt, being understood by the things that are made and makes Milton's question superfluous:

What if earth
Be but a shadow of heaven and things therein,
Each to other like more on earth is thought?

*

Practical steps are being taken in the Dominion to organise a "Peace Movement" in conjunction with Great Britain and the United States and celebrate a "centenary of of peace." A committee has been formed in London, England, by the Parliamentary Arbitration Committee to take part in preparing for the celebration. Earl Grey, our former Governor-General, is president, and Baron Shaw, of Scotland, chairman of the Executive. Prime Minister Asquith, Chancellor Lloyd-George, and Andrew Bonar Law are all supporters of the movement. The Canadian programme looks alluring and full of promise.

Men and women are no doubt in-

MRS. R. L. BORDEN

terested and will look for the Canadian Government plan of co-operation.

The National Council of Women will provide for a public meeting in London, Ontario, in the latter part of May during their annual meeting and during the visit of the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, when it is expected some definite plan of co-operation with the Government will be introduced for the celebration of this centenary of peace.

While it is probably true that the principles of peace and arbitration are more universally entertained, it is also true that the sensitiveness of nations in respect to their actual power and their relative influence in the world makes it a delicate and difficult subject. Therefore, from a woman's standpoint, the child should be educated by the promotion of an annual Peace Day in schools, universities, and churches, and by special assemblies and festivals in the interest of peace methods and settlement of differences.

*

Ottawa has closed a gay and brilliant social season, and perhaps those who tasted of its hospitality will remember with pleasure the charm and graciousness of Mrs. Borden, wife of the Prime Minister.

I have had occasion to write since the new year for publication abroad, something about "the Bordens," and when doing so (as now) my mind has flown over to Grand Pré to Mr. Borden's mother, who is named Eunice, which means happy, good, victorious; and I find the temperament of the gentle mother's name embodied in the man who is at the head of Canadian affairs. Then, too, I turn to Mrs. Borden and wonder if the man's mate in this world makes or mars his fu-

ture. She certainly has a great deal to do with it, and Mr. Borden's success has surely been aided by a noble mother and a noble wife.

Since Mr. Borden entered the arena of political life in 1896 Mrs. Borden has ever been his companion on political tours whenever possible, and ever her wonderful tact and personality have won many friends not only for herself, but for her husband.

Having no children, Mrs. Borden has given all her time to her husband and his life work, and to his success she has contributed to a very large degree.

Mrs. Borden's Ottawa home is the centre of many brilliant gatherings, as it is at "Pinehurst," Halifax, where, when her husband is relieved from the cares of state, rest is oftentimes sought. She is what we would call an all-round woman, clever in all things she undertakes. Her hobby is art, and many of the pictures which hang upon the walls of her home are products of her cleverly-wielded brush. Mr. Borden is immensely proud, and with good reason, of his wife's talent. In photography Mrs. Borden excels, not only in posing her subjects, but in doing all the work from developing to finishing. Her life is so closely woven with that of her husband that since the new year her time has necessarily been devoted to the stranger and the citizen in Ottawa, bringing them through her home life in closer touch with the sessional visitor and harmonising the varied elements of an intricate social world.

Mrs. Borden gives generously to philanthropic causes and keeps in close touch as far as possible with the Halifax Woman's Work Exchange, and as one of the vice-presidents of the National Council of Women, sees at close range much of what is done by Canadian women.

*

Canada was represented recently at the International Council of Women by Miss Agnes Riddell, who has written for us a description of her trip to Scandinavia:

It is always a pleasure to welcome the fulfilment of a dream; and thus it was with more than ordinary delight that I embarked for Europe to enjoy a long-hoped-for visit to the Scandinavian countries, Denmark, Sweden and Norway. Especially did I look forward to my stay in these countries, because it was to be under the auspices of the International Council of Women, the Executive Committee meeting of which I was going to attend.

My first objective point was Copenhagen, which I reached after a long journey by land and sea from Amsterdam. On the first morning of my stay my hostess took me for a walk through some of the suburbs, with their blossom-embowered houses and gardens, and out to the great park, where the deer range at will under the gigantic beech-trees. It was a beautiful day, the sun shining bright and warm and the breeze blowing fresh and cool from the blue expanse of waters beneath us. Such a day as I have come to associate in my thoughts with the charm of these northern lands. Excursions to see the Thorwaldsen and other museums and glimpses of the quaint older parts of the city filled up the tale of our days in Copenhagen.

During one of the excursions I saw for the first time the "workmen's colonies," of which one hears in connection with many European cities. For a nominal sum the municipality rents to the working-man a little plot of ground on the outskirts. There he builds his little shack, plants his flowers, his trees and vegetables and puts up a swing for his children. In the evenings of the hot summer days, on every holiday and half-holiday out they come, the whole family, father and mother weary from the toils of the day, the children eager to enjoy the delights of "their own garden." Very small is the little plot, and yet it is their own! Who can measure the boon these "colonies" are to working people who are compelled by circumstances to live in hot little flats? In the seeing of such pleasant and interesting sights time passed all too quickly, and soon we had said good-bye to our kind hostesses and were off for Stockholm to enter there upon the more serious labours of the Executive meeting.

Stockholm is a city to wonder at. Many a time during the week of my stay and since, as I saw or remembered its efficient public services, its fine public buildings, its beautiful surroundings, its picturesque old streets and houses, standing up from the numerous waterways which intersect this "Venice of the North,"

have I thought it strange that one should hear so little of this lovely city and so much of others certainly not more worthy. Stockholm had hitherto been a name to me; henceforth it would be a vision of white buildings and blue waters, of green trees and queer-shaped telephone-boxes and dashing taxi-cabs.

The meetings of the committee were held in the spacious rooms of the building belonging to the "Board of Iron Trades." Of these deliberations it is impossible to say more than that they were serious and often exacting. Being executive meetings, they were private and had no other spectacular features about them. Three public evening meetings were held in different places, and almost all the time when we were not at meetings was filled in with a round of entertainments. Here, as in Denmark, our hostesses were more than kind, and seemed determined that we should thoroughly enjoy every moment of our stay among them. On one afternoon we had the honour of being invited to the Palace, where we were received in the absence of their Majesties the King and Queen, by the Crown Prince and Crown Princess, the latter the daughter of his Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught, our present Governor-General.

Not least enjoyable was our last visit than to Norway. The journey across the country revealed many resemblances between the Canadian and the Swedish and Norwegian country-sides. Arrived in Christiana, we experienced again the same great kindness, the same succession of meetings and entertainments. Added to these in Norway was the grand beauty of the mountains and the fiords, of which some of us were fortunate enough to catch a glimpse, and which, once seen, can never be forgotten. Then back again to England across the turbulent North Sea, and a long-cherished anticipation had passed into a no less cherished remembrance.

*

One of the important undertakings of the International Council of Women, of which Miss Riddell writes, is that of a reduction in foreign postage.

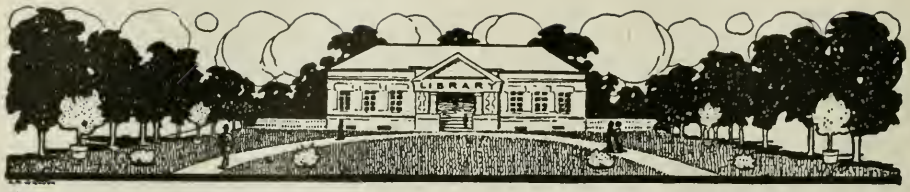
This is a world-wide movement made at the suggestion of the women of Denmark, seconded by those of Norway, and supported by those of the United States.

I think anyone who has had a great deal to do with international correspondence will agree that it would be a great saving to procure a reduction along that line. Such a reduction has already been introduced between various countries, for example, between England and the United States, but if such a reduction is not made universal—and this can only be done by the Universal Postal Union—they are in a way breaking the principles of the union, namely, a uniform rate all over the world.

The International Council is also applying for the introduction of some simple form for "answer prepaid." Of course, one knows that an international coupon can be bought, I think, anywhere. But it is too expensive. As it is now you pay, say, twenty-five cents, and get a twenty-five-cent stamp for it, which on a big correspondence is rather too much to pay on all answers prepaid.

A special request to the twenty-six nations comprising the International Council of Women was made—to apply to their respective governments—that they might present a petition to the Postal Union for such a reduction, as the petition could be presented only through the governments belonging to the Union.

Such a petition was presented to our Canadian Postmaster-General in March last, to be duly presented to the Government, and the women of Canada hope for very good results, which to our ever-increasing foreign immigrants alone would mean a great deal. We have the opportunity of doing a great and advantageous work in making the foreigner happy within our gates and educating those who come to us, more especially the children, by planting their little feet firmly upon the path which leads to good citizenship.



The WAY of LETTERS

HERETOFORE Mrs. Isabel Ecclestone Mackay has been known only as poet and short story writer. Now, however, we have to consider her also as novelist, her first novel, "The House of Windows," having been published quite recently in London and Toronto. In this novel Mrs. Mackay has presented some of the social problems that are caused by the modern departmental stores, and thus she creates an affinity between these great institutions and the sordid conditions in which many of the employees therein are forced to live. Within the environment—between the "Stores" and the forbidding street where the House of Windows is located—we observe the development of *Christine,* a foundling, who is reared in poor but praiseworthy circumstances by two sisters who, in a strong sense of duty, rear her as if she were of their own blood. One of the sisters (*Celia*) works at the "Stores," at the ribbon counter, and indeed it was there that *Christine* was found in a perambulator—deserted. While lamenting the lack of discipline that made it possible for *Celia* to take possession of this child, wheel her home and keep her, we, on second thought, overlook it, because the lack of system is, as in so many instances, a human weakness by which the course of one career in particular is diverted from its natural channels. For the child was none other than the daughter of *Adam Torrance,* proprietor of the "Stores." Imagine the daughter of a merchant prince living in the humble home of two sisters—one of them blind, the other a saleswoman at the ribbon counter! There you have the drama. But it is in the development of the character of *Christine* and of the presentment of her environment that Mrs. Mackay's best work is encountered. The three girls live together as sisters. *Ada* cannot see; therefore she remains in the House of Windows, imagining it a beautiful place, with the windows revealing a well-tended garden, not, as in reality, weeds and tin cans. *Christine* goes to school, and it is the ambition of the other two to rear her as a lady. *Celia* sells ribbons—until she breaks down. Her illness makes it necessary for *Christine* to take her place. It also brings about an acquaintanceship with *Adam Torrance,* who at last is taking a personal interest in the welfare of his employees. *Christine* and her father meet, but they do not even dream of their relationship. There has been a courtship between *Christine* and *Mark Wareham,* the father's adopted son. The father knows that the girl who has infatuated the youth is a saleswoman and that her name is Brown. So he concludes to satisfy curiosity to the extent of calling on the *Brown* sisters at their rooms in the House of

MRS. ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY
Author of "The House of Windows"

Windows. Thus the plot develops. Meantime the woman who kidnapped *Christine* years ago and then abandoned her at the ribbon counter, in order to avenge the downfall of her own daughter, which she attributes to the small wages paid by the "Stores," is hovering in the background because her avengement is not yet complete. She seeks also the downfall of the rich merchant's own daughter, and towards that end she plays upon *Christine's* sympathy and entices her into a supposed errand of mercy. *Christine* falls into the trap and disappears. The *Brown* sisters are driven almost to distraction in their attempts to find her. *Adam Torrance,* warned by a letter from the old woman telling him that his daughter still lives and is about to meet the same fate to which her own child had been driven by the "Stores," employs a detective to investigate. The adopted son, *Mark,* back from a trip to the West, starts out with a determination to rescue his sweetheart. Thus we have a three-

cornered search, which for a time turns the story into the detective class, making it a novel of mystery and crime, with many tense and exciting moments. In the end, which for *Christine* looks like the beginning, the girl is rescued, and in the last chapter, which reveals Mrs. Mackay's art at its best, we hear the happy heart-beats of no fewer than three affianced couples. (Toronto: Cassell & Company).

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THERE is something annoying about an anonymous piece of writing. Having read it, one feels that for no good reason the author has withheld his name. Sometimes the anonymity is merely a device to suggest mystery and arouse interest, and sometimes the author actually does not wish his name to appear. It is noteworthy, however, that whenever a book without an avowed author is a success the name is soon forthcoming. However that is, there seems to be a first-class reason why the name of the author of "He Who Passed" is withheld, and that is because it is a clever piece of imaginative literature and not a real "human document," as it purports to be. In the first place, it pretends to be the autobiography of an actress. According to the narrative, this actress had little or no education apart from the lines of the plays in which she appeared and the business of the stage. And yet we read in what pretends to be from her own pen a life story of absorbing interest, written with artistic, literary, and technical excellence. As a pure work of art, we admire it immensely, except its undignified end, where the woman, after having told of her *liaisons*, asks "M. L. G.," the initials of the man to whom the account is addressed, to consider her in the light of her exposition and then decide whether he could take her unto himself. Many readers might object to the writer's frankness, but frankness is here a virtue. The woman reveals her recollections of the boarding-house where as a mere child she was suffered to remain while her father and mother did vaudeville "stunts" on the "road." This boarding-house was patronised by second-rate actors and actresses, and it seemed only natural that the little girl should soon find herself playing juvenile parts at a theatre. She had "temperament" and natural charms, and in time a manager of influence and much money offered in exchange for intimate favours to give her the leading soubrette's part in a travelling company and soon thereafter to raise her to the full status of "star." Doubtless the author could produce easily from real life an instance such as this, but, whether he could or not, the narrative reads as if almost every line were true. There are excellent descriptive passages, even to those that savour of the *demi-monde*, and if anyone wants a tract to divert someone's fancy from the stage let him turn to "He Who Passed." (Toronto: Henry Frowde).

*

THERE is no subject which is more in the nature of a quagmire than that known as psychic research. The charlatan and the quack have been found so often in the ranks of so-called "faith healers" that the writer on any subject associated with psychotherapy has need of consummate tact and discriminating caution. In the volume, "Scientific Mental Healing," by H. Addington Bruce, we have a collection of eight articles on topics which are of interest to all who are concerned in the modern development of psychic treatment for disease. Their contents provide the general reader with a brief, yet sufficiently comprehensive, account of the principle underlying scientific psychotherapy. The author emphasises the fundamental differences between psychotherapy of the

scientific type and the psychotherapy of "faith healing." The reader finds the book to be a popular manual and is ready, after reading the last chapter, to agree with the author that such investigations are unquestionably of tremendous importance. In this age, when nervous disorders are so noticeably on the increase, scientific mental healing, which affords a means of coping with this growing evil, is of the widest interest.

Mental healing, as it is practised to-day, whether religious in character or based on the results of scientific investigation, rests "at bottom on two general principles—the power of the mind over the body and the importance of suggestion as a factor in the cure of disease." The first chapter of this book, "The Evolution of Mental Healing," is chiefly historical, giving a resumé of the different movements of this nature down to the present. In the second chapter the writer makes an interesting distinction. "Where the latter (Christian Science and New Thought healers) succeed they owe their success equally with the scientific psychotherapists to the influence of suggestion. Where they fail it is because they ignorantly treat diseases not susceptible of cure by suggestion, or because, in cases where a cure may be thus wrought, they lack the training that would qualify them to make a precise diagnosis."

*

VOLUME fifty-four of *The Studio* is sumptuous in colour and half-tone reproductions and unusually interesting in the letter press. There are appreciations of the work of Jean Charles Cazin, the great French landscape painter; Charles Cottet, painter of Breton life and scenes; Helen Hyde, an American artist in Japan; etchings by American artists at Paris; Prince Eugen of Sweden, landscape painter; Joseph Israëls, John Duncan Fergusson, portrait painter; old Japanese screens, besides some valuable notes on handicrafts, architecture, and the studios. (London: The Studio).

*

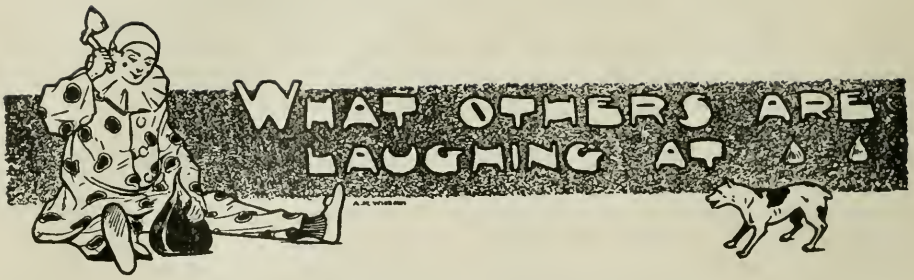
LAKE SANGUISHINE is the name given to the place in the Canadian woods chosen by Robert Herrick as the scene of most of his recent great novel, "The Healer." Here is the description of this place:

> "Sanguishene is far, far north in the depth of the Canadian woods. You go north as far as the railroad will carry you, then crawl for a day through the woods over a rough bed beside a rolling river to the end of the lake, then by boat to the settlement on the other side. Here you are quite beyond the ordinary world, in a land of queer 'lumber jacks' and half-breed trappers, a few fishermen and hunters from the city, and that is all. It's lovely, too—wonderful in its way. . . . Endless lakes and rivers, a low range of mountains across the northern horizon and everywhere the dark wilderness."

To this out-of-the-way place *The Healer* takes a bride to live, and it is there that the woman's fights between her love for her husband and har yearning for the faces and places of civilisation. The whole story is a fine study of the waywardness and passions of humanity. (Toronto: the Macmillan Company of Canada).

*

THE orders received for "The Canadian Almanac" give some idea of the interest taken abroad in Canada. The publishers report that in one mail orders were received from Paris, France; Timbirsk, Russia; Zurich, Switzerland; Port of Spain, Trinidad. (Toronto: the Copp, Clark Company).



Keeping in Practice

Probably one of the heartiest laughs which the Duke of Connaught, now Governor-General of Canada, ever enjoyed, says *The Tatler,* was that occasioned by the remark of an Irish peasant, who one day, while the Duke was driving in Dublin with the Duchess, ran alongside the carriage and kept up with it in an astonishing fashion. So persistent was the man in his endeavours to keep pace with the carriage that at length the Duchess had the vehicle stopped, and asked the man what he wanted. He said that he was anxious to get a good look at their Royal Highnesses. The Duchess was much flattered, and asked him how he managed to keep up with them. "Oh," he said, "shure, haven't I been chasin' pigs all me loife?"

*

Not so Bad

Rev. Silvester Horne once heard a Tory member of Parliament say in praise of bishops:

"Bishops are not really stiff and starchy. There's a good heart beating below their gaiters."—*Zion's Herald.*

*

Cautious

Cook—"Why didn't you call for your dinner yesterday?"

Beggar—"I heard that the missus was cooking."—*Fliegende Blaetter.*

Classed at Last

The appreciation of the Canadian winter, which follows this, and the letter preceding it were received recently by the Editor of *The Canadian Magazine*:

Enclosed is a poem which I am respectfully submitting for publication if acceptable.

I can readily see that the religious poem which you so courteously returned is not in the class or spirit of your magazine. Stamps are enclosed for return.

BEAT TO A FRAZZLE

Keen though the air be,
Slip'ry the street,
The Canadian winter
Has 'em all beat!

Fast though the snow fall,
Snow-fall's a treat,
The Canadian winter
Has 'em all beat.

Go out snow-shoeing,
Bright eyes you'll meet,
The Canadian winter
Has 'em all beat.

Think of the dinners!
Cabbage and meat,
The Canadian winter's
Sure got 'em all beat.

Rosy-cheeked, happy
Right down to your feet,
The Canadian winter
Has 'em all beat.

Ain't that some winter!
Just got to repeat
The Canadian winter
Has 'em all beat.

Coster (to his wife, who has fallen off the barrow). "When I start airyoplanin' I shall have to leave you at 'ome, I can see that."—*Punch*

Too Frank

"You are workingmen——"

"Hooray!"

"And because you are workingmen——"

"Hooray!"

"You must work."

"Put him out! Put him out!"—*Tit-Bits.*

*

Sequence

Mr. Andrew Lang once asked Mr. Israel Zangwill to give his services for a charity bazaar.

Zangwill replied in a note: "If A. Lang will, I. Zang-will."—*Sacred Heart Review.*

*

The Average

"Which of these clocks is right?"

"I don't know. We've five clocks. When we want to know the time we add 'em together and divide by five, and even then we're not certain."—*Punch.*

Gaining

Mrs. Dingbat—"I met Johnny Fuller to-day. He says I am filling out."

Dingbat—"It's natural he should say so."

Mrs. Dingbat—"Why?"

Dingbat—"You were looking Fuller in the face."—*Sacred Heart Review.*

*

More Dignified Now

"When I was a tiny boy with ringlets," said the man with little hair, "they used to call me Archie."

"I suppose now they call you Archi-bald."—*Christian Register.*

*

The Sailor's Chest

Bobby—"This sailor must have been a bit of an acrobat."

Mama—"Why, dear?"

Bobby—"Because the book says, 'Having lit his pipe, he sat down on his chest.'"—*Sacred Heart Review.*

How Fame Comes

Scribbler—"It took me nearly ten years to learn that I couldn't write poetry."

Friend—"Gave it up then, did you?"

Scribbler—"Oh, no. By that time I had a reputation."—*Puck.*

*

The Lost Leader

(Browning Up-to-date.)

Just for a handful of silver she left us,
Just for a feather to stick in her hat.
Neighbour next door was the one who bereft us;
Offered her two more a week—oh, the cat!

They with their gold to give, also no children;
Two maids, a butler, and Sunday night free.
So much was theirs, oh, why did they steal her?
Why did they take my one jewel from me?

We that had trained her to cook, clean, and iron,
Fed her policeman, two brothers, a cousin,
Learned all her brogue and subdued her quick temper,
Made her a servant to choose from a dozen.

Swede girls we've tried often, Dutch cooks and Dagoes;
Watched them break all our cut-glass, and depart.
She, alone, built a light dream for an omelet;
She through her biscuits, alone, reached our heart.

—*Lippincott's.*

*

A foreigner, whose imagination had been fired by Southey's wonderful word picture of the "Cataract of Lodore," journeyed across the Atlantic in order to see with his own eyes the tumultuous course of the waterfall. On arriving at Liverpool, he at once started for Cumberland, and armed with map and compass, set out on his search, full of enthusiasm.

It was a hot day at the end of a dry summer, and as hour succeeded hour, and still no cataract rewarded his efforts, he flung himself down on the dry bed of a streamlet on the hillside, weary and despairing. Catching sight of a native of the country, he hailed him joyfully.

"Can you direct me to the Cataract of Lodore?" he called.

The man looked at him and grinned.

"Ye're sitting on it!" he replied.—*Birmingham Post.*

Wild Animals I have met —*Harper's*

Painting by Curtis Williamson, R.C.A.

A STUDY IN BLACK AND WHITE

THE

CANADIAN MAGAZINE

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MANITOBA'S CENTENNIAL—1912

BY G. W. BARTLETT

THE visitor to the modern cities and prosperous rural communities of the Canadian West has great difficulty in realising that one hundred years ago the entire region from Lake Superior to the Pacific Ocean was one unbroken wilderness known only to the roaming Saulteaux and the almost equally savage *bois-brulé* hunters of the Northwest Fur Company. Until the year 1811 no white man had entered the region on any quest except furs; and to the outside world it was vaguely imaged as a land of ferocious wild beasts and more ferocious cannibals, who slew and devoured each other amid snows and Arctic twilight of the Great Lone Land.

Associated with the history of colonisation is the name of Thomas Douglas, Earl of Selkirk, who from youth had taken a sympathetic interest in the hardships of the Highland peasants whom the great sheep-farms had crowded from their native hillsides. Selkirk found no solution of their problem, except in emigration; and accordingly he cast about for some region within the Empire where their frugality and industry might enable them to attain independent competence under the shadow of the Union Jack.

The first fruits of the Earl's colonisation efforts were some small settlements in Nova Scotia and a large colony in Prince Edward Island. The latter has since developed into one of the most flourishing districts of that Province. While on a visit to these settlements in 1803 the Earl continued his journey to Canada, where he secured two grants of land for colonisation, one on the Tanche (Thames), near Chatham, and the other on the Grand River, near Brantford.

While in Montreal this distinguished visitor was the guest of several partners of the Northwest Fur Company, who were closely identified with the Family Compact, which at that period dominated business, society, and politics in the metropolis. These gentlemen did their utmost to gratify the flattering curiosity of their noble visitor, little realising that they were arming him against themselves for a struggle in the coming years.

On his return to England his Lordship considered carefully the positions of the rival companies of the Northwest fur trade. The Northwest

Company, alert, energetic, and aggressive, controlled three-fourths of the trade, and foremost in exploration as in trade, had already pushed on to the Pacific and the Arctic, and were wresting from the Americans the trade of the Oregan, and disputing with the Russian Fur Company the hunting grounds of Alaska. The handful of Scottish adventurers whom the rout of Cullodon Moor had scattered to the corners of the world had struck deep root on every stormy shore; but nowhere had their hardy enterprise borne more marvellous fruitage than in the achievements of the Northwest Fur Company. On the other hand, the Hudson's Bay Company, bound with the red-tape of a London committee, had shown little experience or initiative, and lay in a moribund state on the shores of the great bay. Yet so great was the potential advantage of their geographical situation and so valuable the prestige of their Royal charter that Selkirk determined to operate through the Hudson's Bay Company.

The charter granted by Charles II. to Prince Rupert had never been recognised by Canadian traders, for various reasons, the most weighty of which was that at the date of issue most of the lands claimed by the company were in the possession of the French. Yet the English company had never ceased to claim exclusive right of trade, navigation, fisheries, and government. Though these were but a dead letter in the interior regions, Selkirk made no hesitation in asserting the entire validity of the most extreme claims of the Hudson's Bay Company.

Through various agents, among them Sir Alexander Mackenzie, the discoverer of the Mackenzie River, the Earl bought up a controlling interest in the Hudson's Bay Company's stock. These operations, covering a number of years, were so astutely conducted as to outwit associates as well as possible opponents. Mackenzie, who had regarded the matter as a mere speculation, became the Earl's determined opponent as his projects developed. Having gradually replaced the old committee by creatures of his own, his Lordship began a reorganisation of the company's system of business, bringing it more nearly after the plan of his rivals of the Northwest Company. He also inaugurated a more aggressive policy, in the carrying out of which he employed many French-Canadians instead of Orkney men, the usual employees of the English Company.

Not until 1811 did the measure occur which led to open hostility between the rival companies. Early in that year a resolution of the Council of the Hudson's Bay Company gave a grant of land roughly corresponding to the present Province of Manitoba, to Thomas Earl of Selkirk, the nominal consideration being ten shillings, and the colonisation of the territory named, which was styled the Colony of Assiniboia.

As already stated, the Northwest Company did not recognise the validity of the company's charter, and, of course, they refused to admit the validity of the Earl's land grant. They saw in the whole proceeding a deep-laid scheme to starve them out of the Northwest by securing control of the great buffalo country from which they drew their supplies.

Regardless of the opposition of the Northwesters, as of the protesting minority of his own company, his Lordship gathered the first party of emigrants in Stornoway early in June, 1811. It consisted of Orkney men, with a handful of Irish and Glasgow emigrants. Some of these had been able to pay the money for their passage out, the others had been taken as servants of the colony, whose passage was to be paid by their wages at the Red River—a fruitful cause of trouble later on.

Frightened by the warnings of the Northwest agents, many of the passengers deserted almost at the moment of sailing; some even flung

themselves into the sea as the ship left the harbour. Thus with diminished numbers the first colonial party set sail for the unknown West. After a voyage marred by the mutual jealousies of the Orkney and Irish parties, the ships arrived at York Factory about the end of July.

In command of the party was Captain Miles Macdonell, whom Selkirk had made his agent, and who had been named Governor of Assiniboia. He had seen service in the American War of Independence, and was invited from Canada by the Earl to take charge of the venture. Macdonell and the Hudson's Bay officers never agreed well, and from the time of landing we trace an ill-concealed hostility between the colonists and the Hudson's Bay Company, which was for many years to remain a great obstacle to colonial progress.

No preparation had been made for the reception of the colonists. Boats, building materials, tools, and skilled workmen were alike wanting. The result of this mismanagement was that the colonists, arriving in the middle of the summer, were obliged to winter at the bay. Owing to the lack of fuel and building materials at the fort, an encampment was made some miles up the river, the settlers being permitted to visit the fort in parties of two and haul their provisions by sled to Nelson Encampment. Snares were set for rabbits and partridges, and fences were placed in the woods, with gaps, in which snares for deer were placed. Little success attended these efforts, however, and the colonists had to depend on supplies from the fort. The winter 1811-12 was one of almost unparalleled severity. Famine was rife throughout the northern regions. According to the Northwest agent at Temiscamingue the starving Indians were "devouring one another in a most shocking manner." William Auld, the superintendent of the Northern Department of the Hudson's Bay Company, wrote to Lord Selkirk from Fort Churchill that "the savages even disinterred and devoured the dead." Scurvy also raged in the encampment, but, fortunately, only one victim succumbed to the disease.

During the long months of winter the ill-will between the Orkney and Irish colonists broke out in open strife, culminating in a vicious assault of the Irish on their neighbours, for which the ring-leaders were sent back to England next season for trial. When Macdonell attempted to enforce camp discipline a mutiny broke out among a number of the Irish with four Orkney lads whom they had persuaded to join them in revolt. This rebellion was only suppressed by withholding the rations of the mutineers until they surrendered unconditionally.

So totally unprepared were the officials of the colony for the task of moving the settlers inland that even such a necessary article as nails was wanting. These had to be hand-made at the fort, at a cost of a penny each. The lack of trained workmen of any kind was sadly apparent. In reply to Macdonell's appeals to the Hudson's Bay Company, Auld informed him that the company was in like evil case in carrying on its own trade. At length one boat was made, and an old discarded craft of the company botched up so that by daily repairs it could be kept afloat. With this fleet the colonists set out on their seven-hundred-mile journey to the Red River. Without trained boatmen for the rapids and portages the ascent of the Nelson was attended with hardships and dangers innumerable. But kindly fortune smiled upon their venture, and after a seven weeks' journey they landed August 30th, 1812, at the forks of the Red and the Assiniboine Rivers. Here on September 4th formal possession of the territory was taken in the name of Thomas Earl of Selkirk, A. Hillier, on behalf of the company, delivering possession to Miles Mac-

donell, the Governor, who represented the Earl. The proclamation was read, the cannon of the colony thundered its salvo of applause, while the *bois-brulé* and the blanketed savages gazed on in wide-eyed wonder. At the close of the ceremony the gentlemen of the party were entertained in the Governor's tent, while a keg of spirits was distributed among the common people.

No preparation having been made for the reception of the colonists, Macdonell found it necessary to winter at Pembina, near the herds of buffalo, which were to supply their food until the soil should yield a harvest to their toil. Leaving a number of his servants to break up the soil at the forks, the Governor followed the main body of his settlers to Pembina, where a number of huts and a stone warehouse were erected, and named Fort Doer, after one of the Earl's titles. Having employed a number of buffalo hunters among the natives, Macdonell returned to the forks, where his labourers were striving as best they could to clear away the brush and break up the sod with hoes. This done, the seed was planted and covered with the same crude tool. Having finished these operations and erected a colonial warehouse, which he named Fort Douglas, the party returned to Pembina. About this time they were reinforced by a second body of immigrants, who, leaving Sligo in June, had continued through to the Red River in one season.

During the next season the belt of cultivation was slowly extended at the forks. None of the party seemed to have any practical knowledge of farming, and all were destitute of tools. Bad cultivation, drouth, and grubs made the crop a total failure. Most of the food was derived from the river by means of fish-hooks made of nails. The approach of winter drove the colonists once more to Pembina.

During this interval the Northwest Fur Company had offered no open opposition to the colonists, but had intrigued busily to stir up the jealousies of the settlers. On the 8th of January, 1814, Macdonell issued a proclamation which fanned the latent hostility into active opposition. On pretext that the game and food resources of the country were barely sufficient for the settlers he published an edict forbidding the export of game, dried meats, grain, or vegetables without a permit. Though the proclamation, with a show of impartiality, was addressed to both Hudson's Bay and Northwest Companies, yet for circumstances already explained the force of the prohibition would fall heaviest on the Northwesters. The enforcement of the embargo would starve the Canadian Company out of the Slave and Athabaska regions, whence they drew the bulk of their trade, and leave the Hudson's Bay Company by their proximity to the seaboard masters of the situation.

With trade and resources vastly superior to their rivals, confident of their rights by discovery and exploration, strong in the support of the fierce *bois-brulés* of the plains, the Northwesters determined to resist. Thus was inaugurated a struggle which for six years was waged with the utmost fury over half a continent —a series of brutal outrages, thefts, and depredations, whose terms were increased by the presence of large bands of Indians of uncertain neutrality, whose participation might have involved the colony in indiscriminate massacre.

In most parts of the country the Northwesters were the aggressors, and the Hudson's Bay, as the weaker party, the sufferers; but in the Red River country the situation was at first reversed. By aid of his artillery, Macdonell was able to command the river and stop the canoes of the Northwesters at pleasure, while his officers scoured the country, seizing pemmican and meat wherever found.

During the spring of 1814, while this strife was at its height, a third party of colonists arrived from Fort Churchill, where they had spent the winter. After several futile attempts to stir up the Rainy River Indians against the colony, the Northwest partners sent Duncan Cameron as trader to the Red River. This suave old gentleman, by his insinuating address, soon won for himself a following among the settlers. By working on their fears and jealousies he succeeded in arousing suspicion against the designs of the Governor. During the temporary absence of the latter a party of colonists broke into his warehouse, and seizing the cannons, took them to the Northwest fort "to prevent mischief."

Having secured the cannon, Cameron was master of the situation. His half-breed partisans began a campaign of pillage and terrorism against the colony. Stock was driven off, buildings burned, and the settlers kept in perpetual alarm. Cameron announced that his sole aim was the arrest of Macdonell to answer a charge in the Canadian courts of illegal seizure of Northwest Company's property. At last Macdonell, to save the colonists, yielded himself prisoner. He was sent east, and there quietly released.

His surrender did not save the colony. Wearied and harassed, the majority of the colonists accepted an offer of the Northwesters of free passage to Canada. The majority of these men settled in Elgin and West Middlesex, where their descendents still reside. The remainder, a party of about fifty, withdrew to Jack River, at the foot of Lake Winnipeg, to await developments. Meanwhile, Colin Robertson, a fur trader, acting under the orders of the Earl of Selkirk, had organised a brigade of Canadian voyageurs to invade the Athabaska territory. While crossing Lake Winnipeg Robertson learned of the mishaps which had befallen the colonists. Changing his course, he went to Jack River and escorted the settlers once more to their homes. Here they found many of the houses destroyed and all the stock driven off. Fortunately, a portion of the crops remained. While the people busied themselves gathering in their harvests and restoring their homes, they were joined by a fourth contingent of colonists, who, leaving Stromness in June, had proceeded through to the Red River, arriving in November, 1815. This body consisted chiefly of crofters from the parish of Kildonian, in Sutherland, who had been ejected from their tenant farms after an ineffectual resistance to the landlords, who were turning the district into large sheep-farms. Accompanying the party was the newly-appointed Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company, Robert Semple. This gentleman remained in the colony most of the winter, endearing himself to the people by his kindly and sympathetic manners. Semple left the colony early in March on a tour of inspection of the Western posts, leaving Robertson in charge during his absence.

The arrival of so many new settlers necessitated another pilgrimage to the buffalo ranges at Pembina. Another strenuous winter was passed chasing the buffalo on foot and hauling the game home on sleds. With the arrival of spring, 1816, the colonists returned to the forks and resumed their farming operations.

In the meantime, Robertson was carrying out measures to exclude the Northwesters from the Red River. In the fall of the preceding year he had entered the Northwest fort and seized the stolen cannon. He now broke into the fort once more, and, seizing Duncan Cameron, together with a large quantity of furs and provisions, removed them to Fort Douglas. A short time afterward he removed all the serviceable timbers of Fort Gibraltar to strengthen the defences of the colony, Fort Douglas, and set fire to the remains.

During the winter "White-headed Sandy" Macdonell, the Northwest master at Qu'Appelle, sent appeals to the hunters of the plains to rally to the help of the Northwesters. Early in the spring a formidable band of these half-breeds were gathered for the enterprise, under the command of Cuthbert Grant. In May this party set off for the settlement, capturing a brigade of Hudson's Bay fur boats on the Assiniboine on the way down. A few days before their arrival Colin Robertson set off for York Factory with his prisoner, Cameron, leaving Semple once more in command.

The *bois-brulés* arrived on the evening of June 18th at the rapids, a few miles west of the forks. As the cannon of the colony fort commanded the river, it was decided to conceal the boats in the woods, and by taking a short cut across country avoid the fort and attack the houses of the colonists from the land side.

In executing this movement they were observed by the watchmen at the fort, and scarcely had the work of destruction begun when Governor Semple, with twenty-eight followers, went out to meet the half-breeds. A nearer review revealed the number of the marauders—nearly seventy all told—to be too great for his little band. Semple at once sent back to the fort for a cannon, which arrived too late for action. The unequal parties met beside a small stream just beyond the northern limits of the present city of Winnipeg, where seven small oak trees gave the name of the so-called battle or massacre which ensued. Of Semple's party only seven escaped. The Governor, wounded and helpless, was murdered in cold blood after the action by one of the pillaging half-breeds as he lay upon the field. On the following day Fort Douglas surrendered to Grant, the settlers being promised safety and immunity from pillage while removing their personal effects from the colony.

Two days later the harassed colonists were crowded into river-boats and ordered to leave the Red River. With such relics of their personal property as they could carry away, the exiles withdrew once more to their distant retreat at Jack River, awaiting an opportunity to leave a colony where murder and rapine reigned supreme.

While this strife was raging in the distant West, the Earl of Selkirk had not been idle. In the autumn of 1815, the Earl and Countess arrived in Montreal, from which point the former, after attending to various business matters relating to his eastern colonies, prepared to visit the West. The news of the early strife and the first dispersal of his colony induced his Lordship to take with him a larger force than he had at first intended. An escort of soldiers having been first granted, then withdrawn, by the Governor of Lower Canada, the Earl supplied their place by eighty men of the De Meuron regiment and twenty of the Watteville regiment. These soldiers, recruited in Germany and Switzerland, had been sent by Britain to Canada in the last year of the War of 1812, and there disbanded.

Selkirk had planned to avoid the Northwest Company's brigades by ascending the St. Louis River and travelling through Minnesota; but the news of the slaughter at Seven Oaks determined him to attack the Northwesters' depot at Fort William, seize the partners of that company, and send them east for trial. This he easily accomplished. Having taken possession of the fort, he seized all the company's furs and supplies, and, opening the letters and papers of the officers, obtained documentary proofs of the complicity of the leading officers in the attacks on the colonists. By virtue of a bargain with K. McKenzie, one of the partners, Selkirk purchased all the furs at the fort, the price being payable on the marketing of the goods at London. McKenzie afterward deposed that the

contract was forced on him under the influence of liquor and fear of bodily injury; and the sale was declared void by the Canadian courts.

While the Earl wintered at Fort William, a body of De Meurons, under Captain D'Orsonnens and Miles Macdonell, advanced by way of the Lake of the Woods and Roseau River route to the Red, and by the aid of intelligence and provisions supplied by friendly Indians, surprised the Northwesters by night assault on Fort Douglas, under cover of a February blizzard.

Thus the Northwesters were once more expelled and the way cleared for the return of the colonists. Some returned at once over the frozen lake, but the majority remained till spring at Jack River, arriving at the settlement in June, shortly before the coming of the Earl from Fort William.

In compensation for their extraordinary privations the colonists were given free grants of their lands, while a tract was reserved for church and school sites. They were further promised a minister of the Presbyterian Church, a promise which his Lordship fulfilled on his return to Britain, but for some reason the appointee failed to fulfil his appointment. While in the country Selkirk made treaties with the Saulteaux and Cree Indians, securing a surrender of their claims along the Assiniboine and Red Rivers within the colony, for the annual quit-rent of "one hundred pounds of good merchantable tobacco" to each tribe.

Early in the year the Lower Canadian Government had at Selkirk's request appointed two commissioners, Major Fletcher and Colonel W. Coltman, to inquire into the troubles in the Northwest, and so far as possible restore peace and harmony. Fletcher remained at Fort William, but Coltman visited the Red River Colony. Here he ordered a mutual restitution of goods. As this command was obeyed at Fort William, Rainy River, and Red River, where the Selkirk partisans were the aggressors, and ignored in the far north and west, where their opponents were the offenders, the measure gave little satisfaction to the Earl.

It has been persistently stated by various writers that Lord Selkirk returned to Britain by way of New York to avoid a visit to Canada and thus escape legal proceedings of the Northwest partners. The fact is that the Earl spent the greater part of the year 1818 in Upper and Lower Canada in persistent endeavour to bring the Seven Oaks assailants to trial. He was here to experience a taste of Family Compact justice. The cases were changed from one judicial district to another, prisoners and material witnesses were allowed to depart on "straw bail," and every effort to push the case failed. Several overtures were made to the Earl to accommodate the disputes, to which his Lordship indignantly declined to compound a felony. On the other hand, the Northwesters had little difficulty in securing heavy damages against the Earl for seizure of goods and illegal imprisonment. Weary and disgusted, Thomas Douglas withdrew from the country in shattered health. After a few months in England, he withdrew to the south of France to die.

The colony on the Red River, restored and guarded by the De Meuron settlers, took deep root. Despite frost, grasshoppers, drought, and floods, it continued to grow from year to year in numbers and in wealth. For three years the far-off echoes of the fur-trade strife kept the colonists in a perturbed state, but in 1821 the union of the rival companies brought the era of unbroken peace. Almost ruined by the decade of profitless strife, the two great companies joined hands, and with the amalgamation there dawned on the infant colony a prosperity and a progress unbroken to this their centennial year.

THE MEADOW LARK

By PETER M. MacDONALD

THE brook's day passes
Through long, lush grasses
That bow in worship to the wind—
The vagrant and inconstant wind;
Where on the wing
His lyrics ring
Compelling, clear and wondrous kind;
Appealing and most wondrous kind,
Bird of the quiet meadow.

Hark! to him, hark!
There 's Meadow-lark
Calling a summons to his mate—
A tender summons to his mate;
And we aglow
After him go,
Lured by his note so passionate;
Won by his love so passionate,
King of the summer meadow.

SIR HENRY PELLATT

As he appeared in Camp at Aldershot

HENRY MILL PELLATT

A STUDY IN ACHIEVEMENT

BY NEWTON MacTAVISH

IT seems to be one of the incongruities of human experience that great achievement is associated with embittering sacrifice and remorse. This applies to politics, to letters, to science, to art, to finance, even to philanthropy. And why? Because so often the motive is misconstrued or misunderstood. Men frequently accomplish great things individually, and they pay penalties of greatness in the criticism of their fellows. Oftentimes they could lay blame to their own insensibility or to their faith in ultimate just appreciation, but more likely to an unfortunate habit of hiding their light under a bushel. This last reason is peculiarly applicable to Sir Henry Pellatt. We use the figure of the bushel in Sir Henry's case, because he himself is an enthusiastic farmer, and he knows that the bushel is a big measure these days, even on the farm.

But we shall not consider Sir Henry as a farmer just yet. We

shall rather picture him at the age of fifty-two, a man of stalwart and robust frame, of nerve and muscle, of admirable soldierly bearing, retiring the other day from the command of the Queen's Own Rifles, the largest regiment of militia in the Dominion. As commanding officer of this regiment, Sir Henry's motives were not always understood by the public or even by his friends. We either did not know or had forgotten that he joined the regiment as a young man and marched and drilled in the ranks as a private. We certainly did not know, except as one might infer from results, that he went into the militia as he goes into everything—with a determination to master it. That is the spirit that dominates him to-day in his numerous financial enterprises. It was the same spirit in soldiering. He hired an officer to come at night from the barracks to his home and drill him in the intricacies of drilling. Not being a poker player, Sir Henry had no chips, so they used matches. Back and forth across the table they moved the little wooden warriors, and it was not long before the young private became more than a match for the officer. That was during the time that he seemed to play at soldiering. His friends thought it was play, for he was hiding his light under a helmet. We use the word "helmet" here for the simple reason that it is a first-class military figure of speech. But while this young volunteer was hiding his light from his friends and thereby being misunderstood by them, he was acquiring in a serious way the first principles of military practice and preparing himself for the positions of responsibility and honour which he was to occupy in the regiment. However, the greatest misunderstandings of his connection with the militia followed the announcement of his intention to take the Queen's Own Rifles to England at his own expense. We naturally thought he could not do it. Others, who were less appreciative than we, said he wouldn't if he could. To them the idea was preposterous. It had been big enough undertaking for him to take over the regiment's celebrated Bugle Band. But to attempt the whole regiment—well, that would be as great as the Strathcona Horse. And, anyway, why should one mere man want to take a regiment of soldiers to England at his own expense? That was regarded as work for a government, not for an individual. It was not quite right that one man should get so much glory. It wasn't just natural that one man should be permitted to do so much for nothing but glory. But here again Sir Henry hid his light, but this time under a knapsack, for none of us thought of the men of the rank and file, and Sir Henry didn't tell us—just then. We thought of him, while he was thinking of the men. We knew later that he was thinking of the men, because when the representative of a large ocean transportation company was showing Sir Henry the plan of the vessel and saying, "You see, sir, this would be your own bed-room, this your sitting-room, this Lady Pellatt's room, this the bath-room, this the drawing-room. Sir Henry interrupted with the remark that everything for himself seemed quite fine, but what he wanted to see was the bill of fare for the men.

If we had heard that the president of a bank intended to take his family to Europe, or even that a merchant prince had invited the managers of departments to a cruise in the Mediterranean, we should not have doubted the motive. But we didn't credit Sir Henry Pellatt with the faculty of profound fondness for the men of his regiment. And as a matter of fact he was extremely fond of them, and he wished to give them a good time. But back of all else there was a feeling of pride that a regiment of men so well equipped for military purposes could be mustered

SIR HENRY PELLATT

in one of the colonies. So the Queen's Own Rifles (600 men) went over to England.

No greater stroke of practical imperialism could well be imagined than the appearance of the smart Canadian regiment as it took part in the manouvres at Aldershot or marched through rural England and in the streets of Old London. While at Aldershot Sir Henry received an invitation from the King to go to Balmoral Castle, where he had conferred upon him the distinction of Commander of the Victorian Order. At King George's Coronation seats

THE QUEEN'S OWN RIFLES, OF TORONTO, MARCHING IN LONDON, ENGLAND

were reserved for Sir Henry and Lady Pellatt in Westminster Abbey, and Sir Henry received an appointment for special military duty in the great procession next day. It was doubtless the significance of the presence of the Queen's Own Rifles in England that prompted Mr. W. R. Lawson, a well-known author and journalist of London, to write the following for his recent book entitled "Canada and the Empire":

"Modern history is a succession of surprises. People live nowadays simply to astonish each other with unexpected novelties. To-day it is a political crisis, to-morrow a historical pageant, the day after a record feat in aviation. Even our State ceremonies are becoming dramatic, as witness the brilliant scene at Balmoral when King George received the Colonel of the Queen's Own Canadian Rifles—'the first regiment to cross the seas to take part in the home manouvres of the Mother Country.' So His Majesty very truly and feelingly described it in his graceful welcome and as such the whole country responded to it with an enthusiasm which overwhelmed the visitor.

"In that brief episode, which happened so unexpectedly, and the importance of which people only began to recognise when it was over, there has been the seed of a new imperial movement. Originating with a private individual—Sir Henry Pellatt—and carried out entirely by his generosity, it has given fresh impulse to the cause of imperial unity, the cause which is struggling so high in the teeth of political luke-warmness and discouragement. Of all His Majesty's subjects the Canadians are at present doing most to promote it. The visit of the Queen's Own Rifles was a happy inspiration, characteristic of the Canadians, and not by any means the first of their happy thoughts on behalf of the Empire. The men were typical Canadians, and their Colonel especially so.

"Sir Henry Pellatt has an extra share of the keen initiative and force of character which in the past decade has brought so many Canadian financiers to the front. Outside of business, his ruling passion is soldiering, and he has inspired thousands of his fellow-citizens with military patriotism. As a soldier and financier, he is a typical Canadian. There are many more such men in Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg, and all the principal cities of the Dominion. We hear less of them than

SIR HENRY PELLATT AND LORD HALDANE, SECRETARY OF STATE FOR WAR

The officers standing in row are: Field Marshall Lord Roberts, V.C., K.G., K.P., G.C.B., O.M., G.C.S.I., G.C.I.E.; General Sir William G. Nicholson, G.C.B., R.E., Chief of the General Staff; Lieutenant-General Sir Herbert S. G. Miles, K.C.B., C.V.C., Quarter-Master-General to the Forces; and Major-General John S. Ewart, C.B., Director of Military Operations.

of the Parliamentarians, who do the talking and the jerrymandering, but they are, nevertheless, among the most important factors in Canadian national life. Chief of them all, of course, is Lord Strathcona —the Grand Old Man of the Northwest. He is the father of a generation of Empire builders. Pioneers, railway constructors, financiers, and wealth creators at large, they have transformed a million square miles of prairie into a vast granary, on which the world becomes more and more dependent.

"In the group which surrounded King George when he received Sir Henry Pellatt, there were other typical men not from Canada. One who was almost unnoticed at the time—and a strange experience it must have been for him—was the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Lloyd George. The newspaper reports hardly mentioned him, and yet to the eye of a reporter gifted with a little imagination he might have appealed specially on such an occasion. Not of course, because of his affinity with it, but the reverse. He represented a type of British subject even more remarkable than Sir Henry Pellatt, and how different in kind! He is the champion parochialist of his day in a still higher degree than Sir Henry Pellatt is a champion imperialist."

Although Sir Henry has retired from the active command of the Queen's Own Rifles, his footsteps are being followed by his only son, Reginald, who is now a Captain in the same regiment, while Sir Henry's services have been retained for the country in the rank of Brigadier in command of the 6th Infantry Brigade of Canada. He was A. D. C. to Earl Grey and he is at present A. D. C. to the Duke of Connaught.

I used to wonder how Sir Henry Pellatt makes his money. Now I know only how he used to make it. Let me give an instance. By the way, I should say that Henry Mill Pellatt was born in Kingston, Ontario, and came to Toronto when he was a year old, and has lived there all his life. He was educated at Upper Canada College, and while quite young entered the brokerage offices of Pellatt & Osler. His father, the late Henry Pellatt, was one member of the firm; Sir Edmund Osler, M.P., the other.

SIR HENRY PELLATT AND THE QUEEN'S OWN RIFLES AT THE GUILDHALL, LONDON

Young Henry went into the brokerage business with about the same spirit as he went into foot racing; he was determined to make a record. His record at foot racing was made at New York, where he won the one-mile amateur championship.

His first record in the investment business was made away back in the eighties, and it gives us a good instance of how he began to make money. First of all, he got it into his head that he ought to know something about the West, which the Canadian Pacific Railway but recently had made accessible. He journeyed across the continent to the Pacific coast, and came back a great enthusiast for that part of the Dominion. The Northwest Land Company was in its infancy, and the common stock could be bought quite readily at from ten to twelve dollars a share. Young Pellatt used to go over to the Stock Exchange, look at the tape from the ticker and then buy all the stock in this company that was offered. It wasn't long before the brokers used to go to Pellatt as a matter of course every time they had any Northwest Land to sell.

"I'll take it," Pellatt used to say, and then he would put the scrip into the vault with the rest and let it lie there.

But the brokers didn't understand him. They thought he was a little off on Northwest Land. You see, he was hiding his light under a ticker, and anyone who knows the value of Northwest Land shares to-day knows that it was light that could not be hidden long.

His ability to forecast a situation, as shown in this instance, reaches almost to the point of genius, and he is credited with never lending his name to an enterprise without backing it up with capital and helping it to become a success. How does he help it? He amuses himself studying out its possibilities when other men

THE STABLES AT "CASA LOMA," FROM THE GARDENS

are at their clubs or playing cards or billiards. That is a part of his pastime—figuring out how this or that undertaking could be improved or advanced from an apparent failure to a success. Then when the opportunity comes he puts forward his theory. And that is one reason why he is so often asked to become a director of great commercial and financial companies. He is never hasty in his decisions, but it is said of him that when he does make up his mind he is as unwavering as the east wind. Sometimes he has seen fit to stand out against all the other directors of a company, even when the directors have been composed almost to a man of some of the most influential and ablest men in the country. "When Pellatt brings his fist down on the table," said a well-known financier the other day, "it is time to begin thinking."

It would require another article to consider fully the business enterprises of which Sir Henry Pellatt is either president or a director, but no sketch of him from any point of view would be quite complete without reference to the splendid work of himself and his colleagues in harnessing Niagara Falls and building up the Electrical Development Company and the Toronto and Niagara Power Company, of which he was at the beginning and is still the President. A syndicate was formed to carry out the original idea of constructing a power plant at Niagara Falls and building a transmission line to convey electrical power to Toronto for use by the Toronto Railway Company and the Toronto Electric Light Company. Sir Henry Pellatt was Chairman of this Syndicate, and he worked unceasingly until the great enterprise had been successfully brought to completion.

The other day I read in a news-

A VIEW OF LAKE MARIE

Sir Henry Pellatt's Farm, near Toronto

paper that Sir Henry Pellatt had given $5,000 towards the Victorian Order of Nurses. The incident made me think of some of Sir Henry's charities. While he has not scattered his money recklessly, nor helped with an ostentatious hand, his givings would make many a mare go. But here again he has been hiding his light—under a rector's cloth, beneath professorial scarfs, and under operating tables, but mostly between the covers of his private cheque book. He has given "according to his substance." Here is an instance. Some years ago he had had an unusually successful year, and his earnings made him feel pretty confident. He could afford to give, and felt that he ought to give, much more generously than ever before. But he faced what looked like a formidable difficulty: if he were to give according to his substance he might increase the expectations of the receivers. If he were, for example, to raise his donation to his church from $1,000 to $2,000 they would be sure to expect the larger amount the next year again, whether he earned the money or not. And so on all down the list. But Sir Henry acted with the courage that always has been one of his outstanding characteristics; he gave as the Bible exhorts us to give; and the fact of perhaps greatest interest is that never has he found it necessary to retrieve.

Mentioning his church brings to mind a visit that Sir Henry received from the rector of St. Simon's. This church was new and had been under a very heavy expense. The revenue was insufficient to meet requirements, and the rector came to Sir Henry for advice.

"How much do you need to square up everything?"

The amount was named.

"All right," said Sir Henry. "I'll attend to that." Then he gave the advice that had been asked, but it was to apply to the future so that the revenues would be sufficient for the expenditure.

Some time thereafter the same

man came to Sir Henry, but he came not as rector of St. Simon's, but as Provost of the University of Trinity College. In a word, he wanted Sir Henry to do for the University what he had done for the church —put it on its feet again.

We are thinking now of a time when salaries and other expenses had perforce been reduced, but when, even so, large debts were being incurred. First of all Sir Henry wanted to know how much it would take to pay in full the salaries which had been cut down. Whatever this amount was he undertook to provide it. A few days later he paid a visit to the University, and as a result it was not long before the old wooden fence and picket gates were replaced by the iron fence and the magnificent structure of stone and iron which now forms so imposing an entrance to the College grounds—the gift of Sir Henry and three of his friends.

He took steps also to have the broken pinnacles replaced and other improvements carried out which gave to the fine old buildings just the touch they needed to complete their beauty. But more important still, he took council with others who were interested and they worked out a plan for replenishing the depleted treasury of the College, so as to bring the salaries of members of the staff more into accord with their splendid record as leading educationists—such men as Professor William Clark, whose name is known throughout the whole Dominion; Professor Huntingford, one of the finest classics Toronto has known, and Professor A. H. Young, whose many years of educational work have won for him well-deserved fame.

So pleased was the Corporation of Trinity College with what Sir Henry had done that they unanimously elected him Honorary Financial Director and afterwards Honorary Treasurer of Trinity College, a position he has held ever since with pleasure and profit to all concerned. Quite recently the degree of D.C.L. was conferred upon him by the authorities of King's College, Windsor, Nova Scotia, in recognition of his services to the sister college, Trinity, and to the Empire.

Sir Henry possesses an intuitive knowledge of surgery and would have made an admirable surgeon. So great is his interest in surgery that he has frequently gone to one of the hospitals to witness an operation. On one of these occasions, at Grace Hospital, he observed that the doctors seemed not to have the necessary epuipment. He spoke to them about it, and wondered whether they should not have so and so and so and so. The doctors shrugged their shoulders. But Sir Henry did not forget what he had seen. He ordered a new wing to be built and thoroughly equipped, and the bills of cost were sent to him.

Sir Henry Pellatt is President of the Imperial Society of Knights Bachelor. After he himself was knighted by King Edward, he looked upon his knighthood as something more than a mere distinction. He was not the first Pellatt to receive this title, for away back at the time of James II. one of his ancestors was knighted for distinguished services to his King. In Sir Henry's case, the title came as a reward for his services to the Canadian Militia, for his successful promotion of important Canadian enterprises and for his services in connection with Imperial affairs.

Sir Henry was soon made President of the Society of Knights Bachelor because of his views of its importance as a factor in the life of the Empire. He is an ardent Imperialist. It was as such that he sought the honour of the command of the Canadians at the Coronation of King Edward and received it, it was as such that he took the Queen's Own Rifles to England. His prominence and dignity as a Knight have given him added oppor-

tunities of usefulness, and he has always earnestly and gladly accepted them. He saw that the Society of Knights Bachelor could be made a powerful organisation for Imperial purposes. He realised that the backbone of the Society would be distinguished colonials from all parts of the Empire who had fought for and earned distinction in their various walks of life. These were the men to help in Imperial affairs; so he set about to reconstruct the old Society. He advanced the necessary money. He worked hard personally to get all Knights wherever resident to join the Society and to take an interest in it. He secured a habitation for the Society at Clifford's Inn, Fleet Street, London. He paid all preliminary expenses himself, became guarantor for the purchase money, and finally succeeded in putting the property on a self-supporting basis, as it is now. He furthermore obtained from His Majesty King George the right to use the word "Imperial" in the title "The Imperial Association of Knights." He now has in this Association a gathering of many distinguished men united in bonds of fellowship, Imperially, collectively, and individually, who represent all the colonies and who stand for Empire; and he believes that such a body must be a useful organisation of great power for the promotion of Imperialism.

Sir Henry's vision is far-reaching in other ways as well as business. As a result of his many trips to England he has had plenty of opportunity to see hospitality and entertainment cultivated into an art, and he began to see that, as the years went on, with the increasing number of visitors of note to Canada from the old country he would have numerous chances of returning in some measure at least the hospitality that had been given to him. A house whose dimensions in most circumstances would be ample, could not permit of anything like the style of entertainment that is quite common to the best people of England. So that it was only natural that these experiences should act as an incentive to Sir Henry in the development of his taste for fine architectural design. His eye seems to be intuitively artistic, and he is able to properly appreciate a piece of architecture as well as pick out the bull's-eye at five hundred paces. He has planned many houses for himself and friends, and while listening to or taking part in any discussion, he habitually makes a design with his pencil. But the crowning achievement of this side of his nature is the mansion that is now under construction above the Davenport Road, on the crest of land overlooking the city of Toronto. Sir Henry has not rushed the building of this mansion. For years it has been turning about in his mind, where, by building up and tearing down, so to speak, many important features have evolved themselves—such, for instance, as the swimming-bath, with elevator in attendance, the rifle range, bowling alleys (all of which are in the basement), the palm-room, the tunnel leading under the street between the mansion and the nearby dwelling of Captain Reginald Pellatt, the greenhouses and the stables. The tunnel is in itself a good instance of the value of evolution, for although the avenue intersecting the estate is public, there can be nevertheless by means of the tunnel private communication at any time. The whole estate is calculated to be one of the finest private homes on the continent, and if natural location, careful planning and liberal expenditure can make it so, it will be. For Sir Henry never does anything with a small or narrow view. The stables are completed already. Their appearance gives one the impression of a Norman castle. Inside they are tiled and carpeted, and for cleanliness they would make any housewife marvel. Sir Henry is very proud of his horses, and the dozens of badges

they have won at horse shows are artistically arranged in decorative panels on the walls of the harness-room. Prizes are now common things around *Casa Loma,* for it is the same with poultry and Jerseys and flowers as it is with horses.

We are now coming back to Sir Henry as a farmer, a calling in which no man can hide his light. One of Sir Henry's farms is located at Lake Marie, about twenty miles north of Toronto. It consists of 1,000 acres, and is divided into four portions, each with its own distinctive buildings, management and stock. Other two large farms, at Pickering and Port Credit, are conducted in an equally systematic manner. Sir Henry takes a personal interest in them all, and nothing pleases him better than to spend one or more days looking them over. In these things, Lady Pellatt, the only daughter of Mr. John Dodgson of Cumberland, England, naturally takes a keen personal interest. We must picture a picnic party at Lake Marie—a real outing—because the members go with real cheer to a real farm. There one does not see only green grass and growing roots and grain; for there are thoroughbred horses and cattle and sheep, turkeys, pheasants, pigeons, chickens, peacocks, guinea fowl, partridges, deer, squirrels. The lake is stocked with bass, and there are runs for the partridges. One sees thoroughbred Percherons and belted cattle. There are tennis courts and golf links. The only difficulty is that when Sir Henry goes out there his friends find it hard to get him to return. He would sit by the hour watching the ways of the things around him—if his friends would only let him. But perhaps we can afford to be more considerate. We have taken him to the farm, and as the end of May in the country is like the beginning of all things, we are pleased to part company with him in such pleasant surroundings.

ON THE WHARF AT ST. JOHN

By EWYN BRUCE MacKINNON

SWIFT-RIDING current from yon alien hills
Winding thy way through whirring town,
In thy soft depths an hundred noises drown;
For I hear naught but laughter of glad rills
And rippling parleys chimed with pebbly trills,
Telling of fields afar in fair green gown.
As plash the waves wearily up and down
'Gainst the dull wharf, oh, how my glad heart thrills
And calls the crystal song in eager joy
That opes June portals on my memory!
For man and music ever is alloy,
As angel cloud enfolds the aching sea,
Lifting low things to the pure ecstasy of art.
Thus floats the song in rapture 'round the heart.

BROWNING AND TENNYSON

A BROWNING CENTENARY STUDY

BY PROFESSOR GEORGE HERBERT CLARKE

BECAUSE many ostensibly and some really critical judgments war with one another, or are not approved by time, or appear self-contradictory, it sometimes happens that the whole art of criticism is called before the bar of public opinion, and challenged to present an adequate defence of its right to exist. I shall not assume, however, that it is here necessary to elaborate and justify that right. Criticism and literary gossip, or the expression of even a cultured person's self-recognised prejudice, are very different things. Criticism has been well defined as "the statement of the concrete in terms of the abstract," and again, as "a distinctive branch of literature, having a function, an equipment, a standard, and a method of its own." My readers will recall Matthew Arnold's admirable definition of criticism as "a disinterested endeavour to learn and propagate the best that is known and thought in the world." For myself, I should phrase the matter somewhat as follows: Criticism is the judgment of a free and sensitive mind, formed after it has understood the issues of a case, read the briefs of advocates, weighed the evidences, and considered the relation of the matter in hand to the age-long discipline and history of art. Even yet, this is not all. I, for one, confess that I am weary of the cool precision and balanced discretion of much that passes under the name of criticism, reminding one, as it does, of Sidney Lanier's disappointment with the literary judges of his day. In a letter to his friend Peacock he wrote:

> In the very short time I have been in the hands of the critics, nothing has amazed me more than the timid solicitudes with which they rarefy in one line any enthusiasm they may have condensed in another —a process curiously analagous to those irregular condensations and rare factions of air which physicists have shown to be the conditions of producing an indeterminate sound. Many of the critics have seemed—if I may change the figure —to be forever conciliating the yet-unrisen ghosts of possible mistakes.

It is coming to be seen in our time that legal but loveless judgments are not in reality spiritually valid judgments. Blackstone hinted at that great truth; Shelley, in his "Essay on Christianity," nobly developed the idea; Judge Lindsay, of Juvenile Court fame, lately went so far as to say: "We are merely putting, for the first time in the history of the world, a little love into the law." Now what is true of law-court processes and pronouncements is in this respect true also of the courts of criticism. A coldly correct, austere, superior criticism is worth comparatively little to art or humanity. To understanding must be added love—the sort of love Blake shows in his critical sayings, and Hazlitt, and Lamb, and Coleridge, and Shelley, and Browning himself. He who does not imaginatively sympathise with the art-product he is criticising is not likely to evaluate it truly, or to recog-

nise either its faults or its excellences for what they really are. The amplest critical, scientific and æsthetic apparatus will not suffice to analyse the beauty of the sunset or the majesty of a great waterfall if it be unrelated to the spirit of love.

> Though I spake with the tongues of men and angels, and yet had no love,'' runs Tyndale's quaint version, ''I were as sounding brass, or as a tinkling cymbal. And though I could prophesy, and understood all secrets and all knowledge, yea if I had all faith so that I could move mountains out of their places, and yet had no love, I were nothing. . . . For our knowledge is unparfect, and our prophesying unparfect. But when that which is parfect is come, then that which is unparfect shall be done away.

Now it is plainly impossible to render a more than approximate judgment—even to one's own thought—in an unfinished case, in which the important evidence of time may be lacking, and of which the animus or direction are as yet not accurately determinable. Hence the probable invalidity of contemporary judgments touching matters of art. Shakespeare was much loved by the many Elizabethans who knew him personally for his sweetness of disposition and his sheer humanity, but he was hardly reverenced as a consummate master of his art, like Ben Johnson. Sidney Lanier and Henry Timrod were for many years as balls to be juggled with by the talker about Southern poetry, but it did not at first seem to matter much which ball was up for the moment, which down. And so Browning and Tennyson were regarded during the closing years of the nineteenth century as peers of Parnassus, though the loftier peak was then generally —and by many still is—assigned to the poet-laureate.

I have not idly chosen to mention these names. Indeed, I would like to state at the outset my matured belief that just as Shakespeare has come to bulk in our thoughts and memories as the giant figure of the Elizabethan age, and Lanier as the foremost among the Southern poets of America; so now, I think, is the poetry of Robert Browning emerging from the lesser choir of the English Victorian poets as the conspicuous modern interpretation of human life, the noblest prophecy and most heartening inspiration in the literature of our own age.

For what, let us ask ourselves, are the tests and traits of greatness in art? What, indeed, is art?

I think that we shall be able to agree that each human life includes a series of strangely miscellaneous experiences, now suggesting one philosophy, now another; broken into half-lights, wandering shadows, vague hopes, illusions and disillusions, ambitions and submissions, sudden radiances of joy and griefs so bitter as to make death welcome. That is to say, that although life is full of meanings its meanings are not borne upon the surface; that although it is true that life is not an *empty* dream, it is nevertheless a *dream*, in that it is everywhere broken, imperfect, symbolic, requiring interpretation. There is scarcely a romantic poet, indeed, who does not seem so to regard life. What Joseph did for Pharaoh, art would do for humanity. Art is the interpretation of the dream of life, and with its instinct humanity is inalienably endowed. Art seeks to interpret human life lastingly through the most felicitous symbols it can employ—through musical tones, through tints and pigments, through chiselled stone and faith-wrought tower, through words and silences. Like the other great words of humanity—life and death and eternity and soul and love—art can never be adequately defined. And the essence of poetry—the highest and noblest of the arts—is perhaps the most difficult of all to set forth in a sentence, and this because it is the most Protean. The statements are as various as the creators and the critics, and it is well that this is so, for particularity and insistent dicta are foreign to the spirit of literature. Literature is large and

catholic; it is in its essence a mystery, incapable of precise scientific analysis; it is an unquenchable spiritual impulse and adventure realised in words. "You cannot escape Literature," declares Lanier. "For how can you think yourself out of thought? How can you run away from your own feet?"

Although this may seem an overlong introduction to my specific theme, yet I must tax my readers' patience with preliminary discussion yet a little longer. It is plain that there are many interpretations of life that are not artistic interpretations. What is the difference? What do we mean when we say to ourselves: "I believe that this poem, that drama, will always endure?" Why do we think so? What are, to resume our earlier question, the tests and traits of real greatness in art and in literature?

First, I think, universality; second, style; third, root-serenity.

By universality is simply meant that the work in question must not be written from a provincial point of view, but must have appeal for many ages and climes, must be unsectional, catholic, human. Of course, it is possible to have the universal spirit without travel, or to travel and yet be provincial. The artist, no more than other men, can be ubiquitous. Paradoxically enough, one can best be universal by living intensely in some specific locality, for the world is made up of its own miniatures, and he who interprets in a universal spirit the life about him interprets all life. It is possible in a sense to analyse a great lake or even an ocean by examining but a single drop of it. Shakespeare did not travel much, yet he was our most universal poet. Ben Jonson, who did travel, was much less so. Lanier was universal at his best, the only Southern poet who can fairly claim to be so. Timrod wrote first as a Southerner—as a South Carolinian, indeed—and afterward as a poet. Browning was universal; but Tennyson, it seems to me, was insular, nobly insular, yet insular.

Style began, thinks Rudyard Kipling, when some primitive story-teller for the first time in human history told a story in such a way that his words ran up and down the hearts of his hearers like magic. "A poem," thought a little boy, "is something that isn't true, but you all wish it were true, and that it is put in nice jolly words." Stedman hardly puts it better when he says that "Poetry is rhythmical, imaginative language, expressing the invention, thought passion and insight of the human soul." Certainly, the poet must be finely sensitive to the beauty that lurks in language—keenly aware of the dignity of words, their music, colours, individualities and kinships. His poems must not be word-prisons, but word-homes. Style is inevitableness of expression, the felicitous way of saying or doing something, the relentlessly felicitous way, felicitous, I mean, in point of *fitness*. It has been happily called "Fame's great antiseptic" and has been defined by a recent English writer as "the use of words in such a way that either by their richness or by their bareness they stir the imagination and quicken the soul." Both Browning and Tennyson have this indispensable gift, but I shall hope to convince my readers that, of the two, Browning, contrary to popular opinion, was the more richly endowed as a master of style.

By root-serenity I mean that although the artist must suffer, and suffer deeply, as Shakespeare must have suffered before he could write his Sonnets and his four great tragedies, and Dante before he could walk in spirit through his "Inferno," and Michael Angelo before he began "The Last Judgment," yet, in spite of this great artistic melancholy, the creator of true art must not lose his grip upon himself. If he goes down into hell, it is not a hell that has power

over him, to undo him. The melancholy of art and artists is a principle that has persisted in Teutonic literatures especially, from the time of the Saxon sagas to our own day. Its roots, perhaps, are three: recognition of the incompleteness of human life; inability to express a thought or truth with the sheer first power of that thought or truth; and failure to secure more than a very slight share of the responsive sympathy of men and women. The poet is baffled at every turn by these "Thus fars"—even though he fight the better for them. But though he walks into shadow he does so in order that he may walk *through* it, see it what it is. It is not possible for the great artist to escape acute awareness of the element of tragedy in life, for this is life's deepest idea, most insoluble riddle, the centre of its storm and stress. Yet it is a serious mistake to suppose that Shakespeare was a cynic or an embittered man during his middle period. To the artist—sensitive above other men—the values of the Dark are as indispensable to his insight and interpretative power as are those of the Light. He can spare nothing. *Amplius* is his motto.

We are now, I hope, in a position to consider intelligently for a little while some of the points of similarity and difference between these noble, nineteenth-century poets, Tennyson and Browning.

And first, it will be interesting to inquire of each his thought of the poet—his own specific programme. Each gave himself to poetry very earnestly and reverently, and though it is obvious that their theories of the art differ not a little, yet it is well to remember, as William Watson reminds us, that

> . . . 'Neath the unifying sun
> Many the songs—but Song is one.

We may find Tennyson's thought of the mission and ministry of poetry expressed in such poems as "The Poet," "The Poet's Mind," "The Poet's Song," "Merlin and the Gleam," and "The Palace of Art," and although these vary somewhat in implication, it is plain that Tennyson shares with such writers as Milton and Wordsworth and Matthew Arnold the feeling that poetry must be the austere saviour of humanity from the little and the local; that the poet is a Vast Voice, a Teiresias, a consecrated prophet. It is a high and true view, and one which we all share and honour, yet we may question whether it is a whole view. Is it not true that our greatest poets are apparently our most human ones, the friendliest comers and goers among a world of men, undetached in point of familiar human contact, however awfully and irremediably isolated in their spiritual loneliness? Chaucer certainly was so, and Shakespeare, and Burns, and Browning. It is not this direct human sympathy, this worldliness, in the better meaning of the word, that gives to Fielding and Thackeray, for example, their power over our hearts and minds as compared with George Eliot, especially in her later career? And is it not this that so immediately wins our suffrages for Browning? Chaucer, the greatest spirit in the literature of his time, the father of English poetry, walked about among men, curiously observing them, though seeming to see nothing: gently and archly laughing at his pilgrims as they took their motley way through the greening fields of Kent. Shakespeare was one of the best of good fellows, at the Mermaid Inn, and at Mountjoy's home in London. "I should like," says Thackeray, "to have been Shakespeare's shoeblack—just to have lived in his house, just to have worshipped him—to have run on his errands, and seen that sweet, serene face." "Shakespeare was all *alive*," wrote James Smetham to a friend, "a nimble spirit like the lightning, who could put 'a girdle round the earth in forty minutes,' and not feel that he had done

anything particular, but at the age of forty-six to go to Stratford and buy a piece of property and loll over the gates, talking to farmers and graziers, and Bill the butcher's boy, and the Squire at the Hall; at home with the Universe. . . . He talked, yes; but so as to make everybody 'unbolt to him,' and he had them ere they were aware by the gift of sympathy." And it was so with Browning. If Tennyson was characteristically aloof and remote, Browning was the reverse. Tennyson's friend Joseph Spedding was once asked if the poet's temperament were really as melancholy as his countenance would suggest.

"Well," slowly answered Spedding. "I fancy when he is alone Tennyson finds himself in very grave company."

And my readers are all familiar with the story of that memorable evening of conversation between Tennyson and Carlyle, during the course of which only two or three words were exchanged, with perfect pleasure and satisfaction on both sides.

Browning's private conversation, Edmund Gosse tells us, was much finer than his society utterance, winsome as that was:

> To a single listener, with whom he was on familiar terms, the Browning of his own study was to the Browning of a dinner party as a tiger is to a domestic cat. In such conversation his natural strength came out. His talk assumed the volume and the tumult of a cascade. His voice rose to a shout, sank to a whisper, ran up and down the gamut of conversational melody. Those whom he was expecting will never forget his welcome, the loud trumpet-note from the other end of the passage, the talk already in full flood at a distance of twenty feet. Then, in his own study or drawing-room, what he loved was to capture the visitor in a low armchair's 'sofa-lap of leather,' and from a most unfair vantage of height to tyrannise, to walk around the victim, in front, behind, on this side, on that, weaving magic circles, now with gesticulating arms thrown high, now grovelling on the floor to find some reference in a folio, talking all the while, a redundant turmoil of thoughts, fancies, and reminiscences flowing from those generous lips. To think of it is to conjure up an image of intellectual vigour, armed at every point, but overflowing, none the less, with the geniality of strength.

Browning always met new visitors with genuine interest and cordial good-will, a fact of which there are many testimonies. In his later years, he remained as zestful as ever. When he was the guest of Professor David Masson at Edinburgh, whither he had gone to receive an honorary doctorate, he danced about the room after a reception to prove that he was not tired. On one occasion Mrs. Masson asked him, a little fearfully, if the social adulation he was receiving was distasteful to him. Heartily came the answer: "Object to it! No; I have waited forty years for it, and now—I like it!" A less human and genuine man than Browning would have dodged that question.

Browning himself finely sets forth his thought of the intense aliveness of the artist in the Epilogue to "The Ring and the Book," in "Fra Lippo Lippi," and in that delightfully luminous poem, "How it Strikes a Contemporary," in which one Spaniard is telling another of the strange interests and preoccupations of a certain man in Valladolid, the only poet he has ever known, who

> Stood and watched the cobbler at his trade,
> The man who slices lemons into drink,
> The coffee-roaster's brazier, and the boys
> That volunteer to help him turn its winch.
> He glanced o'er books on stalls with half an eye,
> And fly-leaf ballads on the vendor's string,
> And broad-edge, bold-print posters by the wall.
> He took such cognisance of men and things,
> If any beat a horse, you felt he saw;
> If any cursed a woman, he took note;
> Yet stared at nobody,—you stared at him,
> And found, less to your pleasure than surprise,
> He seemed to know you and expect as much.

Both our poets had deeply religious natures. The significant poems of Tennyson in this respect are "The Ancient Sage," "The Two Voices," "The Vision of Sin," "Saint Simeon

Stylites," the "Locksley Hall" poems, and "In Memoriam." Those poems of Browning that most directly deal with religious problems and aspirations are "Paracelsus," "Saul," "Caliban upon Setebos," "A Death in the Desert," "The Pope" (in "The Ring and the Book"), "The Boy and the Angel," "Christmas Eve and Easter-Day," "An Epistle, Containing the Strange Medical Experience of Karshish," "Rabbi Ben Ezra," "Reverie," and others. But the prime word of Tennyson here, as indeed in all other respects, is the word Law, while Browning's great key-word is Power. Tennyson tells us in "In Memoriam" that "nothing is which errs from law," and speaks hopefully of that

> . . . One, far-off, divine event,
> To which the whole creation moves.

In the whole great poem, the expression of the spiritual discipline of seventeen years, and, in some respects, his masterpice, as "Maud" is in others, he is seeking, after an embittering experience, the difficult restoration of the indispensable minimum of faith. What Browning seems most to care about is not so much the grounds as the uses of faith, deeply interested as he is in the former, as witness the Pope's monologue and "Christmas Eve and Easter-Day." In "Reverie" he tells us that

> Somewhere, below, above,
> Shall a day dawn—this I know—
> When Power, which vainly strove
> My weakness to overthrow,
> Shall triumph,

because, as he at last declares

> Power is Love—transports, transforms
> Who aspired from worst to best,
> Sought the soul's world, spurned the worms'.

And in "Pippa Passes" we are counselled:

> Say not 'a small event!' Why 'small'?
> Costs it more pain that this, ye call
> A great event, should come to pass
> Than that? Untwine me from the mass
> Of deeds which make up life, one deed
> Power shall fall short in or exceed.

And to such a far boundary does he push his thought that, like Kipling, in "Tomlinson," and Ibsen, in "Peer Gynt," he tells us in his "Statue and the Bust" that although he is no commender of sin for sin's sake, yet it is better to realise one's inspiration (provided it *be* the inner truth of one, and essentially pure in motive), even though in doing so one may conventionally "sin," than to be negatively null, statuesquely virtuous. This, of course, too freely interpreted, may easily become dangerous doctrine; Nietzsche pushes it to a remorselessly difficult conclusion; it is doubtfully debated by Tennyson in "In Memoriam," and certainly the author of "The Idylls of the King" shows an almost complete polarity in his treatment of Launcelot and Guinevere. Yet there is little doubt that "The Statue and the Bust," like "A Blot in the 'Scutcheon," makes at root for the righteousness of the race.

Many of the defences of Browning, as an orthodox thinker, however carefully worked at, impress one, after all, as made up of pieced poetic testimonies, dependent upon mood and occasion, rather than as sound philosophic examinations of the mind of the man-in-himself. Like Emerson, Browning was a Transcendentalist, though, unlike Emerson, he saw nothing incongruous in the effort to relate the philosophy of idealism to the New Testament narratives as such. The essence of Christianity is sure and wholesome, at all events, Browning believed, but if you ask me now to define its essence, I will ask you to see it and feel it. If we say that Browning's poetic insight and theory are catholic and his human bent Chistian in this sense—that the incarnation idea, considered as *progressive*, and so raised to its highest power, best expresses to him the God-idea, raised to *its* highest power—we shall perhaps understand him in this matter as clearly as we may or ought. Certainly, he built on God and the soul, the "only facts for him," and had a bolder and more adventurous

religious faith than was possible to the slow-brooding mind of Tennyson. Browning was averse, on the one hand, to indifferentism, and on the other, to any form of hypocrisy.

His religious robustness may be illustrated again, as compared with Tennyson's fainter manner, in the two poets' respective treatments of the problem of evil. Tennyson has much to say on this theme; it fascinates his thought, but he is not able to develop much more hopefulness concerning it than we may find in the beautiful phrases wherein—

> . . . Falling with my weight of cares
> Upon the great world's altar-stairs
> That slope through darkness up to God,
>
> I stretch lame hands of faith, and grope,
> And gather dust and chaff, and call
> To what I feel is Lord of all,
> And faintly trust the larger hope,—

that larger hope

> That nothing walks with aimless feet;
> That not one life shall be destroyed,
> Or cast as rubbish to the void,
> When God hath made the pile complete.

But Browning, rather, rejoices in the conflicts that so disturbed Tennyson's faith. "I was ever a fighter." He shows us in "Abt Vogler" precisely the value of the discord principle. Browning finds that benevolence and kindness and mirth are not all of love, but that effort must be added, with resolve, adventure, suffering and triumph therein. "Perfect love includes and means the very experience of suffering, and of powers that oppose love's aims." "Out of heat comes light." "Friction, strife, right war are indispensable to growth." And "man was made to grow, not stop." "All men become good creatures, but so slow." "Endless pursuit is the only conceivable form of endless attainment." And, as Foster of Chicago says: "The essence of us is forward-striving toward a flying goal."

I have already tried to suggest the superiority of Browning to Tennyson in point of universality. Tennyson was an Englishman, and an Englishman only, and wished to be so. He was the most successful of the poets-laureate because he was the most enthusiastic, the most deliberately English among them. He loved England with a still, proud, jealous passion; and although, because he was a modern poet, he felt the pulse of the democratic idea, yet he was, as I have said, a Law man, a thinker according to the Constitution, and suspicious of over-liberal interpretations of democracy. It is true that he sought to mediate between the past of privilege and the future of opportunity; but it is also plain that at heart he is the singer of the tones that ruled the time—a Victorian poet rather than a world-poet; the sincere hearer and interpreter of the words of those mighty thinkers in science and religion that thronged his age, but himself perhaps a brake rather than a wheel; not hostile to the journey, indeed recognising and even at times rejoicing in its inevitableness, and yet of a questioning, prudential, conservative temperament that is so much in love with tradition that it does not care to seek for more than partial freedom. As Chesterton has hinted, Tennyson seems to have looked at the life-processes of his generation as reflected in a mirror rather than as expressing themselves directly in the "coarse good-temper and rank energy" of life itself.

Browning's political creed comes out finely in "Colombe's Birthday," and in the sonnet "Why I am a Liberal":

> Why? Because all I haply can and do,
> All that I am now, all I hope to be,—
> Whence comes it save from fortune setting free
> Body and soul the purpose to pursue,
> God traced for both? If fetters, not a few,
> Of prejudice, convention, fall from me,
> These shall I bid men—each in his degree
> Also God-guided—bear, and gayly, too?
> But little do or can the best of us:
> That little is achieved through liberty.
> Who, then, dares hold, emancipated thus,
> His fellow shall continue bound? Not I,
> Who, live, love, labour freely, nor discuss
> A brother's right to freedom. That is why.

But in "Strafford" and "Luria" and "Cavalier Tunes" he seems to say that, after all, the poet must be for both sides, must have no party but mankind. "I sympathise just as much with these," he wrote Miss Barrett concerning the antagonists of Luria, "as with him." Browning is a democrat not as Walt Whitman is a democrat, but as Emerson is—in the desire that the fullest opportunity may be given for merit to express itself, for virtue to live and for vice to die; but he is an aristocrat also in his reverence for character, and his ardent Hellenism. He is like Nature herself in both respects, for she is universal in her democracies of rain and sunshine, yet aristocratic in her colours, forms and savours. And at root, the two instincts do not quarrel. In "Strafford" Pym reminds Charles I. of that "deeper question:—

How long the Many must endure the One,

yet in "Luria" Domizia rightly dissects the pride of the sheltered many, who

. . Grudged the station of the elected ones,
Who, greater than their kind, are truly great
Only in voluntary servitude.

In a word, then, Tennyson is English as Burns is Scotch, while Browning is English as Shakespeare is English. That Browning loved England we may find as clear evidences in his poems and letters as we may find of Tennyson's patriotism in "The Charge of the Light Brigade" and the "Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington."

Oh, to be in England,

passionately sings the poet in Italy,

Now that April's there,
And whoever wakes in England
Sees, some morning, unaware,
That the lowest boughs and the brushwood sheaf
Round the elm-tree bole are in tiny leaf,
While the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough
In England—now!
And after April, when May follows,
And the whitethroat builds, and all the swallows!
Hark, where my blossomed pear-tree in the hedge
Leans to the field and scatters on the clover
Blossoms and dewdrops—at the bent spray's edge—
That's the wise thrush; he sings each song twice over,
Lest you should think he never could recapture
The first fine careless rapture!
And though the fields look rough with hoary dew,
All will be gay when noontide wakes anew
The buttercups, the little children's dower
—Far brighter than this gaudy melon-flower!

The Italian spring comes in greatly, with a noise like the sound of a trumpet. The poet longs for the quietly trembling, wavering vernation of his own land. And as from the sea he watches the landmarks of his people's prowess, he prays within himself:

Here and here did England help me: how can I help England?—say
Whoso turns as I, this evening, turn to God to praise and pray,
While Jove's planet rises yonder, silent over Africa.

And yet Browning's cosmopolitanism is able to write:

Italy, my Italy!
Queen Mary's saying serves for me—
(When fortune's malice
Lost her, Calais)
Open my heart and you will see
Graved inside of it, "Italy."
Such lovers old are I and she:
So it always was, so shall ever be!

Tennyson, half-jocularly, no doubt, yet significantly, described Italy as a beastly place, where one could not get even an ounce of good English tobacco. But for Browning and his wife the clear sunny skies of Italy did what they had done for Chaucer and Shelley. Browning's work is saturated with Italian atmosphere and suggestion, universally controlled and directed. Italy in Tennyson is largely restricted to "The Falcon" and "Mariana in the South." and its æsthetic value in these works is unconvincing.

When Tennyson had the hero-celebrating mood—and we are all glad that he had it so often—it seems seldom to have occurred to him to go outside English history and experience. His "Ballad of the Revenge" is quite his most stirring, thrilling tribute of the kind—an imperishable monument to the memory of a brave, grim Englishman, Sir Richard Grenville, who encountered with his one little ship fifty-three Spanish men-of-war, and who, after sinking five of them, "dyed," as Gervase Markham wrote in 1595, "aboard the 'Admiral of Spayne,' about the fourth day after the bataille, and was mightlie bewaild of all men."

But Browning finds it to his liking—and note this—to celebrate in "Herve Riel" a deed of heroism on the part of a French peasant sailor that discomfited and for the time defeated the English. It is so with not a few other of his poems. He is after heroes, not English heroes primarily, but heroes, as in "How They Brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix," "Through the Metidja," and "Incident of the French Camp."

Enough has been said, perhaps, by this time to justify the judgment that Tennyson is a less fresh and self-reliant, a less imaginatively adventurous poet than his greater contemporary, whose works are so manifold and diverse, in point of both form and content. "But what is 'wanting' in Tennyson?" asked Miss Barrett of her friend Westwood. She feels this want, although, as she declares, "I am very fond of Tennyson. He makes me thrill sometimes to the end of my fingers, as only a true, great poet can." In "Doctor North and His Friends" Dr. S. Weir Mitchell has a somewhat similarly implied criticism. *Sibyl Maywood* is speaking:

"Mr. Tennyson speaks of a friend's death. He must have loved him well; but—it seems to me too elaborate; I cannot find the right word."

"It was written in portions, at long intervals," said Mrs. Vincent.

"And in many moods," added St. Clair.

"I did not know that. It explains a good deal. But indeed—indeed, it wants something."

There was that in the girl's voice which made me regard her with a certain anxiety. I tried to turn the talk, saying: "Yes, it does lack unity."

But Sibyl went on:

"You will think me very silly, I fear, but I miss in this great book the sorrow which can only be for some one of a household, some one of our own blood—a mother, a child. I do not feel in this verse the agony of loss, the death which is many deaths in one, the funeral of countless hopes, of sweet expectations, of—oh, of many things. Above all. . . I miss—oh, above all else—the sorrow for another's grief, and—and the sorrow those have who, seeing their own death near upon them, grieve for those they leave, with living power to weep. . . This poetry seems to tell of—oh, I want a word—of a far-away sorrow. It is noble and uplifting, yes, and helpful. I go with him, after him, but somehow he has not hold of my hand."

Surely we can feel with *Sibyl* here. "I go with him, after him, but somehow he has not hold of my hand." Browning's hand seizes ours, will we or no, and we are drawn enthusiastically along. His mood is, like Shakespeare's, an age-anticipation, or rather it is not of an age, but for all time. Virtually all his heroes are rebels of some kind or another, and he suggests everywhere the modern feeling of rebellion against an authority of invalid or crippled credentials. Browning's thought of romantic love is peculiarly characteristic of his life and genius. It is, in brief, that romantic love is the most effective possible human agent of a divine idealism. This love-matter is a pretty accurate touchstone in the appraisal of any poet's philosophy. Browning clearly distinguishes between merely sentimental love and a vital affection. "A man's reach should exceed his grasp." Grasp love as love, and you will extend your reach toward Love as *related*, toward Love as God. Like Tennyson, like all the love poets, Browning is, of course, strongly influenced here by Plato's discussions

of the value and function of love in human life, as expressed in the "Symposium" and "Phaedrus." But there is no modern poet with such insight into the meanings of Love. Browning feels, with Plato, that "Love is that mystical yearning for the beautiful and good, that contemplation of them with insight and joy, which makes them an ecstatic possession of the soul," and in "Cristina" and elsewhere he hints at the Platonic doctrine that "those who love here are those who have been associated previously, and have worshipped together the same God." Yet to all this he adds the modern insight and vision, insisting that love is not an alien donation, but that ability for true romantic affection is won through character. The Elizabethan view of love seems to be jealous for its honour; the Victorian view for its worth, its thought-vigour. To Browning Love is the beginning and the movement and the end of the scheme of life. Who loves, lives; and who lives, loves. The love of one is a stepping-stone to the love of many, and again to the love of all (as in Pompilia's case), and finally to the true love of God. Scores of Browning's poems are devoted to this favourite theme, in its various phases. I think that most of the love-monologues can be classified as falling under one or another of the three heads, "Failure to Come Together," "Failure after Coming Together," "Understanding," and in each of these again the theme is treated on the man's side, on the woman's side; and on the side of both. It may easily be seen what stirring, human, worthful reading we have in these many illustrative poems. And his cosmopolitanism seems to be one of sex as of country, for no other poet in our language—not even Shakespeare himself—has come so close to the nature of women, as has Browning in *Ottima* and *Phene* and *Pippa* and *Constance* and *Colombe* and *Pompilia*, and the whole splendid gallery. His five addresses to his wife, in "My Star," "Prospice," "One Word More," "By the Fireside," and "O Lyric Love," would alone justify this conclusion.

It is not a little significant that without exception Browning's dramas are built about some one exemplification of this great principle of romantic love. Strafford deals with the love of its hero for an unworthy king; "Luria," with a Moor's love for the city of Florence; "In a Balcony," with the love of love; "The Return of the Druses," with the love of truth; "King Victor and King Charles," with the love of duty; "A Soul's Tragedy," with the love of justice; "Colombe's Birthday," with the love of unselfishness; "A Blot in the 'Scutcheon," with the love of purity; and "Pippa Passes," with the love of God. The motive of all is to discover virtue powerfully active in love. It does not matter precisely what the object of the love is, or even whether it is worthy or unworthy, so long as it is the occasion of the functioning of the love-instinct.

She has lost me; I have gained her.

In these plays occur some of the most memorable expressions of the worth of love to be found in all of Browning, to whom, indeed, love was "the only good in the world":

There is no good of life but love—but love!
What else looks good, is some shade flung from love;
Love gilds it, gives it worth.
Let her but love you,
All else you disregard! What else can be?
You know how love is incompatible
With falsehood—purifies, assimilates
All other passions to itself.

I have been speaking of Browning's dramas, which it is fashionable and easy for even Browning societies to ignore; but when so warrantable a critic as Arthur Symons declares him our greatest dramatist since Shakespeare, it is time to revise this fashion. The mistake that many of

the critics make is in worshipping the word 'drama' as a fixed and static form of art, and in condemning Browning—ruling him out here—because he does not conform. But in saying that Browning did not write dramas, one accepts the responsibility of saying just what he did write in these nine instances. Browning himself denies that they are "dramatic poems" merely. What then? Why be the slave of words? Browning becomes either a dramatist who did not write dramas, or a non-dramatist, perhaps, who did. It is possible to forget that a drama is not necessarily an acting drama, that the theatre is only an incident in the history of the drama, and that a play is not great first of all because it is actable. Browning is a founder, a forerunner here, of the modern school of closet drama, which regards theatrical presentation as concretely applied drama, but which attaches prime importance to the subjective appeal of the imagination to the imagination; which would steal into the soul of the reader as he sits in his study armchair and compel him himself to become dramatist and stage-manager and actor and poet—all in one. That our own age is intensely subjective needs no argument. In drama this eager, nervous, anxious delight in searching soul-discovery reflects itself in Maeterlinck and Ibsen and Hauptmann, and the others. "'King Lear,' 'Hamlet,' 'Othello,' 'Macbeth,' 'Romeo and Juliet,'" says Maeterlinck, "should not be performed. Something of Hamlet dies as soon as we see him dying on the stage. The ghost of the actor has dethroned him, and from that moment we are unable to drive away the usurper from our dream. . . . The stage is a place where masterpieces die. . . . A poem which I see on the stage seems to me always a lie."

Now, Browning has anticipated this super-dramatic movement, and has written but few plays with his eye fixed uneasily upon stage requirements. Tennyson, more conservatively, regarded the stage with somewhat anxious care, and wrote as playright just as consciously as dramatist. Yet, although his *Harold* and *Becket* are skilful of structure and buttressed well by the accepted teachings of history, they have not the vigour and unity and grip of Browning's dramas. Tennyson was essentially, in all of his writing, a lyric poet; Browning, just as truly, in all of his, a dramatic writer. Tennyson's schemes are sometimes, as in "Queen Mary" especially, miscellaneous and episodical, having panoramic rather than dramatic unity. One sees *Mary's* mistaken love for *Philip* spelling failure in failure as against Strafford's mistaken love for Charles I., which to Browning spells success in failure. This difference is, I think, very characteristic.

What, then, shall we say at last of the two poets considered as artists? All other concessions having been made, it is often urged against Browning that his work is uncouth and obscure, and that we must give the palm to Tennyson as artist because he is the simpler, sweeter, clearer, more finely beautiful.

But if this be just and right, then we must learn to narrow that conception of art which we have already considered: "Art is the interpretation of human life through felicitous symbols." Felicitous, as I have said, in point of *fitness*. Pure beauty and formal beauty are not interchangeable terms. There is a beauty of the manor-house, and a beauty of the Sphinx; of the pansy and of the pine. "Truth in art is the unity of a thing with itself," said Oscar Wilde, and Browning himself: "It is possible to fail in art only to succeed in highest art." The whole question is simply this: Is Browning's style an effective and a sincere style? If we can answer yes, we must concede him the higher place here as elsewhere, for there can be no doubt that he is

immensely more original and profound as a thinker than is Tennyson, and no less a lover of art than David Masson has insisted that "no artist is greater as an artist than he is as a thinker."

Browning's style and method, at their best, may perhaps be termed *flashlight,* while Tennyson may not unfairly be considered a sort of *barometer* poet. Browning *reveals* with blazing, incredible, almost fierce, suddenness; Tennyson patiently, delicately, sometimes hesitantly *records.* Which, after all, is the greater function—the bold beauty of the pleading lawyer's court utterance in full abandon to his thought and argument for a short fiery hour, or the symmetrical beauty of the best clerical or purely 'case' work of the ablest 'office-lawyer'?

It is wholly unfair to Browning and to the reading world that the stigma of obscurity should become attached to his name. But that is always likely to be the fate of a new, vigorous, powerfully alive writer. As Swinburne puts it, "he is something too much the reverse of obscure. . . . He never thinks but at full speed; and the rate of his thought is to that of another man's as the speed of a railway to that of a waggon, or the speed of a telegraph to that of a railway." And Browning himself, like a good-natured giant, lays his critics low, laughing all the while, in the closing pages of "Pacchiarotto."

All this outcry about form, though based on a lawful desire for rightness, is largely wrong-headed. Not all distortions are art-distortions. We can't all write copy-book hands. Language is something other than choice of words, merely. Place counts for every whit as much as *being.* An unplaced, unrelated, or mechanically adjusted person—or word—is not of much use in the world. The apologists for Tennyson herein care far too much for melody, too little for harmony. A simple or even a sustained song does not, in the very nature of the case, include the discordances and involved excursions and returns of the sonata. The evidence is too strong to make it possible to doubt that had Browning chosen the lyric programme, he could have succeeded therein, as in the Pippa songs, "Home Thoughts, from Abroad," "There's a Woman Like a Dewdrop," and "Over the Sea our Galleys Went." But he was of the blood of Shakespeare and Shelley in this matter of expression as Tennyson was of that of Pope. "I am very sensitive," wrote his wife-to-be to Cornelius Mathews, "to the thousand and one stripes with which the assembly of critics doth expound its vocation over him. . . . The truth is—and the world should know the truth—it is easier to find a more faultless writer than a poet of equal genius. Don't let us fall into the category of the sons of Noah. Noah was once drunk, indeed, but once he built the ark." And I like to think of Smetham's enthusiasm for Shakespeare's manner as equally applicable to Browning. Shakespeare was once voted uncouth, a violator of the rules. But Smetham thinks of "his *sort* of carelessness" as revealing the man. "When his blood is up he makes heaven and earth bend and deliver up what is wanted on the *instant,* and goes crashing through the forest of words like a thunderbolt, crushing them out of shape if they don't fit in, melting moods and tenses, and leaving people to gape at the transformation. If the grammarians object he goes on like the hero of Jabberwocky,

> O frubjous day! Calloo, Callay!
> He chortles in his joy.

He's not going to stop and put their heads on straight. They should have kept out of his way."

Ben Johnson and Tennyson, then, were alike in this—that they were the "faultily faultless" stylists of their times, consummate artificers in style, characteristically, rather than

artists, although I would by no means deny *always to them the latter name. Browning's whole thought of art finds over-finesse distasteful and unwholesome. He would rather be compelling than fastidious. No wonder that Ezra Pound salutes him:

Aye you're a man that! ye old mesmeriser,
Tyin' your meanin' in seventy swadelin's,
One must of needs be a hang'd early riser
To catch you at worm-turning. Holy Odds Bodykins!

Here's to you, old Hippety-Hop o' the accents,
True to the Truth's sake and crafty dissector,
You grabbed at the gold sure; had no need to pack cents
Into your versicles. Clear sight's elector!

But let us not forget that Song is still one, and that this is nowhere better exemplified than in the inner meanings, unlike as they are in apparent outlook, of Tennyson's "Crossing the Bar" and Browning's "Epilogue to Asolando":

"You are quite right," he replied.

"No, I am not," I rejoined, "or I should not have been had I meant seriously what I said. But I was thinking of the additional burden you have laid on other poets by your finish and fastidiousness in composition."

At this all his naive sensitiveness was suddenly aroused, and he said:

"It is artificial is it?"

I affected not to hear, whereupon he pressed my arm, saying: "Tell me—it isn't artificial, is it?"

"Perhaps it is," I rejoined, "but I think it is the right artifice."

This appeared to satisfy him, and all went well until I took my leave.

CROSSING THE BAR.

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea,
But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark;
For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crost the bar.

EPILOGUE.

At the midnight in the silence of the sleep-time,
When you set your fancies free,
Will they pass to where—by death, fools think, imprisoned—
Low he lies who once so loved you, whom you loved so,
—Pity me?

Oh to love so, be so loved, yet so mistaken!
What had I on earth to do
With the slothful, with the mawkish, the unmanly?
Like the aimless, helpless, hopeless, did I drivel
—Being—who?

One who never turned his back but marched breast forward,
Never doubted clouds would break,
Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would triumph,
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,
Sleep to wake.

No, at noonday in the bustle of man's worktime
Greet the unseen with a cheer!
Bid him forward, breast and back as either should be,
'Strive and thrive!' cry 'Speed,—fight on, fare ever
There as here!'

The present Poet-Laureate tells of a visit he paid to Tennyson at Aldworth, when Mr. Austin happened to mention the "too close approximation of the same vowel" in the phrase "as a lion creeping nigher," in "Locksley Hall":

OUR OTHER ROYAL DUKE

BY DANIEL OWEN

A PRINCE of the Blood is rare with us, and consequently we are enjoying the present privilege to the utmost. In the glamour of the Duke of Connaught's presence as Governor-General, the fact seems to have escaped general notice that over a century ago we were blessed with another Royal Duke in the person of Edward Augustus, father of Queen Victoria, and grandfather of the present Duke of Connaught.

It was on the 10th of August, 1791, that His Majesty's ships *Resistance* and *Ulysses*, carrying the 7th Regiment of Fusileers, commanded by Prince Edward Augustus, dropped anchor beneath the guns of Quebec. The next morning His Royal Highness landed in the Lower Town, and on the following day a great reception was held in his honour at the *Chateau St. Louis.*

The official welcome preceded the grand fête, which had been arranged in honour of the coming of the Royal Prince and his officers. The beauty and chivalry of Canada were there vieing with each other in bidding welcome to the King's son. Statesmen, judges, soldiers and sailors waited upon His Royal Highness, while noted beauties of the day stood waiting the favour of his royal attention. The memory of that day when the first Prince came is still cherished by those whose grandmothers stood with beating hearts watching the royal progress.

It is evident that then, as now, the presence of royalty met with the approval of the populace, who never tired of evincing their pleasure at the presence of Prince Edward. When first he came he was cheered by the throngs of people who watched for his approach, because he was the son of England's King. When he had remained a little while he was applauded, not only because of his royal lineage, but because he had won his way into the hearts of the people, who ever loved a brave and daring gentleman and a gay gallant.

There had been noble governors-general in Canada, but never a Prince. Consequently, while the former maintained the splendid dignity of his exalted position, the latter held royal court. Soon *Kent House*—where the Prince took up his residence—became the centre of social life: and even the mansion of His Excellency Lord Dorchester became of secondary importance.

At the head of the royal table presided Madame de St. Laurent, who had accompanied the Duke from Gibraltar. One of the most beautiful and fascinating women of her time, this lady, by her charm of manner and graciousness of mien, did much to overcome the disdain with which she was at first received. For, be it known, there were those who denied that the Holy Church had ever blessed the union. Others asserted that she was the morganatic wife of the Prince. Be that as it was, princes are princes and their ladies must be treated with respect. The Governor-General called; official Quebec followed, and ere many weeks Madame de St. Laurnet was on the most inti-

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF KENT

From the Painting by Sir W. Beechey

mate and friendly terms with all the gentility of the city. As an instance of the universal credence which was accorded Madame de St. Laurent, the Archbishop of Quebec allowed her to act as godmother to a child of Colonel de Salaberry baptised by him. This he would hardly have done had he not been convinced that she was the wife of the Prince.

Of Royal Edward, as the Prince was popularly called, another writer has said that he was "ardent, generous, impulsive, gallant; a tall, athletic fellow; in fact, one of George III.'s big burly boys." Probably no better presentment of His Royal Highness' character could be made unless it would be to add that he was blessed with the grace of humour: a humour which, though often evinced, never transgressed against that dignity which royal personages maintain. He possessed also the tact of a diplomat.

When the young Prince landed at Quebec he was only in his twenty-sixth year. Never, however, does he

MADAME DE ST. LAURENT

Who Lived with the Duke of Kent during his sojourn in Canada

appear to have done aught to lower the prestige of the Crown, as he might so easily have done in those unsettled times. On the other hand, in the three years that he remained in Quebec he exerted an influence over the French of Canada that did much to strengthen their fidelity to England and to break down the barriers of race, which, in some parts of Quebec, almost amounted to a feud and inspired a feeling of disloyalty towards the mother country. The French admired this handsome, dare-devil son of King George, and when, on one occasion, a politician in His Highness' hearing discoursed upon the relative merits of the two peoples, the Prince himself addressed the electors and exclaimed: "Away with those hated distinctions of English and Canadians; you are all my august father's beloved subjects." He struck a responsive chord in the hearts of the French and commenced the firmer cementing of the races.

Although *Kent Lodge* was the Prince's "town residence" he much

"KENT HOUSE," QUEBEC CITY

This building was occupied as a town residence by the Duke of Kent during the time that his Royal Highness stayed at Quebec

preferred his Montmorenci home, of which a poet has written:—

"Oh, give me a home where the cataract's foam
Is admired by the poor and the rich, as they roam
By thy banks, Montmorenci, so placid and fair,
Oh, what would I give could I find a home there!"

The Prince's annual allowance was about five thousand pounds. Upon this he entertained as lavishly as was possible, for Edward Augustus was fond of social pleasures. Dinner followed by whist, of which he was a master, was his idea of a pleasant evening, although he greatly enjoyed the grand balls which were held frequently.

Perhaps it was because of his exalted position, more probably on account of his retiring disposition, that His Royal Highness had few intimates. Courteous and pleasant in his manner, he never encouraged friendships.

As a soldier he was stern and strict in the truest meaning of the words. Orders must be obeyed, and luckless was the unhappy individual who varied from his instructions. If a soldier transgressed, he must pay the penalty. But "Royal Edward" never expected nor asked others to do that which he was unwilling to do himself. In the days of his residence in Quebec the gayeties usually lasted until break of day, but no matter what had been the dissipation of the night before, at five o'clock the Regiment paraded, the officers were expected to be there, and no excuse was received by the Prince, who was usually the first on the field.

It is told of the Prince that he threatened to court-martial all of his officers who refused to wear their pig-tails in the streets, but I cannot

"KENT HOUSE," MONTMORENCI FALLS

This building, near the City of Quebec, was favoured by the Prince more than the residence in the City

vouch for the truth of the story.

A private who had broken some military law was called out from the ranks, and before the Regiment His Royal Highness, as Colonel, sentenced the man to death. Immediately, however, he exercised his royal prerogative, and as son of the King pardoned the soldier because of the mitigating circumstances under which the offence had been committed.

In 1794 His Royal Highness (now Duke of Kent) left Quebec, served with the British forces at the Reduction of Martinique, and in October of 1795 arrived at Halifax, where he was enthusiastically received.

"The Duke's time" as it was afterwards termed, has been called the Golden Age of Halifax. Naval and military buildings were torn down to be replaced by structures more suited to the needs of the day. At that time Halifax was a far more important place than at present. Three and sometimes four regiments were garrisoned there. In Halifax His Royal Highness was more of a martinet than he had been in Quebec. His Regiment had been reputed to be one of the most drunken and dissipated in the service, and probably the Prince determined to retrieve the good name that had once belonged to the Royal Fusileers. Floggings were administered for the slightest offence, and the effect of severe discipline soon showed itself in the decrease of the number of men in the guard-house.

Doubtless considering that cleanliness and perhaps uniformity were essential to the maintenance of the standard of the regiment, the Duke ordered his men to be clean shaved. A sergeant declared his intention of retaining his beard, a particularly fine one, if tradition is to be credited, with the result that he was taken in charge by a corporal's guard, strapped down, and shaved in the presence of the regiment.

To Halifax His Royal Highness was accompanied by Madame de St. Laurent. The Governor's lady was the first to call upon her and she was immediately received by the society of the city.

"PRINCE'S LODGE," NEAR HALIFAX

[To this unpretentious structure the Duke of Kent used to retire for rest and recreation

Sunday cards were then in vogue in Halifax. The Duke refused to attend such parties, and, of course, the custom was immediately abandoned.

I am reminded of another incident of the observance of Sunday, upon which day it was necessary to work the soldiers. For this the men were allowed extra pay. One man, an employee in the dockyard, refused to accept his allowance for Sunday labour. This came to the Duke's attention, and he commanded that the man's pay for the six days of the week be increased so as to make it equal to that received by those who drew an allowance for seven days.

His Royal Highness purchased a small estate a few miles out of Halifax and on a knoll overlooking Bedford Basin built a small cottage, which soon became known as *Prince's Lodge*. Here the Duke spent as much time as he could, entertaining small parties of his officers and the gentry of the city.

While stationed at Halifax, His Royal Highness went to Annapolis Royal and remained there for six weeks, in command of the garrison. In that brief time he succeeded in creating an impression that has been handed down from one generation to another.

"Royal Edward" loved sweet lips, and in his graciousness he sampled many. When he had been at Annapolis Royal about a week a ball was given in his honour. Among the guests were a Miss Le Cain and a Mr. Bailey, between whom a marriage had been arranged. Miss Le Cain, being a very beautiful girl, attracted the notice of the gallant Duke, who waited attention upon her during the whole evening. Miss Le Cain does not seem to have objected to his flattery. A scene ensued, and the engagement was there and then terminated. Later the Duke took Mr. Bailey under his patronage, attached him to his person, and exerted his influence to obtain preferment for him.

His Royal Highness attended another ball given at the Burnot home in Annapolis. As a result, to this very day there is seen behind the drawing-room door the ghost of a Prince of the Blood bending over the lips

of the handsome Mistress Barclay.

In Nova Scotia, at least, the incidents of Prince Edward's visit have almost become folk-lore. What His Royal Highness said and what he did are recorded in the annals of the country. Even the handsome mahogany furniture with which he literally filled *Prince's Lodge*, has become a provincial asset. Each year the tourists flock to the Land of *Evangeline;* they listen to the stories of the Duke of Kent and they usually endeavour to purchase a table, a chair, or, perchance, a bedstead which was once the property of His Royal Highness, but in vain. They are cherished as mementoes of "Our other Royal Duke," and as such are the heritage of future generations.

HAPPINESS

By W. LYTTLETON CASSELS

A cup of tea; a cup of tea. The thought somehow recalls to me a certain afternoon in May when first I heard my lady say, "Do stay and have some tea and toast," and so of course I stayed like most poor men when first within the net of some fair fishermaid they get entangled; and I'm caught there now, but still I'm rather glad somehow.

A glass of beer; a glass of beer. Whene'er these simple words I hear, they bring to mind the wasteful ways in which I passed my younger days. I used to like to sit and smoke and crack a pleasant little joke and on the side to drink a few good lagers of a German brew: for though it can't come up to tea, it always has appealed to me.

A good old pipe; a good old pipe, well seasoned, really sweet and ripe; a firm and never failing friend; a pleasure this without an end, to light your pipe and then retire into a book before the fire. I think the finest way I know to pass a pleasant hour or so is just to sit about and read and smoke the ever fragrant weed.

A happy man: a happy man am I, for every day I can come in and have the cup of tea my lady loves to pour for me, and then until it gets quite late we sit together by the grate. I smoke my pipe, my lady reads, and then to satisfy my needs she brings me in some beer and cheese, for I'm not difficult to please; a cup of tea, a glass of beer, a pleasant smoke is all the cheer I need to make me pleased with life. You see, the lady is my wife.

MISS MABEL FRENCH

This young woman succeeded in having herself legally declared "a person" in her native province of New Brunswick, after which she could be and was admitted to the Bar. After that she went to Vancouver, and in spite of much technical opposition gained admittance to the Bar of British Columbia.

CONFIDENCES OF A WOMAN LAWYER

AN ACCOUNT OF THE ACHIEVEMENTS OF MISS MABEL FRENCH, WHO HAS FORCED OPEN TO WOMEN THE DOORS OF THE LEGAL PROFESSION IN TWO PROVINCES.

BY J. SEDGWICK COWPER

"HOW did I come to study law? Oh, I suppose because I'm of such a serious nature."

Then the woman lawyer leaned back in her chair and laughed to think how serious she was.

She was clad in a neat riding habit, having spent the earlier part of the morning on horseback, but the stacked up piles of documents on the desk she sat at told their own tale of serious industry. Her laugh was musical and full of the joy of life and youth. Woman-like, she laughed to think of her seriousness. Man-like, I laughed because she did. Thus in the fraternity of good-fellowship was the way cleared for an interesting conversation.

The occasion had much more than the usual interest of the everyday interview. Months before, in the shadow of the snow-capped ranges of Northern British Columbia, with a library consisting only of a few old newspapers, I had read and re-read for at least a score of times, a news item from New Brunswick. It told of the contest of wits between the benchers of that distant province and one Miss Mabel French, a New Brunswick girl, who had embarked in the profession of law. She was having an interesting time, trying to convince the benchers and the courts that she was a "person" and therefore entitled to admittance at the bar.

I was then in the land where pioneers, men and women, were daily performing feats of unchronicled heroism. Fresh in my mind was the picture of the bent figures of a man and a woman mushing it over the snow on a ninety-five mile trip through the winter wilderness. The woman had a forty-pound pack on her back and a rifle under one arm. Her husband was much more heavily laden. They were halted by an avalanche that had come thundering down the mountain side and blocked up their path. The avalanche—so said the railway engineer whose gang I saw blasting away the remnants the following July—measured twelve hundred feet across and eighty feet deep. Only for a few minutes did the pair halt, and then, Excelsior-like, pushed on, skirting the foot of the slide as they made a detour of half a mile out over the frozen river. "I couldn't think of staying away, while my man is up there making a home for us," said the woman simply in explanation.

As I read the news item for the twentieth time about the New Brunswick girl and her fight for the right of her sex to enter the professions,

it occurred to me that pioneer work is not confined to the wilds; that the overcoming of physical obstacles is not the hardest task for men or women. A ninety-five mile "mush" is five days' easy walking. True, an avalanche of rock and snow and giant trees torn out by their roots is a nasty thing to face or fear. But is it harder to overcome or more to be dreaded than an avalanche of prejudice?

It was quite by surprise and accident that I met the woman lawyer some months later. I was in Vancouver, and in the way of business had occasion to call on one of the best known legal firms there for some information in regard to an action then before the courts. I was referred to the private office of the solicitor in charge of the case. To my surprise, I was shown into the presence of a young and self-possessed young woman. To my greater surprise, I learned that the woman was none other than the New Brunswick girl whose exploits had formed a considerable portion of my journalistic diet in the mountains.

"Tell me, Miss French," I asked, "however did you come to study law?"

This was the question that aroused her ladyship to hilarity and gave me a glimpse of another personality beside the keenly earnest and coldly logical mind of the lawyer.

When the mutual laughter subsided, she returned to the defence of her serious purpose.

"I quite mean it," she persisted, "I was brought up to be serious. I was an only child and had few playmates. When most little girls are playing with dolls and little companions, I was reading serious books and having serious conversations on serious subjects with my elders. So I suppose it was only natural that I should gravitate to a serious profession when I grew up."

"Your father was a lawyer, and you inherited a taste for reading statutes, and the privilege of spending your afternoons in his library," I asserted with a hazy recollection of how the younger Pitt and the younger Mill were trained by their ambitious parents.

"An excellent bad guess," rejoined the lady. "My father was not a lawyer, and in fact two more distressed persons than my parents when I announced my intention to become a lawyer, it would be hard to find. They thought it an unheard-of thing. They could not imagine what had put such a piece of foolishness into my head."

The laughter had faded from her voice and it was a very earnest young woman who looked through the lawyer's eyes just then. After a brief pause, she went on:

"I suppose the fact of the matter is I was ambitious. I was brought up in a sleepy old town in New Brunswick, where families lived and died in the same old house, and where everyone seemed to be succeeded in home and business by his children and his children's children. The girls for the most part were expected to get married as soon as they could, and to get homes of their own. To get settled in life in a home of her own was the only career that seemed to be open to a girl, and it used to be drummed into us on every hand that the chief end of woman was to get married as soon as she could.

"The idea of that kind of ambition made me feel rebellious. It seemed as wrong to me for a girl to want to marry merely to get a home as it did for a girl to grow up in single blessedness to be a helpless dependent upon her relatives. I wanted to be independent. I wanted to make my own way in my own way."

"The spirit of revolt had penetrated the quiet life of your town," I observed.

"My first intention was to become a doctor," continued Miss French, ignoring my interruption. "I knew that many women were making a suc-

cess of the study of medicine, and the nature of the work appealed to me very strongly. I think I would have become a doctor but for a cousin who was studying medicine. I confided my ambitions to him, and he in turn regaled me with such tales of the horrors of "post-mortem" work that he quite frightened me away from my resolve. He told me the men students overcame their feelings by indulging in smoking during the "post-mortems," so after thinking the matter over, I decided that I would study law instead. I thought it would be easier for me to study law than to learn to smoke."

Once more the mobile face of the speaker had changed, the earnest face relaxed its expression, a pair of penetrating gray eyes filled with merriment, and a peal of joyous laughter endangered the safety of the piles of documents as it reverberated through the little room. Remembering the pathological consequences of our own first cigar, it was a temptation to cross-examine for particulars. But we resisted the temptation.

"No such thing had ever been heard of as a woman lawyer in New Brunswick at that time, so I suppose it did sound rather startling to my friends," continued the speaker. "However, I managed to get a footing in a law office by learning shorthand. I became quite proficient and reported trials, as well as learning a good deal of office work. Then when I had satisfied myself that I would like the profession for a life-work I became articled in earnest and entered the law school at King's College, Windsor."

"Which institution conferred on you the degree of B. C. L.," I interjected.

"My trouble was not with the college authorities," said Miss French, nodding an assent. "They were willing enough to recognise me. The trouble arose when I applied for admittance at the bar. The statute said that a candidate for admittance must be 'a person,' and the benchers could not agree as to whether I was a person or not. They appealed to the Supreme Court of the Province to decide the problem, and after consideration the Supreme Court decided I was not a person. However, the judgment raised such a storm of protest that the Legislature the following year passed a special bill allowing qualified women to be called to the bar."

Miss French modestly refrained from mentioning her own part in making evident the absurdity of the judgment. It will be remembered that she purposely abstained from paying a number of bills. When the inevitable lawsuits came, Miss French met them with the novel defence that as she was not a person she could not be sued for debt. Of course the defence failed, but the ingenious defendant accomplised her purpose of making one court effect a *reductio ad absurdum* with the judgment of the other court. As a means of advertising the absurdity of the Supreme Court judgment, it was a scheme worthy of Barnum or George M. Cohan.

"And now having carried your point in the extreme easterly province, you have come to the most westerly province of Canada to wage the war for justice on behalf of your sex?" I suggested.

Miss French denied any such militant intention.

"I came to British Columbia," she said, "just as any other barrister might, for the sake of the increased opportunities that practice affords here, though I find that the benchers have decided that under the common law a woman may not be admitted to the bar. The Supreme Court has been appealed to, but the Supreme Court has upheld the benchers, so at present I am still in doubt as to what I am or how I might describe myself. I can own property and vote on it in the municipal elections. I can be sued for debt, but it is still very

doubtful whether I am a person or not," and at the thought of the quaint situation she found material for another merry laugh.

"I'm not worrying about the matter at present," she said, "for I am so busy in preparing cases for court that I have not time to take them into court if I had the privilege, much less to worry about it." As proof she pointed to the piles of bulging envelopes each representing a case in preparation for hearing at the Supreme Court.

"Of course," she admitted, "in some cases it would be a convenience to take the case right through, and in any event one doesn't like to be deprived of any privileges one feels entitled to, and I shall take the matter further, if necessary. I have a number of legal grounds on which to base a further appeal, and in any event I could demand recognition on the ground of interprovincial courtesy, being a recognised member of the New Brunswick bar. My only objection to that course is that I do not want to urge any special claim to favour or privilege that is not open to any other woman. I don't want to be admitted by favour but by right. If there is no other way to open the profession to women barristers, then a special act should be passed."

It was the spirit of the pioneer that spoke in the last sentence. Significantly enough, a week or so later, among the final acts of the Government before seeking re-election was the passage of a special bill brought in by the Attorney-General himself permitting women to practise at the bar of the Province. Thus was British Columbia brought into line with Ontario, New Brunswick, and Manitoba in opening the legal profession to women practitioners.

Several times during the interview I had evidences of the busy life of this woman lawyer. Once a messenger arrived with a telegram requiring prompt answer. Next came a ring at the telephone, and a client received some prompt advice over the 'phone on a matter that was troubling him or her. Later came a rap at the door, and a counsel came in with his brief bag, tired from his morning's work in the court.

"How did you get on to-day?" he was asked.

"A judgment for $1,750 in the —— case."

"Good! I had expected $2,000, though. And the other?"

"Dismissed; but we should win on appeal. I gave notice."

"How was the judge?"

"Against us most of the time."

"On what grounds?"

The counsel supplied the information.

"Good, we should win on appeal. Here's the —— case in our favour," "commented the lady, who had suddenly again become very lawyer-like in her demeanour.

After the counsel departed, my conscience pricked me. I realised that I had helped myself to a good deal of the lady's time, but one more question I felt I must screw up courage to ask. At length it came.

"Miss French," I said, "you are the first woman in this Province to practise law, but you will not be the last. Remembering that it takes some years of study to qualify for the profession, I imagine that a good many people will be anxious to know whether if a lady sets out to become a lawyer, it means that she must renounce"—I hesitated for a moment fumbling in my mind for a non-committal phrase—"all emotional interests?"

The lady leaned back in her chair once more and laughed. It was a merry, rippling laugh, as before, but this time it was distinctly disconcerting. I feared the lady was laughing at my stupidity.

"Well, what an odd question," she said. "As if a woman isn't a woman if she studies statutes just the same as if she studies fashions or a cookery book. Why should the study of law

be expected to alter a woman's nature, or preclude her from''—this time it was the lady who hesitated for a fatal second.

''From following her natural destiny,'' I suggested, and the laughter that followed was mutual this time.

''Of course,'' she went on more seriously, ''it's quite obvious that a girl who is looking to marriage as a career wouldn't want to spend five years of her life at law. It would seem like wasted effort. The average man, you know, is usually a bit afraid of the so-called clever woman. The average man prefers a woman who is charmingly ignorant of all serious subjects.''

''It is frankly admitted on behalf of the sex,'' I volunteered, ''that our taste frequently runs to what Wells calls the 'little fluffy fool' type. We are the vainer half of the race, and our vanity takes subtle forms. We feel grateful to those ladies who are so ignorant that they think we are very wise and clever. It flatters our vanity.''

''I'll reward your franknes with equal frankness,'' rejoined the lady. ''On behalf of my sex, I'll admit that every normal woman is quite ready to be talked to when the right man comes along. But, on the other hand, if a woman had persevered and made her way in her profesion, I think she would meditate very seriously before leaving it. Having secured a position of economic independence, she might be very reluctant to forgo it. Certainly she would be more critical in her choice. One can't practise law for any length of time without getting some revelations into human nature. Of course, if a woman did give up her profession to marry, all these considerations ought to go to ensure that the marriage would be a happy one. If the study of law as a profession helped to ensure happy marriages, then the study of law might prove a blessing to all those who are anxious to 'follow their natural destiny.' ''

''At least,'' I agreed, ''it wouldn't be so much effort and accomplishment thrown away, like the average girl's music studies.''

''How could it be thrown away?'' she asked. ''Law enters into every relation of life. That's why it is so fascinating to study and to practise. It is an everyday subject, not a mere mental diversion. And if the women practitioners all ended by getting married, how could their work be thrown away if it made them more capable women and helped them to a better choice of husbands? The hope of the race depends on the choice of its women, doesn't it?''

''You think then that Nietzsche started in at the wrong end in his quest for the Superman?'' I countered.

''The taste of the Superman might lead to the little fluffy fool type,'' retorted the lady. ''As a woman, I'm more inclined to pin my confidence on the choice of the Superwoman than on the Superman.''

I did not pursue the argument further. The recollection of a proverb that wise men usually choose foolish wives came to mind.

Miss French mentioned that among her professional acquaintances was a lady who had studied law after her mariage. The lady had married a member of the New York bar and had studied at her husband's request, with the object of further enlarging their mutual comradeship. ''But whether women lawyers are to be expected to become helpmates only to men lawyers is a question I can't answer,'' anticipated Miss French, with another of her elusive laughs.

''I imagine,'' she said in conclusion, ''that most women who will enter the profession in the years to come will do so like myself, with the desire of seeking a useful and independent career. If so, they will find in it a work that stmulates the mind and supplies continual interest. The average man finds his most constant satisfaction in his work, and the pro-

fessional woman should find the same. Legal practise is hard work, but it is fascinating work. I am kept so busy the days pass like a flash. They leave one too tired to care for social entertainments, and and in consequence I meet few people apart from my business. But I am quite in love with my profession. It is full of variety and interest, and outside the hours I spend on horseback—my one recreation—I find all my pleasure in my work. I think my own experience shows that there is a place for women in the general practice of law, and I see no reason why any woman of ordinary ability who enters the profession with earnest determination should not make a success of it."

Fair and graceful of figure, full of enthusiasm and joyous vivacity, possessed of a keen and finely balanced mind and a spirit steadied by a strength of quiet determination, this young Canadian girl who has won her way into recognition at the bar of two provinces, is a significant figure among the women of Canada. She is among the pioneers of a new order of things. The spirit that has brought her out of the obscurity of a New Brunswick town to a place in the most conservative of professions in her search for a useful and independent career is being felt among women in many parts of the Dominion to-day. It has in it aspects of national significance.

ON THE OUTSKIRTS

BY ROBERT CARY

MANY the wild birds I of late have heard
Far on the city's outskirts wide and green,
And many a living colour have I seen
Ere sang the thrush, brown hermit, undeterred;
The catbird, curious mime, hath all but purred,
The pewee, constant to her sorrows keen,
Complains; of suns that warm the skies serene
The oriole tells; and wrens with joy are stirred.
Sweet is the music of earth's poetry.
Listen, ye worldlings, to the meadow lark,
And to the grosbeak whistling merrily,
And to the goldfinch in the woodland-park.
Would ye the burden of the mystery
Hear?—then to melodious throats I bid ye hark!

THE CHILD AND THE WOLVERINE

BY W. E. TRAILL

DURING the winter of 1867-8 I was in charge of a small trading-post north of Quill Lake, about sixty or seventy miles north of the Touchwood Hills. This post was known as the Guard Post, or Egg Lake. The establishment was shortly afterwards removed to Nut Lake, and I believe it is still kept up.

It is not of my adventures among the Indians, who were a somewhat troublesome lot to deal with, that I am going to write, but of a somewhat marvellous experience. The facts, I am aware, will be doubted by many, but I can vouch for their truthfulness.

That winter—to be exact, it was in the month of March—one of my best hunters, Awassis (The Child), came into the office, which was also Indian Hall or reception room. He was looking very glum and threw down a fair-sized pack of furs. I congratulated him upon his hunt, but he still looked very downcast and as he was generally cheerful I asked him what had happened. He replied that his good luck was all gone. I observed that it did not look as if he were in bad luck.

"Do you see that *Kwing-wa-ka* (Wolverine)?"

"Yes," I replied, "I see him, but what of that? He looks like any other wolverine that I have ever seen."

"Did you even know me to kill a wolverine before?" he asked.

"I do not know," I answered, "I do not recollect any."

"Look at my account," said he, "and see if I ever traded a wolverine skin."

Out of curiosity, I got the Indian ledger down and overhauled his account for years back, but could find no wolverine skin to his credit. I then asked for an explanation. He told me that the wolverine was his totem, the *Ne-po-wa-Kun* (famaliar spirit).

As I was comparatively "green," having been in the country only four years, I did not understand what he meant, but, having a good interpreter, I gathered that Awassis had taken the wolverine as his familiar, or *Pow-wa-kun*, and that he had made a vow to the wolverine that if he, *Kwing-wa-ka*, would leave his traps alone and never break them and never destroy his furs, he for his part would never kill a wolverine.

He then demanded of me if I had ever known him to sell a torn lynx or other fur. I acknowledged that although others often brought damaged furs, I had never known him to sell me such.

"How do you account for that?" I asked.

"Because *Kwing-wa-ka* has kept our bargain," he said. "He never bothers me and I for my part have never killed a wolverine. We always respect one another. But now it will no longer be so. And yet I did not do it intentionally, and he must know it well enough, but look here," and he threw down several pieces of lynx skin, "look what he has done to me. Already he has begun to revenge himself upon me."

I tried to reason with him, but he only replied, "you will see."

Sure enough, the next visit he made to his traps, he brought home several lynx and other skins all more or less damaged by wolverines. He said that the wolverines had broken every trap and snare and destroyed a lot of furs, which he proved by the remnants he produced from his game bag.

On every succeeding visit which he made to his traps the result was the same, until at length he was thoroughly disheartened and could hardly be persuaded to hunt at all. Finally one evening he came to me looking somewhat brighter.

He told me that if I would do my best to help him he thought he could propitiate his one-time friend and ally but now open enemy *Kwing-wa-ka*. He then explained that he had determined to make a feast in honour of *Kwing-wa-ka*, but it must be no common feast.

"If you will give me," said he, "some flour, raisins, currants and sugar I will make a feast that will please him."

Now, the ingredients he asked for were not articles of trade at all; but the officers had a limited allowance of these "luxuries" as they were called in those days. However, as he was a good hunter, I was desirous of pleasing him and accordingly granted his request. He also asked as a particular favour that the *Okemas-quas* should bake the flour into cakes. This I also granted.

That evening I was invited to the feast, but as the reader will understand, I was not the guest of honour. That distinction was for the invisible *Kwing-wa-ka*. When the food was produced our host made a long speech, addressing *Kwing-wa-ka* by name and pouring a libation of tea and throwing a portion of each kind of food into the fire in his honour. His address was somewhat as follows:

O Kwing-wa-ka, hear me! I have made this feast in your honour. It is no common feast. Here before us is food only used by our masters the traders. This food cost me a lot. Why have you become my enemy? You know I kept my word and never hunted you or trapped you. You know, or you ought to know, that the snare in which you hung yourself was never set for you. You know that it was set for Pi-sen (the lynx). Why, then, did you kill yourself in it? And then why did you turn to be my enemy and begin to break my dead-falls and cut my snares and tear up my furs? Pity me Kwing-wa-ka. Come, let us now renew our old compact. Let us be friends again. I, for my part, will never hunt you or harm you. Hear and pity me, O Kwing-wa-ka!

Both before and after the feast there was a smoke. After the first puff or two the pipe was pointed to the four winds and then to the skies, and *Kwing-wa-ka* was invoked, very much in the same words that I have recorded.

"I think it will be all right. Wait and see."

Next morning he made a visit to his traps and snares. He was absent two nights. I happened to be outside when he returned. I saw at once by his sprightly manner and look that he was in good spirits. Sure enough, he had made a good haul and the wolverine had not touched his traps or furs, nor did he ever bring home a torn skin during either that or the following winter.

Soon after that I left the district. Several years later, in passing Touchwood Hills, I happened to meet my old friend Awassis. I inquired of him how he and the wolverine were getting on. He laughed as he replied:

"We are still good friends. He has never harmed me once since I made that feast, and I have never done him any evil."

MAKING HAY ON WENDIPS

WEST COUNTRY WANDERINGS

BY H. M. CLARK

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

IT has been said that the beauty of England begins at Bath nad runs westward. While the statement divorces grace from the eastern half of the Kingdom, yet where will you match the varied charms of the country between Bath and the Atlantic. Deep meadowed valleys that give way to lonely moorland, steep rolling cliffs that drop abruptly into the sea and sweeping uplands glorious with gorse and heather—the source of bubbling streams that flash, foam-flecked, to become placid rivers flowing amongst richly-wooded pasture. And the spell of beauty is but one of its charms, for the background of every landscape in this West Country is a wonderland of tradition and romance.

The friendly greeting of the road, given in broad, soft accents, betrays a kindly people who live and work as their forefathers lived and worked and to whom haste and the things of this generation are unknown. And the roads are Roman roads, smoothed for your wheels by two thousand years of travel, but if you would hear of pixies, brownies and witches, if you would catch the spirit of the West Country, you will at times be ready and willing to walk.

With the Holy Grail legends haunting my memory, we hurried to Glastonbury. For it was to Glastonbury—which is the Island Valley of Avalon, the burial place of King

THE GORGE OF THE AVON

A beautiful bit of West Country Scenery

Arthur—that Joseph of Armathea carried the Holy Grail. We climbed Werrill Hill where the pilgrims, "weary all" with their long pilgrimage, rested, and where Joseph thrust his staff in the ground, where it at once took root and blossomed, at Chrstmas time, for centuries. The Sacred Thorn is no more, but in a garden near the Abbey ruins you are shown a flourishing scion which still puts forth its leaves when other trees are bare.

You will find few ruins more picturesque than these ivy-clad relics of a dead church. Little enough remains, for neighbours—whose minds turned to the practical—treated the ruins as free building material. The *Red Lion Inn* annexed the entrance gate of the Abbey and other houses in the town betray doorways, windows and loose stones. Worse than this, cartloads of richly-sculptured stones were used for making a road over the marshes to Wells.

The marshes have become mellow-pastured fields from which sleepy cows gaze languidly over the sweet-smelling hedges. And Wells to-day is—save for the electric light—unchanged from the Wells of three hundred years ago—a miniature city built round a great ecclesiastical

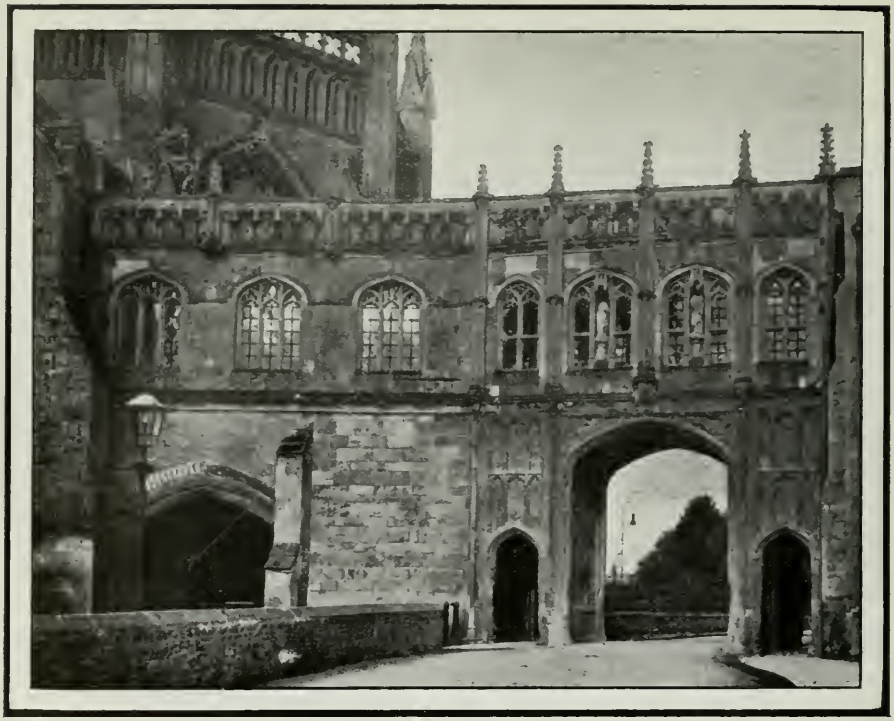
THE DRAWBRIDGE

Entrance to the Bishop's Palace Wells

establishment. The market square was deserted. A dog approached us from the shadow of a doorway, blinked in the sunlight and collapsed into slumber, and a small boy with heavy eyes took us slowly to the Cathedral. "The Strenuous Life" would never have been written in Wells.

The Gothic Cathedral is an exquisite gem, the west front suggesting delicate lace-work rather than stone. You marvel at the skill which strengthened the tower by the inverted arch and at the bold proportions of the nave. Some of the stones bear the mark of the mason who laid them. The heavy sunshine lay without and it seemed better to stay awhile 'mid the oaken benches noting the graceful line of the arches and dreaming of these masons who worked without gain to make a beautiful church.

In the days when the Bishop built his palace the relations between Church and State were not of the friendliest. Therefore the residence of this Man of Peace is surrounded by a wide moat. The drawbridge, when lowered in earlier days, led to the gatehouse, which was flanked by towers conveniently pierced for transfixing with arrows the unwelcome stranger; and above his head was the portcullis, a long row of spiked iron bars—a lever was pulled and they fell, perforating any arrow-proof



THE ENTRANCE TO THE BISHOP'S CLOSE, WELLS

visitor. If occasion demanded a shower-bath of boiling lead was also on hand. The doughty enemy who survived these fearsome armaments and, hewing a swift way through the oaken door, crossed the threshold, was doubtless greeted by the diplomatic prelate with "Peace be unto you."

Wells forms, in conjunction with Bath, the bishopric of Bath and Wells. There is a pleasant story of the origin of this episcopal connection. Both the bishoprics being vacant, a Scottish divine was asked by the King which of the two he would prefer. The minister replied in broad Scottish "Baath," a word which the King understood as meaning "both." The ambition of the embryo bishop so pleased the King that he gave him both.

On the Cheddar Road I joined company with a local game keeper. Together we walked and discussed pheasants and crops and witches—for witches still exist in Somerset—even "white witches," which are men witches. One old woman in a Mendip Village had just lately consulted a witch in Wells because her pig was "overlooked." The pig was "took ill" and she at once concluded that some malicious person was casting on it the "Evil Eye." To counteract the effects of the "Evil Eye" the witch ordered a sheep's heart to be stuck full of pins and roasted before a fire. Whilst this was being done the neighbours chanted the lines:

> It is not this heart I wish to burn
> But the person's heart I wish to turn,
> Wishing them neither rest nor peace,
> Till they are dead and gone.

They closed the proceedings by reciting the Lord's Prayer backwards. The pig recovered.

The Somerset native will talk of pixies, brownies and other myths, but he personally is not superstitious. My

THE TWISTED COLUMN

Old-fashioned Church at Compton Martin

companion was explaining that a man who sits gazing steadily into the fire is suspected of the "Evil Eye." "Some folks then take the tongs and turn the largest piece of coal upside-down, and say 'the Lord be with us.'" He himself didn't trouble with such fancies. Further on the road we met a man who "squinted." As soon as the man had passed my companion expectorated three times, then, catching my eye, blushed pink.

"It don't do to be superstitious," explained ths two hundred pounds of muscle, "but if you meet wi' anybody with a north eye, spat dree times."

The conventional view of Cheddar Gorge from the road is fine enough—a chasm of blue-gray limestone cliffs so narrow that the effect of height is strangely intensified. But if at times you delight to wander from the beaten track, you will part company with the road where it sinks at the top of the Gorge and slowly and happily climb the hill. From the cool of Larchwoods so dense that the sunlight cannot dispel the gloom, the path emerges upon the crest of the high cliffs. You catch your breath at sight of the abyss and on the verge of an overhanging crag you lie down to look at the road 430 feet below. It is not good to stand upright and gaze down that jagged wall. A poised shadow betrays a hawk's nest nearby, and a young pine clings desperately to its crevice. Lower still the white road curves and winds out of view and, except for the rustle of the trees, no echo of sound reaches the ear. Westward you overlook the Cheddar Valley, hedged into green chessboard squares and, more distant still, the Bristol Channel. Beyond the Gorge a lonely farmhouse with stone-walled fields clings to the skirt of the

ROAD THROUGH BURRINGTON COOMBE

moorland: and to the south, the hills sink into blue distance. Heather and gorse are in bloom and the hillside is a blaze of yellow and purple. The buzz of bees mingles with the fragrance of heather, and the air is soft and heavy with laziness. You watch the fleeting shadows that run before a summer cloud and the shift and play of the sunshine on the distant waters of the Channel; and then lie back with arms behind your head and your mind adrift with one little cloud on an ocean of blue sky.

But the sun rides high and, base thought, hunger is upon you. The white road winds through Burring- the low, bracken-strewn hills—and passes the "Rock of Ages," the cave in which the Reverend Toplady, overtaken by a sudden storm, took shelter and was inspired to write the famous hymn.

The sun shone brightly in the Coombe, but as I neared the Village of Compton Martin I joined a farmer sheltering beneath a cottage porch from a brief rainshower.

"Don't you wear no hat outdoors?" he questioned.

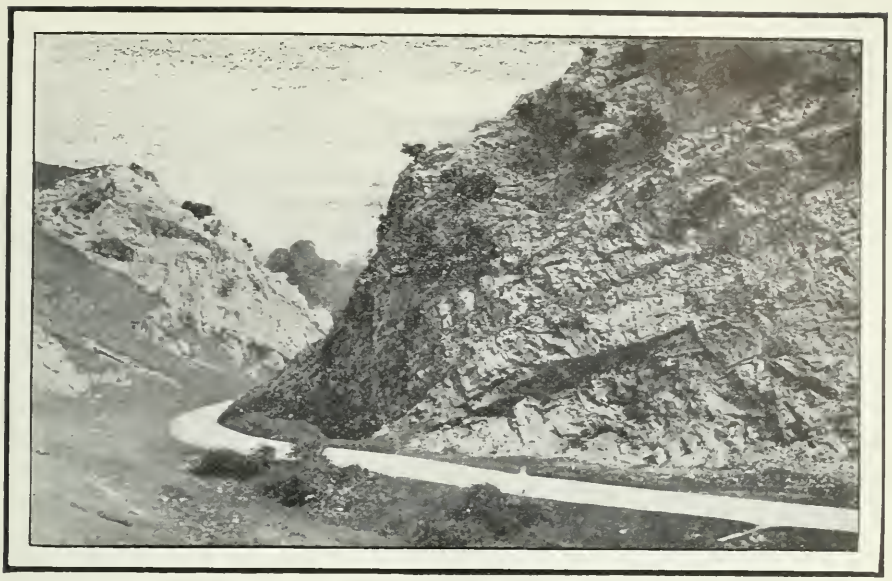
In the country I love to walk bareheaded. Wherefore I replied:

"No."

"It ud kill I dead as hay."

Very tiny are these West Country villages, but their names are full-sounding and pretentious and withal picturesque: Keinton Mandeville, Farringdon Gurney, Nether Stowey. How came they by these names? The archæologist is silent or uncertain. Of tradition you must inquire the true story. Listen to the christening story of the village of Chewton Mal-reward:

In a certain village near Chewton lived a strong man. He was so strong that all men feared him and no man dared gainsay him, for he overthrew all his adversaries. The fame of his strength reached the King, who was travelling in that country with his courtiers. And the King came to the village and commanded that the strong man be brought before him. and the King said:



THE "ROCK OF AGES," BURRINGTON COOMBE

It was under the shelter of this rock that the famous hymn was composed.

"What feat can you perform to prove the stories that men tell of your strength?"

And the strong man replied:

"I will carry two full-grown men to the top of yon church tower."

"If you can do so great a deed I will well reward you," promised the King.

So the strong man seized a full-grown man and held him under his right arm and seized another full-grown man and held him under his left arm, and carried them swiftly up the hill to the church and mounted to the top of the church tower, still carrying both the men. But when he reached the top, and even as the King and his courtiers were applauding, both the men fell dead, so strongly had he grasped them. And the King, in great anger, commanded his soldiers to slay the strong man. So they called that place Chewton Mal-reward.

Numberless are the little stone churches, each one more picturesque than the last. Indeed, so many religious establishments are there in this county that the saying arose:

As sure as God is in Gloucester.

Yet superstitions persist and dead faiths and dead beliefs lie thick upon the countryside. The belief in pixies is widespread. The "science" of folklore defines pixies as the souls of unbaptised infants. The West Countryman refers to them as the "good people," doubtless by way of propitiation, for these curious little beings have qualities both good and bad. For the same reason, when the "pixies house"—a little stone cave on the moor—is visited, the peasants drop in a pin as an offering to the sprites.

Said an old farmer: "They be mortal fond o' water, they pixies. They'll do lots of chores for 'ee if 'ee only set a basin full o't somewhere handy for they."

When mischeviously inclined, pixies delight to lead travellers astray, so that people are said to be "pixie-led" when they lose their way in the dark. The safeguard is to turn your coat inside-out, which process con-

A FIFTEENTH CENTURY WEST COUNTRY FARMSTEAD

founds the evil spirits. A Torrington man was leaving his work, in a wood, when a strange feeling came over him. As he did not return for the evening meal, his wife went to look for him. After some time she found him dripping wet.

"I've been pixie-led for three hours!" he exclaimed.

"You girt fule, why didden 'ee turn your pockets in an' out," was the comfort he got from his wife.

The smooth white road lies before you, and in the shade of stately elms you gaze over the hedges at the landscape beyond—hedged, green fields with sleek sheep pasturing, heavy foliage of elm trees and farther still in the dwarfing distance more trees that slowly fade into the golden mists of late afternoon. Groomed hedgerows lead to the cluster of gray stone cottages that betokens a village. A church, a rectory and a thatched inn with mullioned windows and gardens of old-fashioned stocks and roses, complete the group. Very beautiful is this little village. Placid and hushed and lonely, it nestles in the slopes of the valley, and within its gates no feverish activity will spur the idler to action.

Supper was at seven in the inn. Precisely at the hour a lusty voice cried "Pudd'n time."

"Pudd'n time," I learned, means "dinner time," because in Tudor days dinner began with the pudding —a custom which still prevails in parts of the West. Silently, as befits a stranger in a strange land, I listened to the talk after supper. The conversation turned on church music and choir singing. The singing in the village church was deteriorating, it appeared. A silver-haired farmer explained how they used to sing.

"My zakes, 'ow thase yer byes shid sing whane they wiz got ther tu ther plaaces. Hymns or Psalms, twiz aul wan tu thay. Yew cudn master thay nowaays, an' tha wimmen-vokes bechimin' in wi' the baas. My ivvers.

it med everywan's 'eart fer tu bate wi' 'oly jye an' rivrince, zo it done."

Where else will you find the haunting placidity of this West of England countryside, the atmosphere if immemorial civilisation and the landscape mellowed with a tenderness that only centuries can give?

And where else will you find the West Countryman—broad of accent, and kindly-mannered, living in a past of strange beliefs, intolerant of a present which seeks to give him agricutural innovations and haste and things modern?

The statement that West Countrymen have no sense of humour, however, is unfair. It is one of their many charms. Listen to the reply which met a haste-ridden traveller who inquired:

"Where does this road go to, my man?"

"Zur, I cannot tell 'ee. I've knowed 'un bide 'ere these twenty year."

HARBOUR MOONRISE

By L. M. MONTGOMERY

THERE is never a wind to sing o'er the sea
On its dimpled bosom that holdeth in fee
Wealth of silver and magicry.
And the harbour is like to an ebon cup
With mother-o'-pearl to the lips lined up,
And brimmed with the wine of entrancéd delight,
Purple and rare, from the flagon of night.

Lo, in the east is a glamour and gleam,
Like waves that lap on the shores of dream,
Or voice their lure in a poet's theme!
And behind the curtsying fisher boats
The barge of the rising moon upfloats,
The pilot ship over unknown seas
Of treasure-laden cloud argosies.

Ere ever she drifts from the ocean's rim,
Out from the background of shadows dim
Stealeth a boat o'er her golden rim;
Noiselessly, swiftly, it swayeth by
Into the bourne of enchanted sky,
Like a fairy shallop that seeks the strand
Of a far and uncharted fairyland.

Now, ere the sleeping winds may stir,
Send, O my heart, a wish with her,
Like to a venturous mariner.
For who knoweth but that on an elfin sea
She may meet the bark that is sailing to thee,
And, winging thy message across the foam,
May hasten the hour when thy ship comes home?

THE RIGHTS OF THE FRENCH-CANADIANS

BY W. S. WALLACE

"Canada is a dual country, and on every inch of its soil French-Canadians should enjoy with English-Canadians equal rights in regard to both religion and language."—M. Henri Bourassa, in Massey Hall, Toronto, St. Patrick's Night, 1912.

THIS quotation embodies a new and startling version of the Canadian Constitution. Hitherto it has not been unusual to find French-Canadian writers and speakers referring in an impassioned manner to what they have termed their "treaty rights"; but few people have taken the trouble to inquire what these are. When, however, a prominent French-Canadian politician is found asserting before an English-speaking audience that Canada is in fact a dual country, in which the two races are on an equal footing, it is time to examine the grounds for his contention, and to inquire just what rights and privileges the French-Canadians are morally and legally entitled to on Canadian soil. And for the sake of greater clearness, it will be convenient to divide the inquiry under the three heads of law, religion and language.

I. To what rights are the French-Canadians entitled in regard to law?

The system of law in force in New France from 1664 to 1760 was that known as the *Coutume de Paris,* the variety of local customary law prevailing in the country immediately adjacent to the city of Paris. It was under this system of law that the distinctive institutions of New France, such as the seigniorial system of land tenure, developed. When Canada surrendered to the British in 1760, how far was the continuation of this system of law promised. The answer is to be found in the Articles of the Capitulation of Montreal. The French general, Vaudreuil, made the request (Art. 42) that "the French and Canadians shall continue to be governed by the custom of Paris, and the laws and usages established for this country"; and the reply of the English general, Murray, was, "They become subjects of the King." It will be observed here that nothing was either promised or refused; certainly no guarantees were given. In the Royal Proclamation of 1763, which was the constitution of Canada from 1763 to 1774, there occurred, however, the clause:

"All persons inhabiting in, or resorting to our said colonies may confide in our royal protection for the enjoyment of the benefit of the laws of England."

Lord Hillsborough, who was in 1763 President of the Board of Trade and a member of the Cabinet which drew up the Proclamation, afterwards denied that the abolition of the French civil laws was contemplated by this clause. But if the English language is intelligible, what can the clause mean but that, by implication, the *Coutume de Paris* was to be abolished? As a matter of actual practice, however, it was found impos-

sible to abolish that part of the French law which had reference to land tenure and contracts. It was found absurd to attempt to construe the terms of seigniorial tenure by reference to the rules of English free and common socage, and to interpret contracts made under the *Coutume de Paris* by reference to the rules of the English common law. Therefore in the Quebec Act, which was passed in 1774, a compromise was made. To the English was given English criminal law, which was universally admitted to be better than French criminal law; but the whole body of French civil law was brought into force, seigniorial tenure, marriage law, contract law, and all; and the basis of the civil law of the Province of Quebec to-day is the *Coutume de Paris*. It is interesting and significant to note, however, that, according to the terms of the Quebec Act, English freehold tenure was to prevail where desired in the unsettled parts of the colony, in what are now the Eastern Townships and the Province of Ontario.

This, then, is the state of the case in regard to law. The French-Canadians were granted civil, but not criminal law; this concession was made in 1774, not as a matter of right, but as a matter of administrative policy; and the operation of the French civil law in regard to land tenure was confined only to the settled parts of the colony.

II. What rights have the French-Canadians been granted in regard to religion?

Here, too, it is worth while to refer to the original documents. In the Articles of the Capitulation of Montreal, the following demand was made by Vaudreuil:

"The free exercise of the Catholic, Apostolic, and Roman religion shall subsist entire, in such manner that all classes and peoples of the towns and rural districts, places, and distant posts may continue to assemble in the churches, and to frequent the sacraments as heretofore, without being molested in any manner, directly or indirectly. These people shall be obliged by the English Government to pay to the priests, who shall have the oversight of them, the tithes and all the dues they were accustomed to pay under the government of his Most Christian Majesty."—(Art. 27.)

The answer of General Murray was almost as non-committal as his answer in regard to the laws:

"Granted as to the free exercise of their religion; the obligation of paying tithes to the priests will depend on the King's pleasure."

In the Treaty of Paris, however, the guarantees given by the English Government in regard to the Roman Catholic religion in Canada seem at first sight to be more definite. In the fourth section there occurs the sentence:

"His Britannic Majesty, on his side, agrees to grant the liberty of the Catholic religion to the inhabitants of Canada; he will consequently give the most precise and most effectual orders that his new Roman Catholic subjects may profess the worship of their religion, according to the rites of the Romish church, as far as the laws of Great Britain permit."

What is noteworthy here, however, is the last clause, "as far as the laws of Great Britain permit." In 1763, the laws of Great Britain did not permit a Roman Catholic to hold office in the army or the navy or the civil service, to sit in the House of Commons, or to serve on a borough council. It was not until over half a century later that the Catholic Relief Bill of 1829 was passed. The measure of religious liberty granted, therefore, to the French-Canadian Roman Catholics in 1763 was not, it may readily be seen, a very large one.

In the Quebec Act a policy of conciliation was adopted toward the French-Canadians. The American Revolution was at that time imminent, and it was deemed advisable to attach the French-Canadians to the British Empire by ties of self-interest. In view of the influence of the Church over the habitants, it was thought advisable to conciliate especially the good wishes of the Roman

Catholic clergy. For this purpose, the demand of the French general was at last granted, and the payment of tithes by Roman Catholics was enforced by law; and the payment of tithes by Roman Catholics is enforced by law in the Province of Quebec today. This concession was possibly the means of saving Canada for the Empire, because when the American expeditionary force under Arnold and Montgomery invaded Canada, less than four hundred French-Canadians joined it, and the great body of the habitants remained neutral. But one should beware of assuming that the price paid for the loyalty of the French-Canadians was greater than it really was. It is a mistake to assume that the Quebec Act established the Roman Catholic Church in Quebec. That it did nothing of the sort may be seen from the fact that for many a long day the English Government refused to give more than an informal recognition to the Roman Catholic Bishop of Quebec. As late as the beginning of the nineteenth century, the official title of the Bishop of Quebec was Superintendent of the Roman Catholic Church*

Since 1867, however, a new set of problems has arisen in Canada in connection with the Roman Catholic Church in Quebec. The British North American Act set up in Canada a federal form of Government, with local autonomy granted to the several provinces—to Quebec as well as to Ontario. The British North America Act, for instance, grants to each of the several provinces control of direct taxation and of "property and civil rights within the province." If, therefore, the Legislature of the Province of Quebec chooses, on the one hand, to exempt monastic lands from taxation, although the lands may be employed in commercial enterprises, and if, on the other hand, it chooses to grant the franchise to the members of these monastic orders, who, having taken the oath of poverty, do not possess the necessary income qualification for voting—that is entirely the business of the people of Quebec. And unless the people of Ontario wish to go behind the Act of Confederation, there is no remedy available for that state of affairs, except it be the Dominion power of disallowance over provincial legislation; and that power is diminishing every year.

The British North America Act grants to the provinces control of "the solemnisation of marriage within the province." It is interesting to notice that this was not a feature of the seventy-two resolutions passed by the Quebec Conference in 1864; in that Conference, the representatives of Quebec agreed that the whole subject of marriage and divorce should come within the jurisdiction of the Dominion. The change was apparenty made in London at the instance of the English Government. In view of the fact that the meaning of the British North American Act in this regard is still *sub judice,* no good purpose would be gained by enlarging on the subject here. But if the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council should decide that the canon law of the Roman Catholic Church is the civil law of the Province of Quebec in regard to the marriage of Roman Catholics, then the people of Ontario should recognise that such a state of affairs is no business of theirs. An agitation in Ontario against the marriage law of Quebec would be, under such circumstances, as reasonable as an agitation in Quebec against the way in which marriage is solemnised in Ontario.

Under certain restrictions, the provinces are given by the British North America Act the control of education within their borders. This has meant that in the Province of Quebec, the

*See Church History from the Archives: a Study, by Canon Kittson. (Kingston, Church Life Press, 1911.)

public schools have fallen into the hands of the Church.* That the work done in these schools is wretchedly bad in the country districts, is admitted on nearly all hands. Nor is the work done in the English Protestant separate schools any better. The educational system of the Province of Quebec, whatever may be the cause (and it would be absurd to lay all the blame at the door of the Roman Catholic Church), is in a deplorable condition. But once more it must be observed that the cure for this state of affairs rests with the people of the Province of Quebec.

In the Province of Ontario, the Roman Catholics are guaranteed by the British North America Act a system of separate schools. That is part of the price which the people of Upper Canada had to pay for Confederation. Not content with this, however, the French-Canadians have striven to have separate schools imposed on Manitoba and the new provinces in the West. In 1896, in 1905, and in 1912, the whole weight of the French-Canadian Church has been thrown in this direction. M. Bourassa, who seems incapable of reading constitutional documents intelligently, pointed recently to the British North America Act as the basis for the French-Canadian claims regarding separate schools in the West. It may, however, be confidently asserted that any one may read that Act through backwards and forwards without finding any phrase or clause contemplating the imposition of separate schools in the West. And nothing could be clearer than the language of the Quebec Resolutions; in them to the local Legislature is given the power of making laws concerning education, "saving the rights and privileges which the Protestant or Catholic minority in *both Canadas* may possess as to their denominational schools, *at the time when the union goes into operation.*" If the British North America Act entitles the French-Canadians to separate schools in the West, why do they not apply to the courts to have the Act enforced? They would do that if any attack were made on the separate school system of Ontario.

The truth is that the Roman Catholic Church has such wide powers in Quebec that it finds it difficult to curb its pretensions in the other provinces, especially when the motive power of French-Canadian nationalism is behnd it. But the day is not far distant when an anti-clerical movement may sweep Quebec; and then the French-Canadian Church may lose even that to which it is by law entitled.

III. What rights have the French-Canadians in regard to language?

Regarding the status of the French language in Canada, there was nothing said either in the Articles of Capitulation, or in the Peace of Paris, or in the Royal Proclamation of 1763. In the Quebec Act, however, the French civil law was granted to the French-Canadians; and it followed as a natural result that the French language was given a standing in the law courts. With this exception, the official language of the colony was presumably the English language under the Quebec Act and the Constitutional Act. What the official language of the country was from 1841 to 1867, however, the Union Act made quite clear:

"And be it enacted that from and after the said reunion of the said two provinces, all writs, proclamations, instruments . . . shall be in the English Language only: Provided always, that this enactment shall not be construed to prevent translated copies of any such documents from being made, but no such copy shall be kept among the records of the Legislative Council or Legislative Assembly, or be deemed in any case ot have the force of an original record."

Thus the Union Act. But in 1867 part of the price Canada had to pay for Confederation was the official re-

*See Sait: Clerical Control in Quebec, ch. IV.

cognition of the French language in Canada. That fact cannot be gainsaid. Yet even here qualifications must be made. The French language was not to be everywhere official.

"Either the English or the French language may be used by any person in the debates of the Houses of the Parliament of Canada and of the Houses of the Legislature of Quebec; and both those languages shall be used in the respective records and journals of those houses; and either of those languages may be used by any person or in any pleading or process in or issuing from any Court of Canada established under this Act, and in or from all or any of the Courts of Quebec." (British North America Act, sec. 133.)

That is to say, the French language is now on a par with the English language in the courts and legislatures of the Province of Quebec and of the Federal or Dominion Government; and rightly so. But it has, by the British North America Act, no constitutional standing in any of the other provinces, except by enactment of the Provincial Legislatures.

In the speech from which the quotation at the head of this paper is made, M. Bourassa waxed very sarcastic over the view that the French-Canadians should be hived in Quebec, just as the Indians of old were hived on their reserves. Yet such is the view of the case that is supported by a study of the constitutional documents. Quebec is the French-Canadian reserve; it is there and there only that the constitution provides for the perpetuation of the French-Canadian civil law; it is there and there only that the French-Canadian church enjoys its peculiar privileges; and if the French language is officially recognised in the Federal Legislature and the Federal Courts, it is only because it is fair that, under a federal form of government, the French-Canadians should be able to make themselves understood.

A LOVERS' QUARREL

BY ETHELWYN WETHERALD

"TO-MORROW at two-thirty, then," said the minister.

"Yes," replied the girl. "Aunt Clara said the luncheon would probably be served at one, and over by two. That would leave twenty minutes in which to show that I hadn't come exclusively for what I could get to eat and ten minutes to get back to 199. I'll be there not later than half-past two."

She held out her hand, for they had reached the corner of the street.

"Good-bye, dear."

"Good-bye, dearest," said the minister.

They looked into each other's eyes for a heavenly moment. In a few months they were to be married and would no longer be under the cruel necessity of separating after each day's walk. Meanwhile it was matter for gratitude that Pauline had come up from her country home on this extended visit to her aunt, Mrs. Bingham. Half a loaf is undoubtedly better than starvation. Ronald MacClure was almost ready to believe that it was as good as repletion. Had they been wedded for years, they could not, he felt, be blended into a more perfect spiritual oneness than these weeks of daily communion had brought to them. He walked home with quickened step, his rather austere visage lighting up, as he seemed to feel her light elastic figure still keeping pace with him and her interested face turned to his.

Pauline's face was always interested. That was its special characteristic. At the luncheon next day she took such unaffected pleasure in the talk of the dozen ladies assembled at Mrs. Abbey's that they all inwardly considered her charming. The rural hunger for social intercourse is not easily appeased, but another country appetite, even more primitive, was aroused in Pauline by the lateness of the hour at which luncheon was announced. The clock in the dining-room was striking two as they took their seats at the table, and Pauline reflected that, in rustic parlance, she would have to "eat and run as the beggars do," in order to keep her appointment with Ronald. At 2.20 the guest whom she mentally denominated the wittiest woman present, was telling a piquant anecdote, which was greeted with refined little shouts of applause. At 2.25 (Pauline happened to be sitting where she had a full unescapable view of the clock) she was thinking with dismay that they were barely through with the salad course, and there would surely be confections and creams to come. "Why, it is too late for me to go now anyway," she thought. "I couldn't be in time, even if I go at once. Finding the house uninhabited, Ronald will know that I am unavoidably detained, and he will be glad to think I am having so much pleasure."

Notwithstanding this declaration of faith, Pauline was not at ease. At the first movement to depart she hurried into her wraps, and got out on the street with nervous speed.

"Poor Ronald," she said to her aunt. "I'm afraid he feels disappointed. I promised to meet him at the house at 2.30."

"At 2.30?" echoed Mrs. Bingham.

"Why, we were at luncheon then. Do you think he will be annoyed?"

Pauline laughed out of the rich abundance of the love she knew to be hers. "No, indeed, Auntie. When a man loves a woman it takes more than a trifle to annoy him."

Nevertheless she quickened her pace. As the bells were ringing for four she ran up the steps of 199, leaving her aunt to chat for a moment with an acquaintance on the street. On the topmost step her heart leapt, then sank, and she softly breathed, "My poor boy!" There, on the narrow porch, traced with a cane on new fallen snow, was the one word "Ronald."

It looked so sadly reproachful, so wistful, so desolate, that she had an impulse to bend and blot it out with tears—or kisses—but instead, she hastily obliterated it with her foot.

"I will make it all right with him to-morrow," she said. "Perhaps he will come this evening."

But he did not come that evening.

"He will surely come in the morning," she said, the last thing before she slept.

But he did not come in the morning.

His usual hour for calling was at 2 p.m. When, on the stroke of the clock, she heard his step and voice in the hall below, she was filled with irrational joy. She had never before been so glad to see him. Without waiting for him to be announced, she flew down to the little reception room and greeted him with the headlong directness which testified to the ardour and sincerity of her affection. Putting a hand on each of his shoulders she said, "Dear Ronald! Dear, dear love!" and pressed her cheek to his.

On this occasion he did not kiss the cheek so near his lips, nor respond to her endearing words with others as sweet, nor draw her down beside him on the sofa. Instead, he inquired:

"What is wrong? What prevented you from being here yesterday at half-past two?"

"Why, Ronald," said Pauline, still smiling, "I couldn't be here. We hadn't got through half the courses at that hour."

"Oh," he said. The monosyllable had a curiously chill remoteness. Her hands fell to her side. He said "H'm," and cleared his throat. Then he sat down on the sofa. She remained standing, looking at him. He said, "Sit down," and she sat down.

"I didn't want to stay, Ronald, but I didn't know how to escape. They kept on eating till after three o'clock. I never saw anything so elaborate. I couldn't offend Mrs. Abbey by running off."

He remained rigid for a perceptible pause. Then he spoke with a sort of repressed intensity.

"I reached here yesterday at 2.30 precisely, rang the bell repeatedly and waited five minutes. Then, as I was chilled, I walked around the block, and rang again. As there was no response I walked several blocks and returned at 3.10, and repeated the process of ringing and waiting. When I was thoroughly chilled I went home."

"Oh, I am so sorry. I had no idea you were having such a dreadful time. I pictured you as waiting a moment or two and then going off with a smile, saying, "She is having a lovely time and I am so glad."

The rigid figure did not unbend.

"Oh, I am *so* sorry," she said again, "and yet I don't see what I could have done." She looked at him beseechingly. "I am so sorry, Ronald."

He turned to her sternly.

"Sorry! Sorry for what? That you broke your word?"

"Sorry that I couldn't keep it."

"You could have kept it. You *should* have kept it. Physical inability to keep a promise is the only excuse for breaking it. My disappointment, my discomfort, are noth-

ing. It is the principle involved. It is dishonourable not to tell the truth."

The girl's face was scarlet. She could scarcely breathe.

"Don't you see, Pauline," he continued in gentler tones, but she interrupted him in a voice that sounded strange in her own ears:

"Oh, yes, I see! I should have risen from the table at a quarter past two and told my hostess that her comfort and convenience were not to be considered before yours." She laughed hysterically. "That would have been the truth."

"No, it was not I—it was your promise—that was of the first importance. And really, Pauline, it is not at all uncommon for city ladies, who have a number of engagements, to leave in the middle of a luncheon. You might have mentioned to Mrs. Abbey before you went out to the dining-room that you had an appointment at 2.30, and she would have excused you at the proper time."

"I suppose I might," she admitted, "if I had ever heard of such a thing being done; but I have lived in the country all my life. I am ignorant of social ways."

He did not answer for a moment. The relief that comes from having spoken one's mind freely and forcibly was visible on his face. "I should have considered your inexperience," he said gently, "and made some allowance. But it shook me so, Pauline, to think that you *could* break your word."

"Oh, I frequently do that," said Pauline with affected composure. "It is my favorite pasttime."

"Dear Pauline, you are joking. I *know* you will never break your promise to me again."

"On the contrary I shall do so at once. I have promised to marry you. I will never keep that promise."

She tried in vain to steady her voice. What would she not have given to be cold and self-possessed? But her cheeks burned, her eyes were excited almost to the point of tears. Her hands shook.

"I said a while ago that I was sorry for the way things turned out yesterday. That was another falsehood. I am glad—glad!"

She rose to her feet, trembling all over, and then, clasping her shaking hands to her flaming face, she burst into a passion of tears and ran from the room.

The minister waited a long time, but she did not return. He was dazed and confounded. How incredible it was that his Pauline, the girl who was all gentleness and kindness and good sense, whose light-hearted raillery and sympathetic understanding of his moods had given him more pleasure than the world had yielded him in all his life before—how unbelievable that she should have turned foolish and preposterous, like the light-weight heroine of a novel.

The next afternoon he was again in the little reception-room, looking hopefully toward the stairway. She had had time to cool down and see the folly of hysteria. For his part he would ignore the outburst of yesterday—he could be magnanimous enough for that.

There was a familiar rustle on the stairs, and he rose eagerly. Pauline came in—a different Pauline from any he had ever imagined could exist—a cold, pale girl, tired but unbending. She held out her hand.

"How do you do?" she said.

His heart melted as he noted the signs of suffering in her face.

"My poor child," he said. He lifted her extended hand to his shoulder and drew the other cold palm to its accustomed resting-place. When he let go of her wrists to draw her frozen face to his they slipped to her side as though of their own weight. She drew back out of reach of his arms.

"Won't you sit down," she said.

He stood looking at her.

"Dear precious love, I have been thinking of you every waking moment since we parted—thinking of you and

loving you. Don't you know that, sweetheart? 'Better loved you cannot be, will you ne'er come back again?' ''

The tenderness of his voice shook her from head to feet, and the tears came to her eyes. She wiped them away and said nothing.

''Don't you love me, Pauline?'' he asked sadly.

''Oh, yes, indeed. I love you with all my heart and soul.''

He came forward joyfully, but was stayed by her bitter laugh.

''You forget I am untruthful. When I say I love you with all my heart it means I don't care a straw for you.''

''Dear Pauline, what have I done?''

She faced him with hard bright eyes.

''You have done me the greatest possible favour. You have shown me the folly of my engagement to marry you.''

''Do you mean that, dearest?''

''I mean to put our relation on a common sense basis. I will always be your good friend—''

''Oh, darling—''

''No. I will not be darlinged. I said your friend.''

They went for their usual afternoon stroll. The next day they took another favourite walk, and the next day another, the girl still maintaining an adamantine friendliness, the man reminding her, in a hundred small poignant ways, that the only bridge across their chasm was love. The fourth day it rained and they sat in the small parlour. ''May I read some passages to you, Pauline?'' he asked.

''Yes, please,'' she said, with her usual bright willingness to be entertained; and wondering what poet's book he was searching his pocket for. When he drew out a Bible she mentally remarked:

''This, I suppose, is the usual resort of the ministerial mind when baffled. He is going to crush my haughty spirit with appeals from Holy Writ.''

The minister selected a chapter vibrant with grief and tenderness and yearning love. The girl sat bitterly scornful .Then suddenly the force of association took her back twenty years to the time when she was a small lawbreaker, consigned to supperless solitude, broken only by her father's impressive reading of this same chapter. She could taste again that wet, salty pillow and feel the convulsive sobs that shook her little soul to its foundations.

Suddenly Pauline broke down. She was a little sinful child again, and her tears were those of an excited child, not knowing why they should be shed, but prostrated by a sense of her own misery. Without feeling her heart changing in the slightest degree toward the man who had outraged her spirit, she leaned forward and wept irresistibly.

Like most men, Ronald believed feminine tears to be a mark of infirmity of purpose. He did not dream that any woman could look like the yielding waves and be the rock beneath them.

''Pauline, dearest, don't cry so. I can't bear it.''

He reached timidly for her hand. She drew it dispassionately away.

''Oh, yes, you can. Everyone can bear more than he thinks he can.''

''Pauline, dear love, you will make yourself ill. I wish you would let me comfort you, my little girl.''

Her tears broke forth afresh.

''It would be a real comfort if you would go away—and stay away.''

He went without a word.

But the next day he returned.

''Dear, it must be that it is my fault—this breach between us. I must have done wrong in some way. I don't know in what way except that I ventured to point out what seemed to me a fault in you. I am very sorry I did so. If you will come back to me, Pauline, I will never again offend you in that way.''

The window was open, and a breath of spring was coming in. She looked at him in consternation.

"Not tell me my faults? What nonsense, Ronald! Of course you must tell me my faults and I must tell you yours—that is if we decide to renew—to renew—"

He came forward with his joy rigidly repressed.

"That is the idea. When we decide to renew—"

"I said *if* we decide to renew—

"The old relations—"

"The old relations, we must most assuredly try to help each other by pointing out defects."

"I see," he said. Intense bewilderment struggled with his happiness. "But what— Oh, Pauline, *what* did I do to offend you?"

"Don't you *know*, Ronald?" And then in answer to his look, "Oh, no, no, no, of course you don't!"

She walked up and down the room, beating her breast with softly clenched hands. "You can't be expected to know. You poor *man!* I knew all men were dense, but I didn't suppose—"

She burst into laughter. Then she ran to him, clutching his shoulders in both hands, and shaking him to italicise her words.

"It wasn't that you told me my fault. It was because you told it in a cross, stern, rigid, frigid, unbearably horrid way. Why didn't you tell me the truth in love, you dear clumsy faultfinder?"

He drew her to him then, and they kissed each other in perfect understanding at last.

MARITIME PROVINCIALISMS AND CONTRASTS

ARTICLE II.—PLACE-NAMES

BY F. A. WIGHTMAN

THOUGH closely bound together by the strong ties of material interest and social intercourse, the Maritime Provinces of Canada have many distinguishing features and contrasts. This may seem all the more strange since unitedly they do not represent an area greater than the island of Newfoundland, and they have in general identical conditions of life. These contrasts, striking as they in some cases are, may nevertheless admit of some explanation. In a general way they may be laid to the differing physical features of the country and the varying sources from which each province drew its earliest inhabitants; for exclusive of Indians and Acadians, each province had different sources for its basic English speaking population.

In New Brunswick the foundation stock was almost absolutely of United Empire Loyalist origin. At the close of the Revolutionary War a large body of these heroic people came to the fertile though forested valleys of New Brunswick, then part of Nova Scotia, to seek new homes under the flag of England. It is true that some United Empire Loyalists settled in Nova Scotia and others in Prince Edward Island, but in New Brunswick they figured most largely and formed the basis of the country's population. The only exception to this was the fringe of settlement along the north shore which came direct from Great Britain at a little later date. These United Empire Loyalists, making use of the splendid natural waterways of the country, penetrated to the very heart of the land, laid the foundations of the City of St. John, and immediately petitioned for a separate provincial charter, thus severing the Nova Scotia tie. Segregated, as it were, in this way they naturally impressed their own peculiar customs and ideas upon the territory they inhabited and governed.

With Nova Scotia proper the history of early English occupation was somewhat different. This province, as now constituted, was the centre of the old Acadian activity, and after the fall of Louisburg and the deportation of the supposedly disloyal French, their vacant lands attracted the attention of the New Englanders who came over to Nova Scotia in large numbers. Thus, nearly a quarter of a century before the advent of the United Empire Loyalists in New Brunswick, large areas of Nova Scotia were occupied by migrating New Englanders who came from the Massachusetts colony which was not yet affected by the taint of rebellion. These people also brought their New England customs with them, engrafting them on the land of their adoption. True, a few of these pre-Revolutionary settlements were formed in

New Brunswick but the great bulk of the people found homes on the vacated lands of the deported Acadians in Nova Scotia proper. These people, though very similar to the United Empire Loyalists who settled in New Brunswick, were nevertheless distinctive, having customs and pecularities of their own. It may be remarked here that the eastern shore of Nova Scotia and the Island of Cape Breton, like the north shore of New Brunswick, were later settled by immigrants from the old country.

In Prince Edward Island the basis of the early English population came almost wholly by direct immigration from the United Kingdom, the few refugee Acadians and United Empire Loyalists being the only exceptions. Prince Edward Island, as is generally known, was about this time divided into sections called "lots" and distributed among various military and other gentlemen in recognition of their services to the Crown. This instituted a sort of landlord system in the new world similar to that prevailing in the old. Incidentally we are reminded that this system continued till swept away by the terms of Confederation. There were, however, a few conditions which these absentee landlords were under obligation to fulfil in order to obtain the patent to their lots. One of these required them to settle a number of persons upon their lands within a stipulated time; and, though it is doubtful if the conditions were strictly lived up to, it had the effect of bringing over to the Island large numbers of people from all parts of the United Kingdom. They, of course, brought their old country ideas with them, as the New Englanders and Loyalists had brought theirs to the neighbouring provinces. These differences of origin will largely account for the contrasts, not only in the customs and usages, many if which still survive, but also in the place-names of the land.

In the matter of place-names the peculiarities and contrasts are quite apparent and a brief study of them can hardly help but prove interesting. Each province, while possessing many of the ordinary and expected place-names, nevertheless has two or three general types which may be regarded as peculiar to itself and in contrast to the others. Let it be understood that this article only proposes to point out in a general way these contrasts; it is not intended to be in any sense a history of the place-names of these provinces. For the Province of New Brunswick at least the history of her place-names has been well covered by Professor Ganong.

One rather striking peculiarity, almost, if not quite, amounting to a contrast, is noticed in the place occupied by the original Indian names. Though the Indians are slowly but surely disappearing before the more versatile and virile white man, they still live and ever shall in the names they have given to many physical features of the land.

Ye say they have all passed away,
That noble race and brave;
That their light canoes have vanished
From off the crested wave;
That 'mid the forests where they roamed
There rings no hunter's shout;
But their name is in your waters,
Ye may not wash it out.

Ye say their cone-like cabins
That cluster o'er the vale
Have fled away like withered leaves
Before the autumn's gale.
But their memory liveth on your hills,
Their baptism on your shore;
Your everlasting rivers speak
Their dialect of yore.

There is something pathetic in the obliteration of these noble men, and as they gradually disappear they become a rapidly-diminishing factor in the country of which they were once the sole occupants and owners. Probably this is more true of Eastern Canada than others parts of the Dominion. In Newfoundland they long since disappeared, and in the Maritime Provinces there remains but a feeble remnant of a once powerful na-

tion. Their footprints, however, remain in the place-names in many parts of the Maritime Provinces and especially in New Brunswick. The pathos of the spectacle of this vanishing race has frequently been a subject for the poet's muse.

The Micmac left no sculptured gods,
No temples made of stone;
In misty caves, in storm-tossed clouds
Manitou dwelt alone.

But names remain on hill and plain
Of this once powerful race,
And in those liquid Micmac words
Their presence yet we trace.

Where Aspatogan lifts her brow
Unblushing to the sea;
Where crashing ice-cakes dash and break
On lonely Scatarie;

Where turbid waters settle and foam
Round Glooscap, Chebooktook;
On Tusket's Isles, where sea-gulls rest,
And heron on Panuke;

The rushing tides of Pesiquid
And Shubenacadie;
The level meads of Tantramar,
The falls of Konomee.

No Micmac now on Cobequid
Hunts moose or caribou;
And alien races change the names
Which once were named by you.

In Prince Edward Island both the Indian and his original place-names have almost disappeared. Only six or seven places in the whole Province now retain their original designation, and these generally of places of minor importance, such as Tignish, Mimnigash, Cascumpic, Bedeque, Piequid, and Malpeque. The last is now of more than local interest as being the home of the famous Malpeque oyster. These, I believe, are the only Indian names to be found in Prince Edward Island. In Nova Scotia, though Indian names are much more numerous, they are relatively scarce, and a diminishing quantity. Two counties, Pictou and Antigonish, and a few rivers and bays represent the Indian place-names of Nova Scotia to-day.

In strong contrast to this is the frequent occurrence of Indian place-names in the Province of New Brunswick. There are many rivers great and small in New Brunswick, and some fifty of them still bear names given them by the Indians. In other words, with few exceptions, Indian names are used to designate the waterways of this Province. The most notable exception is the river St. John, the Province's largest river; but in all likelihood it would have still borne its Indian name had it not been for the mere accident of its discovery by De Monts on St. John's Day. As it is, it is frequently spoken of as the "Wygoody" or "Ouangondy" of Indian times, names which many think preferable to the present designation, both for the river, and the city which shares its name.

In addition to the rivers, Indian names also clung to islands, bays and lakes. This prevalence of aboriginal names might, to some extent, be explained by the friendly relations existing between the early white settlers and the Indians and a desire to have these maintained, or perhaps to avoid confusion to the traveller since the rivers were the only highways of transportation in the early times. Be this as it may, there are evidences that the New Brunswicker has clung to the Indian names from preference. Two counties in the Province, Restigouche and Madawaska, bear the red man's names; and in giving names to many of the towns and villages of the country, Indian names were chosen in preference to others, such as Richibucto, Shediac, Tabusintac and many others.

It is also significant that when the new stations on the several trunk railways running through the Province were named, many were given Indian names, bearing some relation to the surrounding country. Where the original Indian names were forgotten an appropriate Indian name was used to replace it. Many of these stations have now grown to be towns and villages of considerable importance. In this manifest preference we

think New Brunswick is to be commended, since many Indian names are musical in sound, and all indicate some striking feature of the surrounding country. Some, it is true, are a little difficult of pronunciation, such as Rouchibouguacis, Quatawamkedgwick, Magaquadabic and Chipnitneticook, and many others. When, however, the name is over-long or difficult it is immediately adjusted to easy speech by the ever-ready process of abbreviation. A good example of this is found in the name of an attractive highway leading out of St. John. The original name is Magawagonish, but few of the present generation know its original form, since, for at least a century, it has been spoken of as the "Mahogany Road."

The prevalence of Indian place-names in New Brunswick, we think, sustains the claim that it is both a striking peculiarity, and in striking contrast to the sister provinces. De Mill's lines are suggestive of this fact.

Sweet maiden of Passamaquoddy,
Shall we seek for communion of souls
Where the deep Mississippi meanders,
Or the dark Saskatchewan rolls?
Oh, no! In New Brunswick we'll find it,
A sweetly sequestered nook,
Where the swift gliding Skoodawabskookis
Unites with the Skoodawabskook.

Let others seek loudly of Saco,
Of Passadumkedg or Miscouche,
Of Kennebecassis or Quaco;
Of Mirimachi or Buctouche;
Or boast of the Tobrique or Mispec,
The Musquash or dark Memramcook,
There's none like the Skodawabskookis
Excepting the Skoodawabskook.

Another peculiarity and contrast in the place-names of New Brunswick is the frequent occurrence of the affix "ridge" in such places as Butternut Ridge, Basswood Ridge, and scores of others. Names of this type occur in all parts of the Province, though chiefly in the southwestern section. The probable explanation of this peculiarity is to be found in the physical features of the country and the methods of early settlement. The people at first settled in the rich river valleys, but in time occupied the high rolling lands between the valleys where good soil was to be found. These higher portions of the country, so characteristic of New Brunswick, were naturally called "ridges" as distinguished from the valleys, and they seem likely to retain this designation. In Nova Scotia this affix is but sparingly used, and not once in Prince Edward Island, hence the contrast.

A somewhat striking peculiarity of Nova Scotia place-names is found in the frequent occurrence of the word "port" either as a prefix or affix. Scattered all along the hundreds of miles of Nova Scotia coasts this word occurs as part of the name of some harbour, village or town. Examples of such are Hantsport, Port Hood, Port Hastings, and Port Maitland, and perhaps a hundred others. The new terminal of the Mackenzie and Mann railroad system in Nova Scotia has been recently christened Port Wade, thus indicating the continued popularity of this type of name. The idea is distinctly New England in origin and, of course, came over with the early settlers from the colony of Massachusetts and other New England points. Newburyport, Bambridgeport and Eastport are examples of its New England origin and use. In New Brunswick the term only occurs twice, and these places are close to the Nova Scotia boundary, while in Prince Edward Island only one place is so designated. Thus in this respect Nova Scotia is in striking contrast to the other provinces.

If Prince Edward Island has any striking contrast in place-names it might be regarded as being noticeable in the frequent use of numbers rather than names. The system of land holdings in the form of "Lots" already referred to, accounts for this practice. Though these lots have now neither proprietary, political, or civil meaning, the number of the lot is still in common use as a means of designation. Every well-posted Islander is familiar with the location

and bounds of all the old lots, and on all maps of the Island the lots are still marked and numbered. This seems a little strange since the country is also divided into parishes, which have apparently little significance, while for local political purposes the country is divided into electoral districts, also designated by numbers. The use of numbers in place of names is both confusing and peculiar to a stranger, though to the native born it seems to be quite the proper thing. So prevalent is this custom that post offices and railroad stations are sometimes so indicated.

While the origin of this peculiarity is natural enough its continuance seems to indicate a dearth of suitable place-names or a conservative clinging to established practices. In this respect the Island presents a contrast quite unique in its way. Frequently, however, when names are given, the tendency is toward the opposite extreme in the use of very long names or notable ones for small communities. Charlottetown, for instance, has probably a longer name than any other city in Canada, while Summerside, the secind city of the Province, is a close second in the length of its name.

Another Island peculiarity in place-names is in the use made of the names of the roads to designate a person's residence in much the same way as would be the case in the streets of a city. Most of the roads have specific names and these, very frequently, take the place of community names. Thus Mr. Jones or Mr. Brown may be said to live on the Graham's road or St. Peter's road or Baldwin's road, or a hundred others. Similar to this is the use of the term "Cross" as applied to the point where several roads meet, and which in other provinces would likely be referred to as Brown's corner or someone else's corner. In Prince Edward Island such cross-road villages are almost invariably spoken of as "The Cross," such as "Victoria Cross," "Kelly's Cross," and numerous others.

As well as having these peculiarities in contrast, these provinces by the sea have a few place-name peculiarities in common. One of these is the prevalence of the names of the various patron saints in all these provinces. Few of these ecclesiastic worthies have been forgotten in the nomenclature of the land, from good St. David down to those of modern times. This obtains, not only in the French, but also in the English-speaking parts of the country, and may indicate the piety of the early inhabitants. Their deep loyalty to the Sovereign is made equally prominent in many of the counties, towns and parishes by the names they bear. Doubtless the stirring times which tested the loyalty of men, making the loyal still more deeply so, accounts for this commendable peculiarity. Thus in Prince Edward Island we have King's, Queen's, and Prince counties, with their county towns Charlottetown, Georgetown and Princetown. Similarly the mainland provinces each have their "royal" counties.

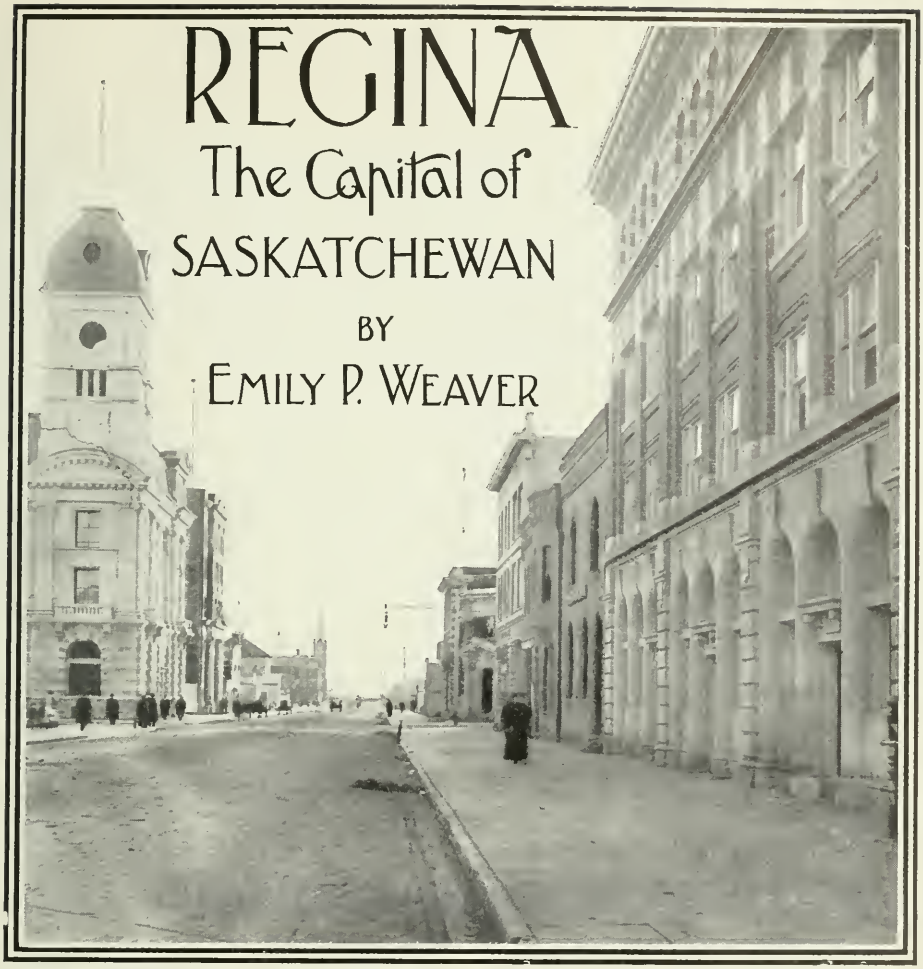
But if loyalty and piety seem to have been marked qualities in these pathfinders of Empire, what must we conclude from another type of place-name? If in addition to the saints referred to, we find such places as Canaan, Paradise, New Jerusalem, Hebron, and The Minister's Face, what must we think of such names as The Devil's Back, Devil's Head, The Devil's Cornfield, The Devil's Oven, Brimstone Hollow, and Sodom? Perhaps the pious inhabitants spoke thus of these places by way of warning the unwary traveller. It is, at least, significant that The Devil's Back is situated between The Minister's Face and New Jerusalem.

In the July Number Mr. Wightman will contribute an interesting account of the common customs and ways of the Maritime Provinces.

REGINA
The Capital of SASKATCHEWAN

BY

EMILY P. WEAVER



SCARTH STREET, REGINA

REGINA has a brief but interesting history. From its very beginning it has held the dignified position of Capital, being at first the seat of government for the Northwest Territories, which comprised an area far greater than the present Province of Saskatchewan. In the first place it owed its pre-eminence amongst the little settlements of the prairies to the fact that it was situated on the line of the Canadian Pacific Railway and to the choice of Lieutenant - Governor Dewdney, though it is on record that Qu'Appelle (or Troy) and Fort Qu'Appelle, then an important trading-post and a station of the Mounted Police, competed eagerly for the honour. The latter was, however, sixteen miles distant from the railway line, and this no doubt weighed with the authorities in deciding against the claims of the picturesquely situated little hamlet. Indeed it was distance from the line of the projected railway that obliged the removal of the seat of government from Battleford.

Dr. Begge the historian of the

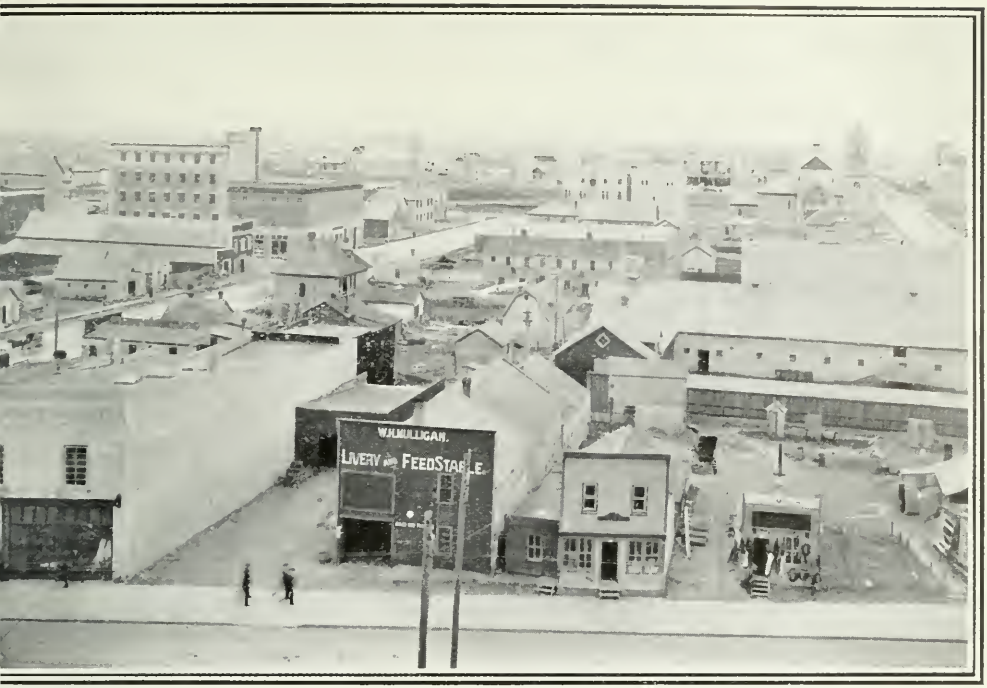
A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW

Northwest suggests that Governor Dewdney's choice of a site for the Capital was a compromise, arrived at as "the only solution of the rival claims of Troy-Qu 'Appelle and Fort Qu' Appelle," and he adds that "either was in every respect more suitable for the site of a city than the blank, unattractive spot on which the Capital has been built."

Since that was written, Regina has had a quarter of a century in which to prove her right to existence, and I think that she has done it, though even to-day she remains in many respects a typical prairie town. Situated in the midst of the vast, open, treeless plain, "ready to laugh with a harvest" whenever man chooses to plough and sow the soil which for long ages has grown only rich grasses and lovely flowers, Regina must be a prairie town: but even in their virgin state the broad plains are not so utterly blank and featureless as one who knows them only from photographs is inclined to imagine. As there is one glory of the sun and another glory of the moon, so there is the glory of the mountain and the glory of the plain.

And the glory of the plain is akin to the glory of the sea, with the sweep of its fresh, free breezes, the terror of its storms, the almost daily wonder of its ruddy sunsets. As the world of waters answers to the changing skies, so the plain multiplies the already varied hues of its rich vegetation by evanescent lights and shadows caught from the floating clouds; and even when man comes in and covers the land with wheat and oats and barley, with blue-flowered flax and glistening corn, he has only added a few notes to the glorious harmonies of colour wrought out on the plains, as the currents, the weed-beds, the underlying rocks lend infinite variety to the hues of the ocean.

But it is true, notwithstanding, that nature has not endowed the place



OF REGINA CITY

where Regina stands more richly than many another spot on the prairies that will never become the site of a great city. It is not with Regina as with many capitals, which, occupying some commanding eminence, or standing beside some commodious harbour or mighty river, appear to have been destined from the beginning for a great centre of human industry.

Regina is situated by a mere rivulet, the Wascana or Pile of Bones Creek; and, so far as the making of the city is concerned, it has been with the little capital as with many heroes of industry and finance. She may be described as "self-made," for her good fortune is largely due to her own exertions, or, rather, to those of her citizens.

I had almost said of her children; but considering that, if one counts from the advent of the first settler, Regina is only thirty years old and that many of her inhabitants are very newcomers indeed, the time-worn metaphor is hardly appropriate. Rather one must think of her citizens as her fathers and her nurses who delight in her growth as parents rejoice in the strength and vigour of their firstborn and who labour to acquire for her a large share of every good gift attainable in the way of civic privileges and transportation facilities.

Surely, by the way, these young towns and cities of the West are peculiarly happy in their power of kindling the enthusiasm of their inhabitants. Too frequently the citizens of older communities accept them, for better, for worse, as a matter of course, and make little effort to contribute towards their improvement; but this is rarely the case with a young city. It is more common for every man, woman and child to play the champion for her, fighting for her interests in season and out, upholding her name and fame against all.

FOUNTAIN IN VICTORIA PARK, REGINA

In this there may be some element of selfishness, for all the chances of advancement belong to the "live," growing towns, but it is by no means all a matter of dollars and cents. In part the prevailing spirit surely arises from the fact that in a new country all well-directed effort has a tendency to bring swift and visible and rich returns and it is natural to speak well of the road that has led to success.

Regina, during recent years at least, has never lacked a full complement of public-spirited citizens, who have worked to advance her interests as keenly as they work for their own; but their task has been the easier for a kind of fairy godmother's gift, which has very materially smoothed her path to prosperity.

In 1903, the City of Regina received a grant from the Dominion Government of lands representing the Government's interest in the original townsite of Regina, owned conjointly by the Government and the Canadian Pacific Railway Company. The transfer of these lands was made in 1904, the year before the Act creating the new Provinces of Saskatchewan and Alberta came into effect; and the possession of this property, which year by year increases in value, has enabled the municipality to undertake various public works without cost to the citizens.

For instance, Regina can boast that her handsome City Hall, which was completed in 1908 and cost $200,000, did not add by one cent to the burdens of the tax-payers. In other ways this endowment has been of untold benefit to the city, enabling her to offer exceptional advantages to distributing houses seeking a location in the West. On its own land the city has constructed a system of spur tracks, which can be extended as required: and it offers sites for warehouses at the low price of $200 a lot with a 25-foot frontage.

Capital as it was, for long years Regina was by no means remarkable for progress. For a couple of decades it droned out its

ELEVENTH AVENUE, REGINA

placid existence, a mere hamlet in spite of its railway connection, its police barracks, its court-house and all the rest of its official buildings, which were widely scattered over the prairie and stood well apart from the few business establishments clustered by the railway station.

In 1885, the name of Regina became familiar to all Canadians in connection with the Northwest Rebellion and with the trial and execution of Louis Riel. The Rebellion was followed by investigations into the grievances of the Half-breeds, and, as a result of the inquiry, the first elective Assembly of the Northwest Territories was convened in 1888 at Regina, which thus made a great forward step in its history as a capital city. But its population still numbered only a few hundred souls, and at the beginning of this century it had not two thousand people all told. Yet the hour of its awakening was close at hand—an awakening which it shared with many another thriving, striving little town, living, like itself, scarcely more on its vast surrounding wheat-fields than on the hopes and promises of a future still more golden.

By the opening of the twentieth century, the restless, enterprising American pioneers, finding the scope for their energies continually narrowing in their own country, turned their attention to the Canadian West. Soon they began to migrate across the border in steadily increasing numbers, and the fact that prosperous American farmers thought this a good enough country to emigrate to, proved a persuasive argument with people of the British Isles and other parts of Europe in opening their eyes to the merits of the Dominion.

Being comparatively close to the international boundary line, and having connection by the Canadian Pacific Railway with the great markets of the world, Regina speedily

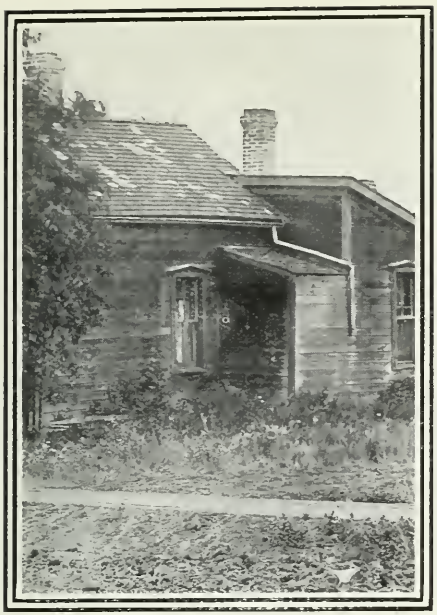
felt the throb of the fresh life that was pouring into the country. Its era of rapid progress may be dated from 1903. During the four years from 1901 to 1905, its population more than trebled, a gain which future years made to seem only normal. In 1910, for instance, the city could claim a population of 18,500, and last year, owing in part to the extension of the city limits, in part to the arrival of new-comers, the number of inhabitants had increased to 25,000, or about ten times the population of a decade earlier.

If, as I think must be admitted, Regina owes little to natural advantages of situation, she certainly owes much, like many of her sister towns in the West, to the extraordinary railway devevlopment of the last few years. As already mentioned, she owed her crown as capital largely to the coming of the Canadian Pacific Railway, the highway which, though in a fashion they could never dream of, has fulfilled the design of the old explorers to make a pathway to the Orient. A few years later, the little city gained a link with the rich lands to the north, by means of the Regina and Prince Albert Railway. This was afterwards absorbed by the enterprising Canadian Northern Railway Company, which is ever pushing out its branches into new regions, thus bringing into touch with the wants of the older world more and more of the seemingly boundless resources of the new. Still more recently, within the past summer, the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway has touched Regina —in fact the welcome given to the first train of this third great railway company to enter her limits, was one of the most interesting events which marked the holding in Saskatchewan's capital of the Dominion Exhibition of 1911.

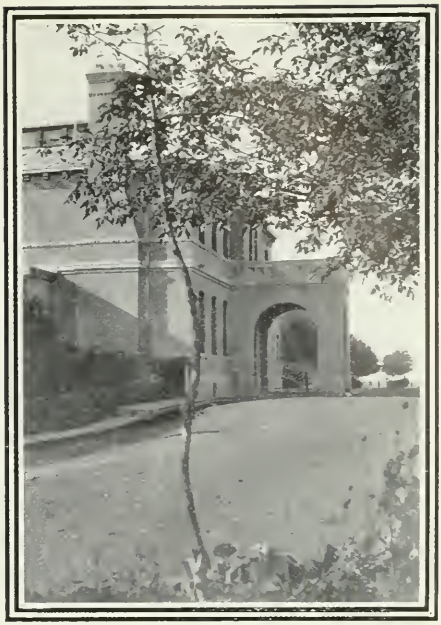
Counting the different branch lines of the several companies, of which many are already in use and others are to be constructed very shortly, Regina will soon possess no less than eighteen lines running out of the city. Having no great rival in any direction for many miles, Regina is the distributing centre for a district of something over 60,000 square miles and the headquarters of no less than five hundred commercial travellers.

In one respect—the distribution of agricultural implements—it is stated that Regina leads the world; and when one sees the great buildings on the outskirts of the city devoted to this trade and also the multitude of binders, steam threshers and gasoline engines awaiting transportation at the freight stations, it is easy to credit the statement. In 1910 Regina firms sent out to the farmers of the district no less than $25,000,000 worth of implements, and no doubt the figures for this year will be still higher.

Profiting perhaps by the melancholy experiences of some older communities, Regina has embarked largely upon the principle of municipal ownership. As the Capital of the Province, its experiments in this direction will certainly be watched with interest and its example in all probability will be followed by many other towns and cities. The city owns her own waterworks and electric light and power plant. By the latter, started some seven years ago, she supplies her citizens with light and power at a rate which has been gradually reduced till now it is extraordinarily cheap, especially to large consumers. Very recently, on August 1st of last year, a new municipal enterprise was put into operation in the shape of the Electric Street Railway. It is by the way the first street railway to be built in Saskatchewan. At present the distance traversed is small, but that its extension will be rapid goes without saying, when one considers that Regina already boasts some seventy-five miles of graded streets and covers an area of about thirteen square miles, while she is growing, as we have seen, at an ex-



GOVERNMENT HOUSE, REGINA 1885)



GOVERNMENT HOUSE, REGINA (1912)

traordinary and at the same time reasonable rates.

As to this the result is the same, whether you choose to test her advancement by bank clearings, post office and customs returns; by city assessments and the prices asked and paid for city property; by the number of new businesses estabished in the city; by increase in population and the value of building permits; or merely by what is patent to every observer whether he chances to be interested in statistics or not. Early and late is heard the sound of the builder's tools, and in certain quarters of the city new houses, and other buildings besides houses, are to be counted by the score. In fact during the first four months of last year, permits for building to the value of almost one million two hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

Like most Western towns, Regina presents strange contrasts—many-storeyed office buildings and handsome hotels standing cheek by jowl with little shabby frame erections, which try in vain to conceal their insignificance with ugly hoardings tacked across their gables; mud roads (though there are some well-paved streets) cut into ruts of alarming depth by heavy waggons and adventurous automobiles, outlined on either hand by the trimmest of concrete sidewalks; and rows of elegant suburban villas, many of which would do credit to the wealthiest of Eastern cities, breaking off with startling suddenness, to leave you on the ragged edge of the great lonely-looking prairie. Indeed, almost in the heart of the city are points where you may stand in the middle of the street and look up and down to catch glimpses of the far-away blue on the horizon that reminds you first of the sea, then of those years, not very far in the background, when the spot where you stand was the centre, not of a city street, but of a wide, wild landscape of waving grasses and changeful lights and wandering shadows—when indeed there was nothing save a pile of white buffalo bones, to hint that

THE PARLIAMENT BUILDING, REGINA

Looking across Wascana Lake

man had ever found his way thither.

But, if you have caught the spirit of the West, you will not be tempted long to linger with thoughts of the past, though its picturesqueness furnished much of the adventurous romance that delighted one's childhood. You will turn instead to the future or, better still, to the present; and if Regina is in some things suggestive of a half-grown girl who has lost the grace of infancy and has not yet attained to that of womanhood, the Queen City of Saskatchewan is by no means without attractiveness.

To drop metaphor and come to facts, Regina possesses many handsome and some beautiful buildings. Perhaps there is no point in the city from which one can gain a better general idea of its excellencies and limitations, as far as architecture is concerned, than from the pleasant square known as Victoria Park. This little green spot, with its fountain and its flower-beds, its young trees, and its neatly kept turf is a charming bit of Regina, especially when the sun is getting low in a pale clear-blue sky and the soft western light is throwing its glamour alike over the green garden and the surrounding buildings of red or creamy brick. The little square is all but surrounded with churches and public buildings, including the massive Land Titles Office and the home of the Young Men's Christian Association. Moreover, from the park one can catch a glimpse of one or two of Regina's many handsome schools, and of the domed turret of the Post Office Building, a beautiful edifice of rich-coloured stone.

The building, however, which promises to be the pride of Regina and of the Province is hardly to be seen from the square. The new Parliament Buildings, by this time practically finished, unfortunately do not occupy a very commanding position, and at first the great pile strikes one as very long and very low. As one draws nearer, however, the impres-

siveness of the building increases and one realises that it is much higher than at first appears. Between the Parliament Buildings and the city, Wascana Creek has been expanded, by damming up its waters, into a lake, no less than seven miles long and half a mile wide at its broadest part. Upon this the citizens of Regina disport themseves in boats and canoes on warm evenings, and there is held the regatta that is an annual event. Trees have been planted in the adjoining park and when these attain their growth the lake shore will be a charming spot, whilst already it is from a point looking across the lake that one obtains the most pleasing view of the Parliament Buildings, with the water as a fore ground to the imposing gray pile with its central tower and fine dome.

Within, the building was still unfinished, when I visited Regina, but already many of the offices were in use, and it was possible, even in its incomplete state, to form an idea of the future beauty of the grand entrance hall, with its shafts of polished marble supporting the richly designed mouldings of the cupola; of the dignity and spaciousness of the legislative chamber, with its excellent lighting and wide galleries; and of the more homelike charms of the members' dining-room," which, panelled in oak and having its ceiling supported by fine oak beams, recalls to the mind some of the old English college dining-halls. There is another large dining-room, already in use, for the clerks and officials of the government offices, but to a woman visitor this was scarcely so interesting as its necessary adjunct, the great kitchen. Here steam and electricity and artificially-made ice are all pressed into the service of the little army of cooks and their assistants, and even the dull routine of the dish-washing is robbed of half its terrors by scientifically contrived appliances.

From the home of the elective portion of the Government, it seems natural to turn to that of the dignified official, who represents his Majesty; but in itself the Government House of Saskatchewan possesses no great interest for the passing visitor. It is merely a large, plain substantial house, suggesting solid comfort more emphatically than vice-regal dignity. It has one great charm, however. It stands in grounds beautiful with velvety lawns, and gorgeous flower-beds, and is shaded by trees which are unusually well-grown for the prairie country.

A few rods distant are the Barracks of the Mounted Police, and there also shady trees grow about the houses of the officers and in the grassy square which for a centrepiece has a tall flagstaff. The place was pervaded when we saw it by men in khaki, busy, for it was the early morning, about various homely duties. This year the city limits have been extended to take in the Barracks, though practically they must always have seemed an important part of Regina throughout its brief existence.

After the creation of the Province of Saskatchewan, there was a season of uncertainty as to whether Regina should remain the capital or whether the honour should pass to a more youthful rival. On this occasion, the question was decided not by the Governor, but by the assembly. Thus Regina (so named by the Marchioness of Lorne, in honour of Victoria the Good) now reigns the capital city of Saskatchewan by the vote of the representatives of the people, and is in a fair way to fulfil the glowing prophecy of an enthusiastic poet, who years ago saw in a vision:

A splendid city on a boundless plain,
Around rich land where peace and plenty reign;
. . . . . .
A teeming mart, wide streets, broad squares, bright flowers,
A marble figure whence a fountain showers—
What city's this? A gentle princess famed
For happy genius it Regina named.

THE ACTRESS AND THE GEARED LADLE

BY MARGARET C. ROSS

"DORLAND," I said, reflectively, to my very prosperous looking friend, "do you believe there is a destiny which shapes our ends? Or, in the graphic words of Mrs. Wiggs, that we sometimes aim at the cemetery and land at a first-class fire?"

"Well, my destiny," said Dorland, who is the junior partner in a large iron manufacturing firm, "was largely shaped by one of the most alluring little actresses that ever trod the boards" (for which last phrase I claim no credit. I owe it entirely to a habit of extensive reading).

Dorland pointed above his head as he spoke to a large photograph of a well-known actress in saucy boy's attire, and with an autograph scribbled across the middle.

"The original of that photograph," he went on, with assumed pomp, "was incidentally the founder of my fortunes. Whenever I look at it I shed tears of gratitude."

"Cut out the emotional parts, Dorland," I said, "and get down to facts."

Dorland's propensity for drawing towards him Arabian Nights enterments is well known to his friends.

The imperturbable one lit his pipe and gazed into space, in the most approved reminiscent manner.

"Several years ago," he began, "when I started out in the world to play a lone hand, I was a crude young cub, without any specialty, and with the usual problem on my hands of finding "X." In pursuit of this elusive quantity my occupations ranged from clerking in a country store and selling enlarged photographs (the kind you identify mostly by their buttons) to touring the country in the interests of a new baking powder concern. This last was the most spectacular phase of my career. With a gaily painted waggon, four girl demonstrators, and a clown, we travelled from town to town, blazing a trail."

"Fortunately, it wasn't considered a criminal offence, and perhaps in some occult way, I contracted the habit of rising from the baking powder, for at the next turn of fortune's wheel, I found myself representing a quite responsible New York firm, engaged in manufacturing foundry supplies. My first year in their employ was of no particular benefit to the firm, and a number of caustic letters repudiating the idea of its existence purely as a training school, had given me several bad quarters of an hour. One day in the late autumn I landed in Toronto, with instructions to secure the most desirable account in the city or face the alternative of losing my job. My situation was pretty desperate. The buyer of the firm in question was a dour old Scotchman, who had the reputation among travelling men of being a man-eater. He had bought exclusively from one firm for many years and apparenty had formed the

habit. My last and only interview with him had been painful in the extreme, consisting mostly of an entrance and an exit.

"The thought of approaching him again sent cold chills down my spine. But on the other hand the remembrance of my past Bohemianism acted as a bracer. I simply couldn't go back to it.

"The one asset in my favour was an acquaintance with Norrie, the old superintendent of the plant, who had originally come from my own little town. Accordingly, I dropped in on Norrie to get up my courage and see if he could put me next to anything.

"Norrie listened to my tale of woe and scratched his bald head. I could see that he thought I was about to be thrown to the lions, but he spoke encouragingly. 'Well, Dorland, I'd like to help you out for the sake of your father,' he said. 'Now, the old man is going to order a geared ladle for us. There's very little difference between the one you are handling and that of the company he has always dealt with, but I'll specify yours, and tell him that no other will answer our purpose. After that it's up to you.'

"I shook Norrie's hand and went away with this forlorn hope. In the afternoon I went down to the office and sized Mr. Buyer up through the glass door. He was looking grimmer and more forbidding than ever. Summoning all my courage, I walked in. He gave me a sidelong glance and busied himself at his desk. Reaching for a convenient morning paper, I seated myself where he could not turn without facing me, and waited. For the next half hour he ignored my existence. He read his mail through twice, wrote several letters, and then attacked a pile of newspapers, from every quarter of the Dominion, while waiting for me to begin my plan of attack, but I still kept perfectly quiet.

"Suddenly he turned, his patience evidently at its limit, and snapped viciously, 'Well, young man! What do you want?'

"While pretending to read, I had been studying him intently, and had noticed that he spent a considerable time over the racing columns, appearing particularly interested in a full-toned cut of a horse named Forthunter, which was to run next day for the big Canadian racing trophy —the Queen's Plate.

"I looked at him quietly for a moment and then said, 'Mr. Douglas, I just dropped in to ask what you think of that horse, Forthunter?'

"His face changed like magic. He leaned towards me confidentially, and tapping me on the knee said, 'Young man, that horse is going to win.' We discussed horses of every kind and description for over an hour, and fraternised over a short experience of mine as a cowboy in Wyoming, where he had been in his early youth. At the end of this time, feeling reassured, I warily led up to the real object of my call, but I shortly found that he knew more about geared ladles than Norrie or I had suspected and that our friendly intercourse had not made him oblivious to his duties as a buyer. The best price I could quote him was considerably in advance of that of my competitor.

"As I rose to go, greatly crestfallen, he extended his hand, and inquired if I were staying over for the race next day. On my replying that I had no acquaintances in the city and did not care to go alone, he said quite cordially, 'Suppose you drive out with me? It will be a pleasure to have the company of a young man so well informed about horses.' It is unnecessary to say that I accepted with alacrity.

"His confidence in Forthunter was fully justified, and as we drove back to the city the next day, Mr. Douglas's geniality left nothing to be desired. He accepted my invitation to dinner, and proved a most entertaining companion, with a range of interests one never would have suspected.

Over our coffee I felt emboldened to suggest that we look in at the *Princess,* where I had reserved a couple of seats, and where the lady of the photograph was making her first appearance in a Canadian city, in a bright little musical comedy.

"When she came out that night her charm and piquancy made an immediate hit. Mr. Douglas was among the enthralled. He scarcely took his glass away from her during the first act, and seemed quite oblivious of my existence.

"When the curtain fell he turned to me. 'By Jove, she's stunning, isn't she?' he exclaimed. 'How would you like to meet her, Mr. Douglas?' I asked in a spirit of mischief. 'Do you know her?' he replied quickly. 'No I have never seen her before, but all the same I'll introduce her to you to-morrow if you like.' 'Do you know any one who does know her?' 'No, I do not.' 'Well, then, I'll wager you ten dollars that you do not introduce me to her.'

"Whether it was sheer audacity or inspiration that led me on, I have never been able to determine. Perhaps a mixture of both.

"'All right, Mr. Douglas, I'll take you,' I said. 'Sometime to-morrow the little lady will have a chance to complete your conquest.'

"After I left Mr. Douglas at the end of the performance, I strolled over to the *King Edward,* which was one of the show places of the city at that time.

I knew that I had as much chance of meeting the pretty little actress as of being given the freedom of the city by the mayor, but as I reflected on what Mr. Douglas's account would mean to my future, one wild plan after another revolved in my brain.

"I was standing at the counter of the big hotel, a few moments later, talking to the night clerk. Suddenly a sensation very like that of an electric shock went over me. The actress, with a companion, a tall dark young woman, who looked like a foreigner, had just come in. They stood not two feet from me while the clerk got them the keys of their rooms. It was what you newspaper men call the "psychological moment." The gods were throwing down the gauntlet this time, and once more I took the dare.

"The two young women turned towards the elevator, and I heard my lady suggest the grill room to her companion. On the blind impulse of the moment I followed, and standing at the door I saw them seated at a table at the far end of the room. Apparently the actress had been recognised, for many heads were turned in her direction. With a sudden resolution which seemed to be quite outside my ordinary self, I marched boldly down the aisle and stopped at her table.

'Pardon me, but this is Miss Goldie, is it not?' I said deferentially. 'Yes,' she replied, but I felt rather than heard an ominous note in that monosyllable, and I knew I had to carry off the situation or be humiliated before the hundred pairs of eyes now turned towards us. 'Well, Miss Goldie,' I said as coolly as I could, 'my name is Dorland. It is not at all probable that you will remember me, but about a year ago I travelled from Boston to Worcester with you. The train was crowded and you kindly offered me a part of your seat. I remember we discussed your unique collection of fans (the daily papers had informed me of this fad), and our conversation interested me so much that I thought I might venture to recall it to your memory.'

"She looked up at me uncertainly, but the word 'fans' was evidently the one to conjure with.

"'Well, Mr. Dorland,' she said, "I have no remembrance of the incident you refer to, but if you have pleasant recollections of my collecting fad, I can not be as great a bore on the subject as I have sometimes feared. I shall be glad to resume our conversation. We have just ordered a little supper. Will you join us?'

"Now, other things being equal, I should have been in a transport of delight over this invitation, but the thought of that aftermath the check, and the fact that my expense account had not yet turned up, took some of the gilt of my gingerbread. I was in a dilemma, but while I hesitated, a possible way out flashed into my mind. While making my introductions I had noticed a good-looking young fellow watching us interestedly from the cigar counter near the door, and I remembered having seen him in the office when the actress had asked for her keys.

"'Well, Miss Goldie,' I said, 'I should be delighted, but I came down with a friend, who has stopped to buy a cigar, and who would think me very shabby if I deserted him.' 'You may bring your friend also,' she said graciously. 'I shall be very pleased to meet him.' I turned and walked up the aisle to where he stood.

"'What the deuce is your name?' I said hurriedly. 'What's doing?' he asked. 'I have been watching your play ever since they called at the desk for their keys and followed you down to see how you would break the ice!' 'No time for explanations now,' I said; 'Give me your name and come along.' 'Reynolds,' he answered over my shoulder, and followed me back to the table.

"Reynolds proved to be a thoroughbred. He set himself manfully to the task of entertaining Miss Goldie's companion, who was a French girl, with a limited supply of English. We had a delightful hour. When the waiter presented the bill, Reynolds and I each made a gallant attempt to play the host. But to our surprise, and I confess my relief, Miss Goldie reached for the slip and reminded us in a manner that would not be denied that we were her guests.

"Before we parted, she told us that she had engaged an automobile to make a little tour of the city the next day and would be glad to include us in the party. We arranged to meet shortly after luncheon, and separated on the most friendly terms. Reynolds and I sat up till the small hours over a bottle of Scotch, and decided that Miss Goldie was a winner.

"The next day the four of us started out to do the town, and as we went from one point of interest to another I was racking my brains for some not too evident way of bringing Miss Goldie and Douglas together.

"Reynolds, the good, finally rescued me from my mental struggle by suggesting that we drive along the waterfront. We turned into the Esplanade, and, as luck would have it, ran smack into Douglas coming out of his office.

"'Oh, Miss Goldie,' I cried, 'there is an interesting old Scotchman, an ardent admirer of yours, who is very anxious to meet you.'

"Miss Goldie was smilingly gracious. I called Mr. Douglas over and presented him. Every trace of his dourness had vanished. In the affable, well-bred old gentleman who entered into easy conversation with the actress I could no longer recognise my sardonic enemy the buyer.

"We drove him home. As he left us at his own curb, he turned to me, with a look of humorous understanding. 'Dorland,' he said, 'come around to the office in the morning. I want to buy a geared ladle.'"

CONDUCTED BY BESSIE McLEAN REYNOLDS

THE SECRET

By ISABEL ECCLESTONE MacKAY

If I should tell you what I know
Of where the first primroses grow,
  Betray the secrets of the lily,
  Bring crocus-gold and daffodilly,
Will you tell me if charm there be
  To win a maiden, willy-nilly?

I lie upon the fragrant heath,
Kin to the beating heart beneath;
  The nesting plover I discover
  Nor stir the scented screen above her,
Yet am I blind?—I cannot find
  What turns a maiden to her lover.

Through all the mysteries of May,
Initiate, I make my way—
  Sure as the blithest lark or linnet
  To touch the pulsing soul within it—
Yet with no art to reach her heart,
  Nor skill to teach me how to win it.

—Harper's Magazine.

FOR years it has been apparent that society has been proceeding on too haphazard lines in the treatment of its feeble-minded and degenerate people. The responsibility of the government to-day is one which goes much farther than p'acing them in industrial schools or prisons, or even asylums: it owes a duty to those feeble-minded who never appear in court and are ofttimes children of well-to-do parents who have inherent vicciousness or incapacity for self-control, so that the larger problem of taking care of this diseased class as a whole has not been grappled with.

Without hindrance—to propagate their kind is a menace to our grandchildren. It seems of comparatively little ultimate use for educationists to struggle with the question of special training for backward or defective children when under the present system of neglect there is certain to be a steady increase.

Extensive researches have shown that at least eighty per cent. of the feeble-mindedness in Eng'and and the United States is due to heredity, therefore the latter country is adopting means of damming the stream at its source by sterilisation.

To prevent marriage of these persons will not stop reproduction, neither does perpetual guardianship and the price paid by society for its neglect to exercise its supervision end their prolific reproduction in kind.

*

To Miss Evelyn Pelly, lady-in-waiting to H. R. H. the Duchess of Connaught, has fallen the great task of engineering the raising of the five hundred thousand dollars asked from Canadians at large hy Her Royal Highness to augment the fund raised by Lady Minto in 1902 for the Victorian Order of Nurses

MISS EVELYN PELLY

Lady-in-Waiting to the Duchess of Connaught

Though Miss Pelly has been with us such a short time, and though her station is one of novelty to Canadians, she has made many friends and is looked upon by those whose life she touches as a woman of great executive ability and astuteness, and truly few persons could be more capable of placing upon a firm basis the finances of this order, whose work extends all over Canada.

With the ever-increasing growth of the country the demands for nurses become more pressing, and it is hoped that the interest on the sum asked for will enable the Order to extend its work to the small towns and scattered districts where the services of trained nurses could only be obtained under the auspices of the Order.

The need for nurses and cottage hospitals all over Canada, especially in the rural districts and in the Prairie Provinces, was taken up by Lady Grey during her stay at Rideau Hall, for in the West nurses travel on horse-back often twenty miles a day distant from headquarters. We in the East, living our comfortable lives, little know what a boon to womanhood and motherhood these nurses really are; and when we do realise the immense ground the Order covers and its immense good to a class of people whose numbers are legion it would be well for us to remember that every dollar helps, and ask ourselves the question, have we assisted by doing our little part?

*

Mrs. Boomer, of London, Ontario, has had perhaps one of the most interesting and checkered lives among

our notable women of to-day. Her father, a very promising solicitor of Taunton, Somerset, England, died while in his prime leaving a widow and two very young children.

The little mother then became officially connected with Queen's College, remaining there till the younger child (now Mrs. Boomer) became sixteen, when the mother accepted the appointment of lady superintendent of a home school for daughters of the clergy and officials of the Hudson's Bay Company, under Bishop Anderson, the then first and only bishop of our Northwest.

Mrs. Boomer's story of her voyage from England in those pioneer days is most interesting, being made through Hudson Strait and Hudson Bay to York Factory, one of the disputed ports of the New Hudson Bay Railway.

After a short delay there the little party went by boat from York Factory to the Red River settement, the Winnipeg of to-day, over portages—about thirty-eight, I believe—through small lakes and through Lake Winnipeg, the mosquitoes being quite as plentiful then as Agnes Deans Cameron, who died so unexpectedly at Victoria the other day, has told us they are even now.

After remaining five years in that part of the world, the mother and her two daughters returned to England, travelling over prairies, rivers, bogs and swamps by horse-back to St. Pauls, Minnesota, and thence on by rail through to Canada, their home.

In 1858 the little mother gained a son through the marriage of the younger daughter to Mr. Roache, secretary to Judge Draper in Canada when the question of Canada taking under its jurisdiction a large portion of the Northwest was laid before the House of Commons in England.

Returning to England, Mr. Roache originated and became the first honourary secretary of the Royal Colonial Institute, which is now of such Imperial importance, and it was greatly due to the writings of Mrs. Roache (Mrs. Boomer of to-day) under the pen-name of Assiniboia, that steps were finally taken by the Canadian Government to wrest from the Hudson's Bay Company some of its immense territory.

In 1875 the interests of gold mining brought Mr. and Mrs. Roache to South Africa. It was during their sojourn there that Mrs. Roache wrote that wonderful book "On Trek in the Transvaal," a story of South Africa which foreshadowed the Zulu war. It ran into the fourth edition, a great record for that time.

The climate of South Africa proved fatal to the husband who, after a trying illness, died at sea while returning to England.

The happy after part of life came with her second marriage to Dean Boomer, in 1878, and since the Dean's death, in 1888, Mrs. Boomer's pen has been ever busy in publishing booklets and papers on philanthropic and educational subjects.

As a lecturer she is fluent and vivacious and holds well her audience's attention to the end. Her wonderful executive ability has done much to further the National Council of Women, of which she is one of its vice-presidents.

As school trustee for London she has done a great deal to give dignity, combined with experience and sound judgment, to that trying position.

*

There used to be a child's book which bore the fascinating title "The Chance World." In this chance world cause and effect were abolished, law was annihilated and the result to the inhabitants of such a world could only be that reason would be impossible.

This book written in the spirit of the times when it was thought that children did not need laws except in the sense of commandments reposing

with simplicity on authority and asking no questions.

But there comes a time as the child marches on to maturity when it will ask questions and, moreover, stake everything on the answers.

One great point I like about the doctrine of the suffragists is that it stands for better methods of child culture, for the home that is not a workshop, for the new ethics and for the rights of childhood, teaching them in their early years that there are few effects without a cause, and that the child has a duty in its little world as great as the father in his.

To-day we recognise more clearly the period of adolescence, a time when the mind and body are settling the balance of maturity. This time was the period when the old-fashioned parent thought a good flogging necessary to keep the boy especially in the straight and narrow path.

The modern parent recognises the period of adolescence as the sympathetic period, when the parent should live side by side, near the heart, as it were, of the child, not in the spirit of assertive authority, but in the spirit of comradeship and the great outlet or common ground for parent and boy of to-day is the Cadet Movement.

This movement was started for Ontario in 1875 by Inspector Hughes of Toronto—the kindergarten army as it used to be called—and to-day all Canada is alive to the benefits accruing therefrom. The Toronto National Exhibition is perhaps starting an international idea, having issued invitations to all the self-governing colonies of the British Empire to attend a mobilisation of cadets during their exhibition in September, 1912.

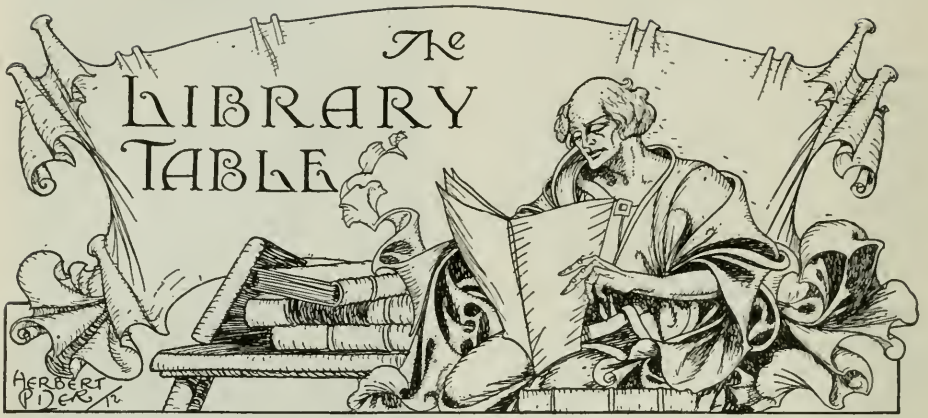
The visiting cadets will assemble in England (except Newfoundland) and will be entertained by Earl Grey, our former Governor-General and father of the movement, after which they will cross to Canada to camp for the two weeks of the Exhibition; during which time a competition will take place between the represented colonies in physical drill, marching, manual exercise, general appearance and shooting. Each night all cadets will take part in the living flag, when the Scots Guards Band from the Royal Household will assist.

MRS. BOOMER, OF LONDON, ONT.

(Widow of the late Dean Boomer) an indefatigable worker in behalf of Philanthropy and Education.

After the Exhibition the cadets will be taken on a trip to the Pacific Coast. All expenses from start to finish are being defrayed by the Toronto National Exhibition, under the guidance of Dr. Orr, and the National Council of Women will join hands in welcoming the sons from over the seas, many of whom have Council mothers.

The object of the whole Exhibition movement regarding the cadets is to make the rising generation of the self-governing colonies of the Empire better acquainted with each other, carrying out their motto, "One Flag, one Empire and one King."



A SYSTEMATIC and serious attempt is being made by American and Canadian publishers to create a general Western interest in the present day school of writers in England. Although all the writers in the group are not Englishmen, their writings come under the category of English literature. The names that occur readily to mind are Joseph Conrad, H. G. Wells, John Galsworthy, Gilbert K. Chesterton, Arnold Bennett, Leonard Merrick and Max Beerbohm. These writers have been known, of course, to discriminative readers, but they have been almost unknown to that great mass of readers who are looking for the best sellers. Not until quite recently were Leonard Merrick's books published on this side of the Atlantic, not even in the United States; but now a Toronto publishing house (McClelland and Goodchild) are introducing them to the book trade in Canada. Merrick is a stylist of sparkle and charm, and he is read if for nothing more than the free entertainment of his scintillating sentences. He has made a careful study of women characters, and to him theatrical life has made a strong appeal. But it is of Max Beerbohm that we should like to write a few lines in particular. Beerbohm began as an essay writer and his first volume was entitled "The Works of Max Beerbohm." This was followed by "More," and then by "Yet Again." From the essay he turned to the novel, with "Zuleika Dobson" as the present result. This study of the colossal selfishness of a woman is so clever that one is almost overcome by it. *Zuleika* is a transcendantly beautiful young woman who has made an international reputation, not so much because of her commonplaceness as a public conjurer as of her natural charm of person and manner. She has become so accustomed to adulation and insipid worship that she longs for some one to hate her, to ignore her, to trample her in the dust. In this frame of mind she goes down to Oxford to spend a few days with her godfather, the bursar of Judas. There she meets the Duke of Dorset, who ignores her. Then she falls in love with His Grace and visits him at his apartments.

With that the Duke in turn falls in love with her, and the moment he declares his passion and asks her to share his titles and estates, her love declines into nothing more than ordinary interest. Then the Duke finds that life is not worth living, and forthwith he determines to jump into the river at the close of the afternoon regatta. *Zuleika* prevails upon him to postpone the tragedy until the next afternoon, and meantime they love and hate each other by turns. *Zuleika* has already created a tender passion in the heart of every undergraduate at Oxford, and when it becomes known that the Duke is to jump into the river, each declares that he will follow the example On the morrow the Duke actually jumps into the river and drowns, and the description of the scene as one by one the whole body of undergraduates, hundreds of them, jump into the river, gives one a mental vision of a host of frogs leaping into a pool. *Zuleika* accepts all this as proper homage, particularly the Duke's fulfilment of a promise to shout the word "Zuleika" immediately before taking the plunge. Having had this illustrious example set for them, the undergraduates all shout "Zuleika," much to that lady's sense of the fitness of things. Having thus made a greater triumph than any woman had ever made before, *Zuleika* orders her maid to pack, for they are about to set off for Cambridge, presumably to make a similar conquest there. The narrative, which is in reality a huge caricature, would be delightful to read if one did not feel in duty bound to see the end. The first half is an extremely clever composition of humour, satire, wit and Oxford atmosphere. But it weakens towards the end and finally collapses.

*

A NUMBER of Arnold Bennett's short stories have been put into one volume, to which the first of them gives title—"The Matador of the Five Towns." This volume is but one more instance of Bennett's inexhaustible supply. These stories display the author's great power of presenting the characters and peculiarities of a community without apparent effort or purpose. The first one serves as an admirable introduction. It gives one the atmosphere of the place and establishes its shrewdness, its matter-of-factness, its idiosyncracies from the forty pages in which one of its days is described. *Jos Myatt*—good old *Jos*—the deathless hero of the football field, is the Matador in question. We see *Jos* through the eyes of his adoring townsfolk, and through the more sophisticated gaze of one who is not a native of the Five Towns, winning his way to glory on the field, and returning home to wait the long hours through while his wife encounters the extreme peril. In the morning *Jos's* home is the poorer for the loss of the woman and the richer for two babies. And it is amidst *Jos's* wrangles over a bet about the sex of the infants and the scolding of his sister that the news is broken to him —the news that causes him to take the tragic resolution to "ne'er touch a footba' again!" That is one of the stories labelled "Tragic." There are others labelled "Frolic." But it would need a nice discrimination to see where the difference in them lies. Because they are recorded in the way that they happened, the fun and the pathos are mixed with them in the same proportions as it is in life. (Toronto: William Briggs.)

*

"JANEY CANUCK" (Mrs. Emily Murphy) has given us in "Open Trails" another volume of breezy Western travel "talk." She writes so well that we cannot help wishing she had written a novel with a Western setting, instead of a superabundance of smart observations on everything in general, which, as we have

already experienced with "Zuleika Dobson," does not hold the reader throughout some 300 pages. Nevertheless, Mrs. Murphy has an original and generous way of looking at everyday events that make up life in the West, and she does not bore one with statistics or prate about vast resources. And, what is something worth noting, she is not afraid to tell the truth. There is much about the West that is not being told, and it is by no means all detrimental; but Mrs. Murphy's descriptions are vivid and truthful; so vivid, indeed, and so truthful that we wish they were the background for what might be an enthralling novel. (Toronto: Cassell, and Company.)

✲

"THEODORE GOODRIDGE ROBERTS, who gives his readers at least one novel a year, has taken his native Province of New Brunswick as the scene for his latest novel, "Rayton: A Backwoods Mystery." In this story a good short tale has been drawn out into a novel, and we feel that a mystery has been concocted purposely to hold the interest of the reader. The story begins with a poker game in which a player receives a card bearing the marks of two red crosses. He announces the fact and the game terminates. The incident causes some comment, and the brother of the girl with whom the young man who got the card is in love tells of a similar card having appeared in his family years ago, with fatal results. The action of the story centres in this card with the red crosses and its significance, but it is sufficient to say here that in the end one is quite convinced that the right man wins the love of the heroine. (Boston: L. C. Page and Company.)

✲

"THE MAID OF THE WHISPERING HILLS," by Vingie E. Roe, is a novel whose character is revealed by the title. It is the story of a romantic girl who feels a yearning for the wilderness, for hills and open spaces. She starts out in quest of the Whispering Hills and on the way falls in love with a young Hudson's Bay factor. Then begins a struggle between the two passions of love and of adventure; but in the end she is able to gratify the tenderest passion and reach the hills as well. (Toronto: William Briggs.)

✲

AMERICAN politics have attracted another popular novelist, Meredith Nicholson, who, following the lead of Winston Churchill and William Allen White, has essayed the task of presenting a picture of certain operations of political machinery and to frame it with an interesting love story. The title of this novel is "A Hoosier Chronicle," from which one would infer that the scene is laid in Indiana, the author's native State, where there is much chance for studying the latest trend in American public affairs. Scenes at the State Legislature and at party conventions are vividly described, and at times the machinery is well exposed. Throughout the scheming and bickerings of the "bosses" runs a wholesome sentiment, and in the end right seems to triumph. (Toronto: William Briggs.)

✲

THEODORE DREISER, a writer of American fiction, the man whose novel "Sister Carrie" was suppressed by its first publisher a decade ago and at length reprinted by another publisher, has given us a second book of the same style—"Jennie Gerhardt." To say that this second novel is tremendous in its stark realism is to express what to every reader would sound like a mere commonplace observation. For "Jennie Gerhardt" is the veritable inner history of hundreds of women all over America—one might just as well say all over the world. An attractive young girl,

daughter of a poverty-stricken glass-blower living at Syracuse, New York, in her capacity of laundress, meets a wealthy United States Senator whose linens she delivers at his hotel every week. An attachment grows, and the senator promises to marry her. But he dies suddenly, and *Jennie* has to face the world as the mother of a child whose other parentage cannot be acknowledged. She goes out to service in the home of a wealthy family and there is sought by a guest, a rich young man, and finally is induced by him and the help that he can give to her family, to go to New York with him. After that she lives with this man, and in time they love each other. But the child, whose existence *Jennie* has foolishly but unselfishly hidden, comes up at a time when marriage seems to be the natural result of the attachment. Then follow a series of events which deprive *Jennie* of father, mother, daughter, lover, and in the end we see her caring for two orphan children whom she has adopted. But the bare outline of the story is nothing. The great thing in it is the huge life canvas that Mr. Dreiser has covered so forcefully, giving us a personal narrative that must rank with "Tess of the D'Urbevilles," "Esther Waters," "Hilda Lessways," "The Scarlet Letter," and "Rhoda Fleming." (New York: Harper and Brothers.)

*

CHARLES MAJOR, author of "When Knighthood was in Flower" needs no introduction when he presents another historic novel, "The Touchstone of Fortune." This, his latest novel, is a story of the court of Charles II., is founded on the memories of Baron Clyde, a writer of the period, and is in all essentials based on facts and conditions of the time. The heroine of the tale is *Frances Jennings*, daughter of a county nobleman, who goes to Whitehall as maid of honour to Her Grace the Duchess of York. In a note by the author he explains:

"Baron Clyde seems to be the only writer of the time of Charles II. who mentions the part taken by George Hamilton and Frances Jennings in the sale of the city of Dunkirk, but, of course, the particulars of that disgraceful affair would have been kept secret from all save those who participated in it. It is said that Nell Gwynn, John Churchill, and Sarah Jennings were younger than Baron Clyde indicates. Therefore, there are many discerning persons who hold that he was 'idealising' when he wrote of them as being at court at the time Dunkirk was sold. There appears to be some ground for the criticism."

The description of the licentiousness of this court life after the rigidity of Cromwell's reign is realistic and vivid, and it intimates that the majority of us are creatures of time and environment. The humanising of such picturesque characters as Nell Gwynn, John and Sarah Churchill (Duke and Duchess of Marlborough) is particularly interesting. The style of the novel is simple, and in no place does the interest flag, the various characters of the plot being cleverly woven into it to form a good crisis. Altogether it is a delightful story, even if it is a trifle below the author's other books in point of interest. (Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.)

The Mysterious Slipper

I may as well say it right out. although it makes me sorry I am alive. *I got into the wrong berth!* It is worse than making the wrong discard—much worse. The step-ladder had been moved one section further down and, when I returned, I located my birth by the ladder instead of by the number. That was the way of it. I had taken off one slipper when a polite, but unmistakably masculine, voice said:

"I think you have made a mistake. madam."

I did not make a second mistake by apologising or screaming. I fled. . . . On second thoughts, I did make it. I forgot my slipper. I was writing this morning when a porter asked me if I owned the slipper he had in his hand—a fawn-plaid thing—but I only shook my head, bit the end of my pen, and summoned up a far-away, unconcerned look as if I were thinking of the angels or something equally remote. I can see that he and the mature, white-waistcoated gentleman suspect two girls down the aisle. Dear things! This is distinctly a case of where ignorance is bliss. —"Janey Canuck," in "Open Trails."

"To Be" in Journalese

(Dedicated to Robert Mantell.)

His Royal Highness then plunged into the mysteries of philosophy. To be or not to be, he said, was the question He expressed doubt as to whether it was nobler in the mind to suffer the slings and arrows of outrageous Fortune or to commit suicide. If Death were a mere sleep and sleep could cure the heartache and the shocks to which the flesh is heir, His Royal Highness considered that it would be a desirable consummation. But, he added, there was a possibility of dreaming, and here the Royal and distinguished speaker dwelt with no little effectiveness upon an elaboration of the thesis he had announced His neat reference to that undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveller returns is taken as a deliberate denunciation of the Society of Psychical Research. Prince Hamlet, in conclusion, expressed the opinion that conscience made cowards of us all, and in a magnificent peroration regretted that the native hue of resolution was too often sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought. His Royal Highness is a guest near Government House.—J. E. M., in *The News*, Toronto.

THEORY AND PRACTICE

STUD GROOM. "'Ot stuff that 'orse is when 'e's fresh." SPECTATOR. "Ever ride him yourself?" STUD GROOM. "No, sir, certainly not. I puts up one of the lads and instructs 'im. In a case o' that kind, sir, the brains ought to be on the ground." —*Punch*

A Fan's Hurry

She—"But, Harold, why are you in such haste? We can be married a little later, be gone as long as we like on our honeymoon, and——"

He—"Yes, and the first thing we know the baseball season will open while we are away!"—*Punch.*

*

A True Sport

"Why do you live with your husband, if you quarrel all the time?"

"Well, my sister bet me a box of chocolates we would never celebrate our paper-wedding anniversary, and I'm going to win it just to spite her." *Harvard Lampoon.*

*

During the Coal Strike

Passenger—"Why are we so late?"

Guard—"Well, sir, the train in front was behind, and this train was behind before besides."—*Punch.*

Some Consolation

The man who sometimes spoke his thoughts aloud had been more concerned with the things of the world than with things spiritual. One day by chance his hand fell upon a book containing the catechism of a certain Protestant church, and he was soon earnestly engaged in reading the Ten Commandments. For some time he pondered over the "Thou shalts" and "Thou shalt nots," which had been forgotten almost since childhood. Then laying down the book, with a sigh, he muttered, "Well, I've never killed anybody, anyway."—*Everybody's.*

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A Bungler

"Did ye see as Jom got ten years' penal for stealing that 'oss?"

"Serve 'im right, too. Why didn't 'e buy the 'oss and not pay for 'im like any other gentleman."—*London Sketch.*

Caught

Wife—"Did you post that letter I gave you?"

Hubby—"Yes, dear. I carried it in my hand so I couldn't forget it, and I dropped it in the first mail-box. I remember, because——"

Wife—"There, dear, that will do. I didn't give you any letter to post."—*Topeka Capital.*

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Wild, Wild

A newspaper having offered a prize for the most impossible item of local news, the competition was won by a wildly imaginative genius, who sent in the following brief story:

"A cabman and a bus-driver came into collision in the street with their vehicles so that their wheels were locked.

"'My dear sir,' said the cabman, 'I'm very sorry for this accident. Will you kindly excuse me?'

"'Pray do not mention it, my dear sir,' replied the bus-driver. 'The fault was mine, rather than yours.' And after getting clear of each other they bowed politely, and proceeded about their business with a pleasant 'good day.'"—*Tit-Bits.*

Second Sight

"Mama, our governess can see in the dark."

"How do you know that?"

"Last night out in the hall I heard her tell Uncle Jack that he hadn't had a shave."—*Fliegende Blaetter.*

*

Not Quite Ready

A well-known Scottish architect was travelling in Palestine recently, when news reached him of an addition to his family circle. The happy father immediately provided himself with some water from the Jordan to carry home for the christening of the infant, and returned to Scotland.

On the Sunday appointed for the ceremony he duly presented himself at the church, and sought out the beadle in order to hand over the precious water to his care. He pulled the flask from his pocket, but the beadle held up a warning hand, and came near to whisper:

"No the noo, sir; no the noo! Maybe after the kirk's oot."—*Christian Standard.*

OFFENCE IS THE TRUEST DEFENCE

Butler (entertaining a few friends in the absence of his master, who has returned unexpectedly). "Most unwarrantable intrusion, sir; with respect I beg to give you notice." —*Punch*

THE ROMAN BATHS AT BATH, ENGLAND

From the Painting by W. Rossiter

THE

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BORDEN'S PARLIAMENTARY MANNER

NOTES ON THE PRIME MINISTER'S TRICKS OF SPEECH AND TACTICS OF DEBATE

BY FRANCIS A. CARMAN

TIME is sometimes said to be the great tester of all things, but Time is in reality not to be mentioned in this connection in the same expansion of the diaphragm with Parliament. Time merely provides the arena in which the process occurs and looks on while others do the testing. But Parliament is not only the arena; itself also applies the test. Parliament is often referred to disparagingly as a "Talk-shop." Undoubtedly much talking goes on there, the absence of which would not cause great grief in the nation. But Parliament is much more than a "Talk-shop." It is a great test-house. It incidentally tests talk, and in so doing tests a good many men. It also tests ideas—on those too rare occasions when ideas do stray into its precincts. And, finally, it tests men —back-benchers and front-benchers, cabinet ministers and ex-ministers, leaders of oppositions and leaders of governments.

There is one thing about its methods of testing men that is, perhaps, not so well known as it should be. Parliament is not censorious. It gives every member a fair chance. It welcomes every evidence of ability, and rejoices when the new arrival proves himself of good mettle. Men are not sent to the back-benches without a trial. Of course, new men must start at the back and win their way to the front; but if they have the true steel in their composition, they soon find themselves brought forward. For each party is anxious to have bonny fighters in its ranks and soon puts them into the firing line.

Some men come into the House of Commons—for there is where by far the greater part of the testing is done —some few men come into the House of Commons with a great name won in other walks of life. Sometimes they add honour to that name; sometimes they find the atmosphere of Parliament uncongenial and take a

quiet seat among the advisers of their party rather than among its fighters. There is much prejudice abroad against lawyers, and they are accused of monopolising our political life. But it must be owned that as a rule the lawyer of note takes a higher stand in Parliament than does the leader of any other walk in life.

Of that much maligned profession, and one of the men already laureated by the goddess of the world practical, was the Right Honourable Robert L. Borden, when he first took his seat in the Green Chamber. It did not take him long to win his spurs. He was a man of high ideals. His first speech on the evil of patronage is signal evidence of this; he has since admitted that he spoke at the time without an adequate appreciation of the difficulties of practical politics. But he had more than high ideals and high character; he was able to translate into the intricacies of Parliamentary procedure his mastery of the intricacies of the law courts. He soon made a name for himself as an adept in Parliamentary practice, and shortly after winning his second election to the House of Commons was chosen leader of the Conservative party.

In this capacity he has now sat both to the left and to the right of Mr. Speaker, and Time has had considerable opportunity to observe how he conducts himself under the rigid testing of Parliament. Possibly Mr. Borden might think that the opportunity had been inconsiderately divided, although I do not think he has any more than the normal man's love of power, while he does apparently feel its burdens and responsibilities rather more than most politicians. In fact, only a few days before the fateful twenty-first of September last, he remarked to me—under the weariness of the campaign—that he felt more like a holiday in the Southern States than he did like assuming the duties of office.

Entering Parliament from the court-room, the Premier carried with him many of the characteristics of his earlier field of action. I suppose no one who has heard him speak, either in the House of Commons or on the hustings, has failed to notice his peculiar habit of lifting his shoulders. It is not a shrug. It does not seem to be a conscious gesture at all. It is simply the persistence of an old habit which was useful in his previous habitat, where his gown kept slipping down as he argued, and it became necessary for him to lift it up into position again. Other tricks of manner, too, he brought with him. The gestures of emphasis with which he is most at home—the laying off of his arguments with two fingers on his open palm—are the gestures of pleading before a court. He has acquired, since his entry into politics, other delsartean movements with which he presses a point on the attention of a political audience; but these gestures are clearly acquired, he is not at home with them—at least, not yet.

Gesture, however, is not the only inheritance which he brought from his previous existence. The speeches which he delivers to the House bear deep marks of the school in which he learned the art. They are the arguments which a barrister would present to a high court. They are cogent. They often have fire in them. They are sometimes marked by a severe eloquence. But they rarely have passion or the higher flights of feeling. They are appeals to the reason, not to the emotions. They are calculated to carry conviction to the judge, not to sweep a jury off its feet.

The most effective speech which I ever heard Mr. Borden make was his final assault on the Laurier naval law. It was, whatever one may think of its logical matter, masterly in its logical manner. It had also another characteristic of the law courts. It had been carefully prepared for in the previous debates. Mr. Borden had been able even to put Sir Wilfrid Laurier on the witness stand and draw from him

admissions which admirably served his purpose. The questions were clearly lawyer's questions. They were logically knit together as by bars of steel, and they showed keen appreciation of the practical aspects of the situation.

"Suppose a Canadian ship meets a ship of similar armament and power belonging to an enemy," asked the (then) leader of the Opposition, "will she attack?"

"I do not know that she would fight," answered Sir Wilfrid, "I do not know that she should fight, either. She should not fight until the Government by which she is commissioned have determined whether she should go into the war."

Mr. Borden did not reply. He merely asked another question.

"Would our ports and harbours be neutral like our fleet," he asked, "until an order-in-council has been passed?"

"I do not understand," responded Sir Wilfrid, "what my honourable friend means by asking if they would remain neutral. If he means after an enemy has come into our harbour, then it will be time to resist them with our fleet."

"But if our ships do not attack their enemy when they meet the enemy on the high seas, on the same principle may not the enemy's fleet come into our harbour without resistance or attack?"

"That," was the (then) Premier's response, "would be a question to determine any time that a warship entered a Canadian port."

The next day Mr. Borden summed up the case in this terse style.

"The proposals of the Government," he said, "seem to me in one aspect to be absurd and unworkable, but in another aspect they are dangerous and revolutionary. In so far as they are not unworkable, they are dangerous; in so far as they are not absurd they are revolutionary, because it is absolutely inconceivable that, if Great Britain were engaged in a naval war and the Canadian naval force acted as if it belonged not to the Empire or to Canada, but to some neutral country, such a condition would not lead or at least conduce to the early separation of this country from the British Empire. I would recall some of the illustrations adduced in the debate yesterday. A Canadian ship is on the ocean, no order-in-council has been passed, war has been declared or an overt act committed, and hostilities have actually commenced; a Canadian ship is on the high seas flying the British flag, a cruiser of the enemy approaches, the Canadian ship is not to attack or to fight unless she is attacked. In sight of her, on the high seas, a cruiser of the enemy may be capturing vessels flying the British flag. Under the statement of the Prime Minister the Canadian cruiser will not interfere because no order-in-council has been passed. Is such a position tenable, is it not absurd, is it not dangerous and revolutionary? Can it have any other outcome than to bring about the separation of this country from that Empire whose flag flies over us to-day?"

I have quoted this utterance not for the sake of the proposition which Mr. Borden was seeking to establish, because there is no desire to be controversial, and, besides, there is no room to present the other side or discuss the issue adequately. I have quoted it merely to illustrate Mr. Borden's logical methods and as a well-jointed piece of logical mechanism. I am not debating public issues; I am talking about manners. I do not think it is necessary for me to point out the many traces which the argument bears of having come out of a legal workshop.

One of the most famous instances in which Mr. Borden put his legal knowledge to use was in the debates over the Lord's Day Act. That measure, as is well known, got a good deal of doctoring—or, rather, lawyering—on its way through the Commons; and

when it came back from the Senate, it is very doubtful if it knew itself at all. Well, quite early in the discussions over it Mr. Borden laid down what he thought to be the proper procedure. Let the Dominion Parliament, he said, legislate clearly on the matters coming within its jurisdiction, such as railways, and leave the Provinces discretion in regard to amusements and other Sabbath customs. But, no, that did not strike the Government as the thing to do. They agreed that it would be well to legislate on something and to leave the Provinces discretion on something; but they left the Provinces discretion as regards railways and everything else, except amusements and the diverse ways which different sections of our people have of observing the Sabbath. In that shape the bill went up to the Senate, after an amendment by Mr. Borden to give the Provinces discretion in amusements and church-going had been voted down. A little later it came back from the Upper House, with Mr. Borden's amendment among many others. And Mr. Borden's was one of the amendments which the Government accepted. It is true that the amendment was not in the same terms; but out of three changes proposed in the section by Mr. Borden, two were accepted and only one dropped. The claim was disputed, but Mr. Borden's followers greeted it as a distinct victory for their leader.

Lawyers are sometimes charged, not without some foundation, with a fondness for sentences of long and thunderous sound. Perhaps it is because they get so used to tying knots of logic that they cannot resist tying knots of syntax. Be that as it may, two recent Ministers of Justice, both learned in the law, have been the subject of much jesting on this count. My impression is that the Prime Minister is not a frequent committer of this venial sin; but on one occasion during the last session he qualified in a thorough-paced way that does him much honour. It was an important utterance on the naval issue, and I listened conscientiously. But it was all in vain; I was hopelessly lost by the time he was half through, though I picked him up again before the end. The next day I looked into Hansard, and found that that sentence had contained nearly two hundred and twenty words—to be exact, just two hundred and eighteen.

On the same day—it was the occasion of one of the tumultuous encounters between the stormy Lemieux and the fiery Pelletier—Mr. Borden made one of his infrequent sallies from his tower of soberness into the field of wit. It was at Mr. Lemieux's expense, and it brought a laugh from all over the House. Mr. Lemieux, be it said, had been tireless in his devotion to words that day. He had spoken no less than three times on the same subject; and his speeches had been almost all heat and very little light. He had hurled much "langwidge" across the narrow aisle separating him from the Postmaster-General; but his later speeches had not added much to the information of the House. So when Mr. Borden arose after Mr. Lemieux's third attempt, he presented Mr. Lemieux with a poetic parallel.

"The honourable gentlemen," he remarked, in casual tones, "reminds me of Tennyson's famous line:

"'Men may come and men may go, but I go on forever.'"

The shaft was, perhaps, not penetrating; but it was good-humoured and it touched the fancy of the members. There was general laughter, in which Mr. Lemieux himself joined.

The picture of the present First Minister as a humourist is not one which is familiar to us, yet under all his prevailing seriousness there runs a vein of wit, which every now and then breaks through, sometimes with corrosive effect. He gave an exhibition of this during the debate upon the address at the opening of the ses-

sion. Sir Wilfrid Laurier had remarked playfully but cuttingly that he saw upon the treasury benches "one, two, three, perhaps four, upon whom the blessing of Mr. Chamberlain would produce the same contortions as the sprinkling of holy water upon the head of Satan."

"I do not know," shot back Mr. Borden, "whether my right honourable friend compares the blessing of Mr. Chamberlain to the holy water, or whether he desires to compare the Minister of Public Works (Hon. F. D. Monk) to his Satanic majesty. If the latter was his intention I can only say that my right honourable friend might have found a much more suitable illustration a little nearer home."

Mr. Borden did not particularise further, so I hardly care to; but I fancy his meaning is fairly clear.

Mr. Borden enjoys a good story very thoroughly, and can himself tell one with success. The accomplishment is a new one, however, as regards the platform; and for a while his friends used to be very uneasy when they heard him make the attempt. That uneasiness soon passed as he won his spurs in this new field, and now these once timorous friends sit back and enjoy the story with equanimity. I have commented more than once in this sketch on the traces —vestigia is the scientific word— which Mr. Borden still carries of his court-room existence. One finds these vestigia in his story telling. Here is an example, which is at once a very good though old story and a good illustration of what I mean:

"An Irishman," said Mr. Borden, when telling the tale during his recent Western tour, "was travelling one day in the same seat with a churlish individual. The Irishman, with national sociability, tried again and again to get into conversation with his fellow traveller. But the only answer he could get was a very curt monosyllable. Finally, in a desperate effort to bring something more out of his fellow voyager, he asked, pointing to a dog under the seat, 'What kind of a dog is that?'

"'That,' roughly answered the churlish individual, 'is a cross between an Irishman and a monkey.'

"'Faith, then,' replied Pat, 'he must be related to both of us.'"

The story was always applied by the then-shortly-to-be Premier to the Liberal party, which was related to both the Protectionists and Free Traders. Mr. Borden did not specify which was the monkey; but I fancy that one might arrive at the idea in his mind by a process of exclusion.

A favourite trick of lawyers is to spring a surprise on an opponent at a critical point in a case. This is another of the "vestigia" which the Premier brings from the law courts. It was very noticeable during his management of the Manitoba boundaries bill. In fact, he sprang two surprises on his opponents in this "case"; and one of them was amazingly successful. The first instance was the absence from the bill of all reference to the school question. No hint of this came out until the printed bill was distributed. On this point, however, there had been a good deal of guessing; but it was quite otherwise in the other instance. This was the announcement of the grant of a five-mile strip of land across Manitoba to Ontario as a right of way for the Temiskaming and Northern Ontario Railway. This announcement came like a thunderbolt out of a clear sky. The Opposition had hardly anything to say. They did, nevertheless, manage to strike off the phrase "Right of Way Province." But there was no mistaking their amazement. For a while they were quite at sea. The "coup" was eminently successful.

Closely related to this sport of the law courts is a game of battledore and shuttlecock which is played with questions in Parliament. The object of the Opposition is to induce the Government to give some information

which it should keep to itself; and the game for the Government is to answer the questions without saying anything. Mr. Borden had proved himself an adept at this sport. The shuttlecock last session was often the marriage question. One day Mr. J. A. C. Ethier, of Two Mountains, put a question which occupied a column and a half of *Hansard*. It contained, first, nine queries put to Sir Allen Aylesworth on the same subject by Colonel Sam. Hughes; second, Sir Allen's replies; asked whether the Government was aware of the questions and replies; and, finally, asked if the Government agreed with Sir Allen. Mr. Borden's answer took nine lines. He admitted that the questions quoted had been asked and answered; the question of agreement with the former Minister of Justice, he added, "has not been under consideration." And that was all.

Another question as to the jurisdiction of Parliament he met by quoting the British North America Act.

"That is safe," commented Sir Wilfrid Laurier.

"It is not only safe but accurate," was the Premier's retort.

Neither as leader of the Opposition nor as Premier has Mr. Borden, so far as I am aware, ever been engaged in one of those periodical "rows," which enliven, but do not shed honour upon the proceedings of Parliament. The late Premier, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, and Mr. Borden's chief lieutenant (Honourable G. E. Foster) were the protagonists in one of the stormiest of these ebullitions in the history of Confederation; but Mr. Borden entered it only to give his colleague some temperate support. Still, if Mr. Borden does not squabble, it is not because he is not the master of strong language when he wants to use it. A report from the bitterly discussed Lumsden committee of two years since roused him as he has been seldom roused. This report had been altered between the committee-room and the Chamber, and Mr. Borden had been unable to get satisfactory explanations from the committee chairman (Mr. Victor Geoffrion). Mr. Borden, in reply, did not violate the rules of Parliamentary decorum, but he managed within those generous limits to accuse Mr. Geoffrion of "unmanly" conduct, of unfair dealing and of equivocation; while a few minutes later he described Sir Wilfrid Laurier in one sentence, as both a "dictator" and a "poseur."

ART TREASURES AT LAVAL

BY E. J. PHILLIPS

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTINGS IN THE ART GALLERY OF THE UNIVERSITY

SEVEN hundred years is a long time, but when one stands in the Art Gallery of Laval University, in the City of Quebec, surrounded by painting and portraiture covering seven centuries of production, an age seems as yesterday, and one realises indeed that art is long and forever expressive of the soul of mankind.

Born of an unhappy mischance for one nation, this collection constitutes a happy augury for another. If it had not been for the French Revolution many old paintings now in Canada would doubtless still be the treasured possessions of the Church or scions of nobility in the land of the Fleur-de-Lis. Thus, what has been lost to the Old World has been the basis of upbuilding for a shrine of art in the New.

When L'Abbé Desjardins, Vicar-General of Paris, amidst the ruin and horror of the days of the Commune, gathered together all the art treasures he could and sent them to Quebec for safe keeping, it was no doubt with the idea that they would find only temporary resting-place in the New World. Fortunately for Canada, they have remained here, and not only the original importation, but many other private collections have since been added, under the direction of the late Honourable Joseph Legare, until now there are over six hundred pictures. Outside the large European art centres there will be found but few similar accumulations of rare and valuable masters.

Laval Art Gallery is notable in many respects. Its majority of antique paintings is unusual, its value as representing the earlier schools is unquestioned, it contains many precious historical portraits, and from an ecclesiastical point of view, the great proportion of purely religious subjects therein constitutes a glorious inspiration in itself.

It would be somewhat of a task to completely review such a collection without making the work a mere catalogue. It would be a greater labour than space would sanction to consider the subject from every worthy standpoint. Let it suffice to briefly mention important examples representing various great periods of art. With some knowledge of the thought and spirit of each age in mind, it will be of interest to trace to what extent these examples reflect the history of their time.

If in the presence of many rarities of art one may be allowed a regret, it is that such giants in their work as Leonardo da Vinci and Raphael are almost without representation. There is a fair copy of a Leonardo da Vinci, and also of Raphael's "Burning of the Borgo," but no original works. Any regret on this score may find answering cause for congratulation in the undoubted authenticity of such paintings as "The Supper at Emmaus" by Signorelli, and "Christ's Call to St. Peter" by Salvator Rosa.

Lord Leighton has immortalised the

history of the Sienese school in his "Cimabue's Madonna carried in Procession through the streets of Florence," a painting in the Queen Victoria collection. In this wonderful reproduction of both the history and masterly style of the Florentines there is a group of artists, contemporary to Cimabue, marching in the procession following the Madonna. Among these earliest Christian painters is seen Simone Memmi, one of the first artists of the post-Byzantine era—1283-1344. In Laval Gallery there hangs a "Salvator Mundi" by Simone Memmi, thus linking the thirteenth century with the twentieth, and from that period in art until recent date the collection offers notable specimens for comparison and study.

Simone Memmi's life-size portrait figure of the Christ is represented (front view) looking at the spectators. He is depicted with long hair and dressed in a green robe embroidered with a rich gold ornamental collar, over which is a greenish, loose mantle A beautiful halo of gold surrounds His head. The art of Simone Memmi is characterised by a child-like simplicity, and a sweetness and charm of utter guilelessness and rare beauty of colour seldom found in the work of later painters. The method employed is of interest. This picture is painted in tempera, a medium much in use before the invention of oils, on Italian walnut, on a prepared stucco ground. The customary use of gold for a background gives this and similar works a rich and mystic atmosphere.

A little panel in tempera, attributed to Majariboni, "The Mystical Marriage of St. Catharine," is the only other example from this period at Laval, and marks the transition of Byzantine art to the early Italian.

"The Supper at Emmaus," by Signorelli, brings one face to face with an admirable example of the Tuscan school previous to Leonardo da Vinci, Michelangelo and Raphael. A document has recently been discovered in the archives of the Convent of the Ursulines at Quebec which proves the authenticity of this great work. It is a gallery canvas, measuring seven feet by six feet, and is in a good state of preservation. The Christ is represented seated at a table between his two disciples, in the act of breaking bread. The majestic figure of the resurrected Saviour is illumined by a wonderful halo, and depicted with an expression of superhuman wisdom. The disciples on either side are portrayed in dramatic attitudes, expressing wonderment at the discovery they have made of the identity of the stranger in their midst. The splendour of the grouping and the magnificence of the amply-folded costumes is characteristic of this master; the technique, colouring and chiaroscuro revealing good reason why the works of Signorelli should have proved an inspiration to his ultimately great compeers Michelangelo and Raphael. This picture is the property of the Honourable John Sharples, and has been lent to Laval. The National Gallery possesses four works by Signorelli, and the Louvre contains but one specimen, the "Birth of the Virgin," in the Salle des Primitifs.

Cima da Conegliano, who painted from 1486 to 1517 and was a follower of Bellini, is represented at Laval by a small half-length of the Blessed Virgin. This is a rare specimen.

Peculiar interest attaches to any work by Salvator Rosa, the gifted genius whose profound melancholy earned for him the title of "The Damned." Sixteen pictures in the Laval Gallery are attributed to this artist, in whom Ruskin found "the last trace of spiritual life in the art of Europe." As the American continent may be said to be inclined to a development of material rather than spiritual art, the influence of these and other examples of the "art spiritual" in their present environment should possess great value.

"ECCE HOMO"

From the Original Painting at Laval, by Bernandino Luini

"What is most to be admired in the works of Salvator Rosa," says Sir Joshua Reynolds, "is the perfect correspondence which he observed between the subjects which he chose, and his manner of treating them. Everything is of a piece, his rocks, trees, sky, even to his handling, have the same rude and wild character which animates his figures." The energetic language of Fuseli is well suited to the character of Salvator landscapes, of which there are seven at Laval. "He delights," says that writer, "in ideas of desolation, solitude and danger, impenetrable forests, rocky and storm-lashed shores, in lovely dells leading to dens and caverns of banditti, alpine ridges, trees blasted by lightning or sapped by time, or stretching their extravagant arms athwart a murky sky, lowering or thundering clouds, and suns shorn of their beams. His figures are wandering shepherds, forlorn travellers, banditti lurking for their prey or dividing their spoils." There is, nevertheless, a splendour and poetry in his glorious light and shade, and an awe-inspiring mystery in the nature of his religious works.

The two notable examples of the latter at Laval are "Christ's Call to St. Peter" and "The Ecstasy of St. Martin." The former has been greatly improved by recent restoration. As will be noted in the reproduction of this painting, it is quite characteristic of its author, but possesses none of the coarser features of his work, which have been so roundly condemned by Ruskin. The figure of Christ, although somewhat statuesque, is wonderfully imbued

"SALVATOR MUNDI"

From the Original Painting at Laval, by Simone Memmi

with life, and brings the spectator very near to the human personality of the Son of Man, while retaining all the majesty of the Divine. The figures of Peter and the fishermen at the oar are splendid examples of poetic action.

Spiritual art, the expression of deepest religious conviction combined with genius was at its zenith in the days of Leonardo da Vinci, and one of his most celebrated scholars, Bernardino Luini, has truly expressed this mental ecstasy in his "Ecce Homo." It has been well said that "Luini stands alone for sweetness and depth of feeling, and all the subtle and profound meaning of the manifestations of the soul."

Correggio, the founder of the school of Parma, whose painting, "La Notte," in the Dresden Gallery, is world-famous, will be found represented at Laval by one genuine work, "Head of an Angel," which had been almost entirely repainted by an inferior artist. Under recent restoration a true Correggio has been revealed, and the canvas is said to closely correspond with the old Italian canvas, such as the painter used, with every indication of its right age.

An artist who was largely influenced by Carreggio, and who in turn became a great master and a source of inspiration to many painters of note, was Parmigiano. His "St.

CHRIST CALLING ST. PETER

From the Original Painting at Laval, by Salvator Rosa

Jerome '' at Laval was probably one of his later works, at a time when he was the contemporary of Raphael and Michaelangelo. Vasari reports that it was said at Rome '' that the soul of Raphæl had passed into the person of Parmigiano.'' Strange as it may seem, his art was soon forgotten in the fatal infatuation of alchemy, and he wasted all his time and substance in the pursuit of the philosopher's stone. He died at the untimely age of thirty-six years, of a fever brought on by disappointment at his lack of success.

What is known as the Bolognese eclectic school produced many of the great Italian masters of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. This celebrated art centre was established by Francesco Raibolini in the fifteenth century, and his work is considered in the first school of this epoch. Following him were a number of inferior artists, to be succeeded in 1589 by the Carracci, under whose guidance and inspiration the eclectic school reached its highest form. Lodovico Carracci and his cousins, Agostino and Annibale, Guido Reni, Domenico Zampieri, Giovanni Francesco Barbieri, known as Guercino, and Francesco Albani, are among the great Bolognese masters represented in the Laval collection, besides a number of unidentified pictures attributed to the Bolognese school. Among other pupils of the Carracci, whose works are at Laval, may be mentioned Shidone Spada, and Lanfranco.

Possibly the rarest example of this period is '' The Purification,'' by Guido. It is a fine specimen of his early manner and reflects much genius. In later years he became an inveterate gambler, and the talent that showed such wonderful promise at the time this picture was produced became only a vehicle to furnish him with sufficient money to appease his passion. He died beset by fears and troubles and debts in 1642.

Pierre Puget, painter, sculptor, architect and engineer, was a seventeenth century artist whose manner closely resembles Guido. His '' David with the Head of Goliath '' is a most striking but rather eerie study. This is a signed and dated work, but cannot be said to possess great merit.

The Guercinos offer some study of '' the solemnity of hue, the sober twilight and air of cloistered meditation,'' which is a stated characteris-

THE VISION OF ST. ANTHONY OF PADUA

From the Original Painting at Laval, by Parrocelli

tic of the period. This is also noticeable in the two paintings by Albani.

In Florence, Rome, and Naples many artists followed, while others opposed, the eclectic school. During the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries the perfection of art that had been reached by Leonardo da Vinci, Michelangelo, Raphael, Titian and Correggio was more or less successfully emulated by their pupils and followers. This was the later period of the Renaissance, and all too soon gave place to a rapid decline in matters of art that brought about the final disappearance of the "art spiritual." Among the last of the great Italian painters were Allori and Carlo Dolci of Florence, Sassoferrato and Maretti of Rome, and Salvator Rosa and Giordano of Naples. Works by all these masters are to be seen at Laval.

"All, with the exception of Allori," says Robert Cassels, "were contemporaries and well acquainted with each other; and their lives are interesting as illustrating a period when the last glimmering of bright and glorious light was soon to be extinguished in the gloomy night of darkness and decay. The genius of Italy may now be extinct, but the light, which once shone so brightly there, has cast its rays over the whole world, to enliven, beautify and restore the love of art to the nations of mankind."

ORIGINAL SKETCH (FINISHED) OF THE "FRUIT GARLAND"

From the Original Painting at Laval, by Rubens

The works by Salvator Rosa have already been mentioned as among the most important of the Laval collection; the Sassoferrato is a "Madonna" similar to the work in the National Gallery; the Carlo Dolci is "The Blessed Virgin caressing the Infant Jesus," and in connection with this a small specimen by his daughter, Aguese Dolci, is also of great interest. Maretti, who received the Order of Christ from Pope Clement XI. for cleaning Raphael's frescoes in the Vatican, is the author of two small pictures and a "St. Joseph and the Infant Jesus," in the chapel of the seminary. There are also a number of fine religious paintings attributed to the school of Maretti.

"The Archangel Michæl triumphing over the rebellious angels," said to be by Giordano, may be an example of the repetition of subjects common to many of the Italian masters. In the Royal Gallery of the Belvedere at Vienna there are thirteen of Giordano's pictures. The one of surpassing excellence among these is the "Archangel Michæl precipitating the Rebellious Angels to the Bottomless Pit," and the description of this picture is similar to the one at Laval.

Thus far the writer has endeavoured to review the celebrities of the early Italian schools found at Laval. Nor is the list of these by any means exhausted. One might continue with such names as Barocci, Bassano and Bazzi, of whose work there is a very rare specimen; Bronzino (one of the painters who adorned the Pitti Palace in Florence), Lodovico, David, Domenico Feti, Mola and Romanelli, whose "Daughters of Jethro" is worthy of note; Solimena and Pietro di Lorenzo. The works of these artists possess much value and are worthy of study. One must, however, pass on to other great schools of art herein represented.

Nearly a century after the great revival in Italy, the art of the Netherlands was raised to its full vigour by the triumphs of Rubens, Vandyck and Rembrandt. There is to-day a great competition among wealthy collectors for the works of these masters. No specimen of Rembrandt's work hangs at Laval, but the Rubens is one of the gems of the collection.

THE SUPPER AT EMMAUS

From the Original Painting at Laval, by Luca Signorelli

It is the project for the larger painting in the Munich Gallery, and in the estimation of many is a finer work. "The First Garland," for real artistic beauty, could scarcely be surpassed. A group of seven lovely children are playing with a trophy of fruit and flowers. What Sir Joshua Reynolds says of the larger work at Munich will apply with equal force to this "project." "It is one of Rubens's best pictures, both for colouring and drawing, it is indeed soft and rich as flesh itself. Though the flowers are painted with all that beauty of colour which is in nature, yet Rubens has preserved such brightness and clearness in his flesh, though in contrast with those flowers, as perhaps no other painter could have done." This project is dated 1614, the larger work was completed in 1618. Compare this work with that of Salvator Rosa, and then consider the different environment under which it was created. Salvator Rosa, the self-imposed exile, the apostle of all pessimism; Sir Peter Paul Rubens, the polished courtier, the ambassador to the courts of kings and queens, working in the years of his greatest distinction and honour. He was twice happily married and was passionately fond of his children. This love for innocent childhood could have found no more lovely vehicle for expression than the "Fruit Garland," which has fortunately been preserved in much of its original beauty.

SAINT MARTIN

From the Original Painting at Laval, by Salvator Rosa

The fact that Sir Anthony Vandyck was formerly a pupil of Rubens is common knowledge. A pretty anecdote is told in this connection. It is said that Rubens, having left a picture unfinished one night, and going out contrary to custom, his scholars took the opportunity of sporting around the room, when one striking at his companion with the maulstick, chanced to throw down the picture, which, not being dry, was damaged. Vandyck, at work in the next room, was prevailed upon to repair the mischief. When Rubens came next morning to his work, first going at a distance to view his picture, as is usual with painters, and having contemplated it, cried out suddenly, "I like it better than I did yesterday."

Vandyck's "Water Dolorosa" at Laval is an early work, evidently produced before he went to Italy, and while he was still under the influence of Rubens. He afterwards went to England, and there lived in the most brilliant epoch of his career, the favourite of Charles I., who conferred upon him knighthood, and for whom he painted numerous portraits. These historical portraits are, perhaps, his best-known work.

Although lacking a Rembrandt, the Laval collection possesses a Ferdinand Bal, who was one of his pupils. In direct succession to this there is a Gabriel Metsu, who was a pupil of Gerard Dou, another of Rembrandt's scholars. A somewhat large work by Balen. "The Storming of St. Stephen," predates Rubens and Vandyck. Many other Dutch painters find representation in greater or less degree at Laval. Such masters as Paul Bril, De Craeyer, and Aelbert Cuyp are worthy of mention. "A Winter Scene in Holland," by the latter, is an unusual work, as landscapes, and especially winter scenes, by this artist are exceedingly rare.

De Craeyer, a contempory of Rubens, is the author of an interesting "Portrait of B. Dalmatius Monerius," who was a hermit belonging to the Dominican Order in the thirteenth century, and has since been canonised. There are three fine examples of Paul Bril's best work in religious painting.

The Spanish school of art, at its greatest epoch, is said to have produced five masters, Ribera, Zurbaran, Velasquez, Cano, and Murillo. Of these the works of Ribera, Zurbaran, and Velasquez hang at Laval, Ribera, otherwise known as Spaguoletto (the little Spaniard), journeyed afoot from his native land to Naples to study the great Italian masters, and commenced there as a ragged and beggarly youth, dependent on the charity of his fellow artists for his daily bread. His ability soon earned him recognition, but he was never able to live in peace with the Neapolitans, and later in life was one of the famous trio who were known as "The Cabal of Naples." Zurbaran's power as a portrait painter is exemplified in "A Monk Reading." This is a life-size portrait of a monk wearing the habit of the Franciscans. There is a fervent asceticism in the feeling of this work, and strong realism in its presentment.

Velasquez, Spanish court painter, whose name is a household word, needs no meed of praise from the writer. His portrait of Cardinal Prince Trivultius, Spanish Ambassador to Rome in 1653, is not only a magnificent example of the mighty Andalusian's genius but as well a rare and priceless historical work.

One of the most eminent Spanish painters of the sixteenth century was Luis de Vergas, whose "Meeting of Our Lord with St. Veronica" is at Laval. This large canvas depicts the tradition of St. Veronica and the miracle of the handkerchief in wonderful realism. This evidently was intended originally for an altar piece.

Paris and art seem to the modern mind synonomous terms, and not without cause has the French capital become a mecca for artists. As early as the sixteenth century, and through all the troublous days that have since made stirring history for France, she has been the patron and inspiration of all worthy art. The Laval collection, of French origin, in a Franco-British university, should and does represent much that is notable in French art, more especially in the earlier period of its history. Nicolas Poussin and Philippe de Champaigne, great painters and worthy contemporaries, are represented by important examples, which are fully entitled to be classed as world celebrated paintings.

It is worthy of note that Poussin, although classed as one of the great French painters, lived the major portion of his life in Rome. The sentiment of Byron's striking line, "Oh Rome! my country! city of the soul" re-echoes the master passion of Poussin, to whom Rome became as his life. His first sojourn in the Eternal City reached to sixteen years; then the generous offers of Richelieu and the express wish of Louis XIII. brought him to Paris. Only for a short space could the artist breathe contentedly the air of France—though it was that of his native land. The opposition of envious rivals still further fixed his intention to return to the beloved Italy, and the next year after the one which saw him in Paris, beheld him again at Rome—never to return.

"God the Creator," by Nicolas Poussin, is one of the original Desjardins list. There is wonderful breadth of handling in this work. Another picture, replete with feeling and sentiment, is "The Crucifixion," recently restored. There are five other works attributed to this painter whose biographers are pleased to term "a great artist, and a still greater man."

Philippe de Champaigne was a noted painter of sacred and historical subjects. He was one of the first

members of the French Academy, and afterwards its professor and rector. His "Elias Throwing His Mantle to Elisha" is a very striking picture in which the Biblical incident is dramatically treated. The historical portrait of the venerable Francois de Montmorency-Laval, first Bishop of Quebec, is said to be by the school of Philippe de Champaigne.

One is reminded of the romantic connection between Nicolas Poussin and Gaspard Dughet, afterward known as Gaspard Poussin. Two classical landscapes by Gaspard are at Laval. The parents of Gaspard Dughet settled in Rome, and there befriended their fellow-countryman, Nicolas Poussin, nursing him through a serious illness. This friendship brought about his marriage with the daughter of his hosts. Young Gaspard, a boy at the time, showed marked inclination toward an art career, and so apt a pupil did he become, that in later years he was also known as Poussin, and attained an equal celebrity with his relative by marriage.

Charles Le Brun, the French historical painter, is represented by an important pedigreed work, "Two Angels." To Baptiste, who was employed by Le Brun in ornamenting many of the French palaces, is attributed two compositions of fruit and flowers. He was afterwards employed by the Duke of Montague, English Ambassador to France, and accompanied him to England. Here he decorated Montague House, afterward the British Museum, and during twenty-five years of residence was most successful in mural decoration. Bourdon, a French painter, who had some prominence in the seventeenth century, is the author of a grim and terrible composition, "The Death Sentence." On the left sits the judge, on a raised dais hung with crimson. Two soldiers stand behind him, in attendance. He is reading the death sentence to four men who kneel before him bound, and to a man and woman who proudly stand surrounded by soldiery. In the middle distance several figures are seen being burned at the stake.

Offering pleasing variety to the more serious range of subjects, the marine views by Claude Joseph Vernet are also an excellent idea of the work for which he is noted. Of the five canvases, the one most likely to be entirely the work of Claude Joseph is a view of an Italian port. This is signed, "C. J. Vernet, fecit Roma, 1748." His commission from Louis XV. to paint twenty of the French seaports, occupied nine years of his time, but only sixteen of them were ever finished, and the most of these hang in the Louvre.

Other noted painters who are generally classed with the early French school, and whose works of various merit may be found at Laval, are: Corneille, Coypel, D'Ulin, Wenleu, Joseph Parrocel, Pierre Parrocel, Robert, and Van Loo, whose "Holy Family" recently restored, hangs in the Seminary chapel.

Under the separate heading of historical portraits, it may be well to group the work of other noted French artists with that of a number of the most celebrated portrait painters of England. In this manner the historical interest of the portrait will be reviewed in equal measure with the work of the artist.

Portraits of the two outstanding figures in Canadian history General Wolfe and the Marquis de Montcalm are of transcendent value as studies of these men whose generalship did so much to settle the future of Canada. There are a number of portraits of General Wolfe in existence; the one at Laval is attributed to Sir Joshua Reynolds.

The work of Largillére in the semblance of Montcalm is of great interest. The famous and gallant defender of the fortress is depicted in a half-length figure standing looking at the spectator. He is dressed in a military light armoured vest and surcoat

of plum colour, which shows beneath a waistcoat trimmed with gold braid. Although an older man than General Wolfe by fifteen years at the time of the capture of Quebec, this picture would make him appear about the same age. It is probable that both portraits were souvenirs of less strenuous days in the lives of these soldiers, prior to the campaigns which brought them together at Quebec, as no doubt the portrait of Wolfe was painted in England and that of Montcalm in Paris.

Worthy art and historical value are combined in the collection of French court portraits. The later monarchical days of France were a more or less dark page in the record of the nation, but the personages of Royal blood, who doubtless lived much as they were led by circumstances and environment, have seemingly been portrayed at their best in the pictures at Laval.

Louis XV., who succeeded to the tottering throne of France in 1715, at the tender age of five years, is pictured by La Tour in apparent middle age. This artist is also represented by fac similes of Louis the Dauphin, father of Louis XVI., and Marie Leszczyuska, Queen of Louis XV. The latter is said by historians to have been a good and pious woman, neglected by her daughters, and misused by her abandoned husband.

Francois Boucher, an eighteenth century French artist, whose surviving works are now of great value, is seen at his best in four Royal portraits, those of Madame Louise, Madame Victoire, and Madame Adelaide, daughters of Louis XV., and Madame Josephe de Saxe, Dauphiness, mother of Louis XVI. The somewhat varied lives of these Royal women forms an interesting page in French history, and seem to prove the world-old truth that the mothers and daughters of any given period are much better than their sons and fathers.

The gossip of the galleries credits Boucher with having made his living by the production of many pictures suited to the low moral tone of the period, which brought a good price, but would seem in the present day a most unworthy prostitution of artistic ability. These portraits would, therefore, possess rare value as revealing the artist in better and truer work than was his want. The celebrated Madame du Barry is pictured in the character of Diana, by Largilliére, a most striking work.

The work of the great English school of the eighteenth century had no more able exponent than Thomas Gainsborough, "the purest colourest of the English school," as Ruskin describes him. The portrait of Luc De la Corne, General of the Indians under Montcalm, and a portrait of Lord Holland, the British statesman, are evidently two early productions by Gainsborough in what is known as his "Suffolk period." Sir Thomas Lawrence is the author of a picture of Mrs. Siddons. This was a favourite subject of his, and in many charming semblances of this noted actress the world has become well acquainted with her beauty.

Other historical portraits by artists of lesser fame include many pictures of the Popes and noted Church dignitaries. These may be said to possess greater local value than general artistic interest.

The work of recent years in the world-wide realm of art finds but slight representation at Laval. Various reasons might be assigned for this, but they would not alter the fact that the collection virtually stops short of the modern in art. No other collection in America so fully represents the "art spiritual" of the age prior to Rembrandt, Rubens, and Vandyck. This was the vast treasury from which our modern ideas of the various forms of human emotion were taken, and, as such, it may be well, from an artistic standpoint, to put the Laval collection in a class by itself. That various circumstances,

financial and otherwise, have contributed to this may be deemed fortunate or unfortunate, according to the opinion of the reader. Viewing these works of the great masters in a proper spirit seems to leave but little room for the moderns, worthy though they may be.

The Laval collection may be summed up as a rare representation of the art periods beginning with the early masters and ending with the classicists, and, in addition to this, sufficient examples from other schools to offer ample comparison for purposes of study.

It will not, however, be fair to the memory of such men as Hamel, Berczy, Legare, Stuart, Huot, and Falardeau to conclude this review without mentioning their names. For many years the late Honourable Joseph Legare had charge of the Laval collection, and in it there are many works of general interest from his brush.

During the past year the Laval University buildings have undergone expensive alterations, and a modern fireproof art gallery has been provided. This was thrown open to the general public recently. The present art curator is Mr. J. Purves Carter, a gentleman well qualified by years of experience in England and elsewhere to give proper care to the numerous treasures of art as are therein found.

The new gallery will be arranged under proper classification and hanging, and the many rare pictures so far lacking recognition will receive their true measure of worth in the world of art.

The authorities of Laval will doubtless find that not the least attraction to the outside world to be found within their scholastic walls will be this up-to-date repository for what will universally be recognised as the rarest accumulation of art in America.

A YOUNG VOLUNTEER OF 1812

A SKETCH OF MAJOR JOHN RICHARDSON, ONE OF THE EARLIEST CANADIAN NOVELISTS

BY IDA BURWASH

AS a century turns with the turning of the year, it recalls a memorable date to Canadians. It recalls at the same time an interesting figure in the person of Major John Richardson, one of the earliest Canadian novelists, and one of the first historians of the war of 1812, whose border strife he shared. To the present generation Richardson's memory is shadowy. His books are little known to-day and difficult of access. Yet a hundred years ago he stood at the centre of a life replete with interest and action. Though in 1812 he was only sixteen, he was known in the small society of Amherstburg, where his father was garrison surgeon, as a lad of promise. Garrison life was just the one to be attractive to a lively boy. The experience of officers and soldiers either as related to himself or as gathered up by him from the conversation of his elders, were of the kind to stimulate ambition. Then close at hand were the Indians bringing suggestion of the woods and wilds so dear to the adventurous nature.

In summer these Indians camped in hundreds on Bois Blanc Island. There Richardson with other lads was a frequent visitor. He was probably as familiar with the habits of the savages as he was with those of the settlers about Amherstburg. He was accustomed, too, to see the chiefs at any time stalking through the settlement on their way for the stores provided by the Government. Nor were fur traders, those equally daring explorers of the wilderness, lacking within the precincts of the fort. Voyageurs and trappers were constantly passing and re-passing the Detroit River on their way to and from the North. For story of adventure then the lad was never at a loss. In his family circle likewise he heard many a tale of pioneer days that must have fired his imagination, for his grandmother had been among those tried and trembling prisoners shut up in Fort Detroit when that fort was besieged by Pontiac.

Apart from local interests, affairs in Canada and abroad had just then reached a heated point. News of Britain's part in the European struggle going on must have been common talk among the little garrison—Napoleon the terrible, an oft-discussed personality. Austerlitz and Jena were then comparatively recent events and the insatiable Emperor having trodden under heel the nations of Western Europe, was in the act of moving on to Russia.

So matters stood at the beginning of 1812. Napoleon master of Europe, England mistress of the seas! And it was at this point and in this year that Napoleon, when stepping beyond his Continental limits to dip his finger in those seas again by stirring up a war between England and America, made his first backward step—that fatal step that opened up the way for his more fatal day of Waterloo. It was the declaration of

war in 1812 that shook Alexander of Russia free from his alliance with the despot.

In June, 1812, the news that war had been declared against Great Britain by the United States was received in Canada with mingled feelings. The Canadian frontier was a long one. At the moment there was not a settlement in Upper Canada that could boast a population exceeding a thousand souls. To the Loyalist settlers already worn by thirty years of bitter struggle with the wilderness, war was yet another burden imposed upon them by an enemy still unforgiven.

On the contrary, by young John Richardson it was hailed as "a glorious transition," as a welcome exchange of Cæsar's Commentaries and a stuffy schoolhouse for the King's Regulations, the open field, and soldier's quarters. Boys though they were, he and his young schoolmate Garden, managed to get themselves enrolled as "gentlemen volunteers," Richardson in connection with the detachment of the 41st, then part of the garrison at Amherstburg, Garden with the Royal Newfoundland Regiment, a few of whom were also included in that garrison.

The general conditions of the war that followed are too well known to call for repetition. From the beginning to the end of it Canadians, French or English, had but a single purpose. To a man they stood to defend their homes and country irrespective of race or class. They experienced reverses hard to bear. They chafed at times under the leadership of incompetent generals. The names of Proctor and Prevost do not shine in Canadian history. Certain of their officers suffered protracted misery as prisoners of war. Yet, despite all reverses and the far inferior number of her fighting force, at the end of both campaigns, of 1812 and 1813, Canada still held her own. In the following year a peace was arranged between the two Governments. It was one welcomed by both combatants, and one that altogether has proved to be of so satisfactory a nature that it has never since been broken.

Canadians to-day are fully sensible of the benefits of that peace. Yet a glance back at this date to the more intimate conditions of that war-time as described by Richardson, eye-witness of and participant in its events, brings to light many incidents suggestive to a later generation.

Our young volunteer's experience during those years of struggle were confined to the western frontier. Marched from Amherstburg to Queenston and back again to the western border, he took part in every engagement in that region until he was taken prisoner of war at the surrender of Moraviantown. The succeeding year he spent in hard captivity in Kentucky State.

All through his story of the war, Richardson's interest in our Indian allies is shown. He does not try to hide their barbarous war customs. At the same time he reminds his readers earnestly that every possible means were tried by Colonel St. George of Amherstburg and by Colonel Elliott, Superintendent of Indian affairs, to soften down the fierceness of the savages. As one means high rewards were offered for prisoners taken by the Indians in the hope of saving such unfortunates from torture and death. But the belief of the savage that the spirit of a dead chief would never rest in quiet till an enemy had been offered up as a sacrifice made this attempt of little avail.

One such case of vengeance is described with thrilling brevity. Logan, a young chief and interpreter, almost as much admired by the English as by his own race, was killed in the preliminary skirmish of Brownstown—an occasion on which Tecumseh, with a little band of twenty-four picked braves, defeated Van Horne and turned back his men

who were marching with supplies to General Hull at Detroit. In this fray one American prisoner was taken.

When the fighting was over Logan's body was carried into the long low Council Room. Round it his brother warriors ranged themselves in circle solemnly and in silence, placing in the circle with them their one prisoner. After they had remained for some time in absolute stillness, a bowl of food was offered to the prisoner. He seemed to eat of it obediently. "And while occupied in this manner," writes Richardson, "a young warrior, obeying a signal from one of his elders, rose from his seat, and coming round behind the prisoner struck him a blow on his uncovered head and he ceased to live. Not a yell, not a sound, beside that of the crashing tomahawk was heard, not a muscle of an Indian face was moved. The young warrior, replacing his weapon, walked deliberately back and resumed his seat in the circle. The whole party remained a few minutes longer seated, then rose to their feet and silently withdrew, satisfied that they had fulfilled a religious immolation to the ashes of the deceased."

The savage, when fired purely with the lust of blood, committed atrocities too painful for mention. But that association with the whites was gradually having a certain civilising effect upon the better Indians is shown by the following incident related of Metoss, a noted chief of the Sacs.

During the siege of Fort Miami this chief was in the habit of crossing the river daily to lie in ambush in the woods, ready to pick off any American who dared to leave the fort to carry back water or for other purposes. One such adventurer Metoss even contrived to secure alive and at once conveyed him to his wigwam to be preserved for future vengeance. The day following this capture, the chief's young son, a handsome lad of thirteen, accompanied his father. The pair in hiding were soon detected by means of a telescope within the fort, and a discharge of grapeshot killed the lad almost instantly. Maddened by grief, Metoss carried the body of his son to his canoe and quickly towards his wigwam, with the stern intent of sacrificing the American prisoner then and there. Happily, a Canadian much liked by the Indians, hearing of what had happened, hurried to meet Metoss. Earnestly he entreated him to spare the innocent prisoner, pleading that the surrender of the prisoner instead to the Indian's great father, the King, would please that father very much, whereas the prisoner's death would sorely grieve him.

Metoss, who in his misery had torn off his gay head-dress of battle, listened, speechless. At length he strode silently to his wigwam, where the body of his son had been laid. Cutting at a stroke the thongs that bound his prisoner, he led him out to the White Man with the mournful words—"You tell me that my great father wishes it—take him!" Then no longer able to control his grief, he broke down and sobbed bitterly.

The white men were deeply moved. In their fellow-feeling for the stricken father they buried the young chief the following day with full military honours. Led by Lieutenant Bullock, the funeral party gathered at the wigwam where the boy lay, his little rifle, powder and ball, beside him, while a dozen chiefs of the tribe with bodies painted black danced a solemn war-dance round his remains. So great was the anguish of Metoss he was with difficulty parted from the son whom he had clasped in his arms for a last embrace. But, finally, the soldiers lifting the child, bore him to his grave on the banks of the Miami. As a further mark of sympathy they added an extra volley to the usual three rounds fired over grave in the soldier's honour.

It was during the campaign of 1813 that the famous Shawnee Chief Tecumseh was slain. His bravery and clever tactics are constantly mentioned by Richardson. But it was not till the night before the fatal battle of Moraviantown that Tecumseh's full power was revealed. The vacillation of General Proctor, followed by his proposal to fall back on the Central Army, with all that can be said for and against it, has often been discussed. To Tecumseh it had but one meaning—rank cowardice!—and in his wrath he did not fail to tell the white man so. Richardson records, word for word, Tecumseh's famous speech at this his last war council. With his young blood aglow, the boy-volunteer listened to those burning clauses of the Indian orator, each one prefaced by its fiery. "Listen!" followed by its array of stern facts and sterner criticism, ending with the appeal—"Father! You have got arms and ammunition which our great father sent for his red children. If you have any idea of going away, give them to us, and you may go in welcome. Our lives are in the hands of the Great Spirit. We are determined to defend our lands, and if it is his will, we wish to leave our bones upon them."

Scarcely were the words spoken when a wild scene followed. The chieftains sprang to their feet brandishing their tomahawks, while the vaulted roof of the large Council Room echoed back their fierce yells. Above them, a conspicuous figure in his fringed leather dress, towered Tecumseh, his large waving ostrich plumes of white contrasting strangely with his dark face and piercing black eyes. When quiet was once more restored Proctor, through his interpreters, finally persuaded his fiery allies to a compromise—to retire with him to the Moravian village about half way between Amherstburg and Niagara.

This decided, orders were given for the dismantling of the border forts. But things were not well managed. The retreat was too dilatory and the fatal engagement of Moraviantown ensued, when closely pressed by a force of 6,000 Americans, the handful of Canadian troops with their 800 allies had no alternative than to surrender.

The loss of Tecumseh in this encounter was as keenly deplored by the Whites as by the Indians. Down the receding years his conduct must ever shine the brighter in contrast to the flight of Proctor at the commencement of this action. Richardson recounts simply but graphically the splendid appearance of Tecumseh when, just before the bugle of the advancing enemy was heard, he passed along the line in which the young volunteer was placed, pressing the hand of each officer in turn as he passed and making to each one in Shawnee what proved to be a last farewell. In less than half an hour later in a single attack on Colonel Johnson, the commander of the American Mounted Riflemen, Tecumseh was shot dead upon the spot.

As darkness fell and the news spread that Tecumseh had not only been killed but actually flayed by Johnson's followers, the hearts of the imprisoned soldiers were filled with speechless grief. It is but fair to admit that this brutal conduct of the Americans was equally lamented by their General Harrison, who begged certain of the officers of the 41st to accompany his staff in order if possible to identify the body of the fallen hero.

"Of the deep regret with which his death was regarded," writes Richardson, "no stronger evidence can be given than the fact that there was scarcely an officer of the captured division who, as he reposed his head upon the rude log affording him his only pillow that night, did not wholly lose sight of his unfortunate position in the more lively emotion produced by the untimely fate of the lamented and noble Indian."

Among other intimate details related by this soldier of a century ago are his personal recollections of Queenston Heights, of certain daring feats of individuals, of the Battle of Lake Erie (the one naval encounter witnessed by him), and of his imprisonment in Kentucky.

The story of the battle of Queenston Heights has been told and re-told many times in speech and history. Richardson throws no further light upon the action of the battle. He gives, however, a few sidelights that go to show how far war is from being the thing of glory, bugle strains, and gorgeous uniform which it is so frequently held up to be.

He was daily an observer of Brock's vexation at the incomprehensible action of Prevost in agreeing to an armistice—that calm delay that gave the enemy full time to lay their plans, to cross the river and gain the heights of Queenston for a few hours. He was among those too who shared in the scurry of that chill morning when the alarm was given just before the break of day, and news was spread throughout Fort George that the General, alone, unattended even by his aide, was already on horseback far on his way back along the lonely road to Queenston. He recounts Brock's meeting with Colonel Jarvis on that road in the dim, gray dawn, when though the latter officer was hastening to meet his chief with news of the enemy's movements Brock refused to abate his speed and the messenger as best he could was obliged to turn his own horse, going likewise at full speed, and to catch up with his flying General who, still galloping, listened to his word and shouted back his orders from the saddle without a moment's pause.

No time was lost that morning on Canadian shores. Galloping on in his turn towards Fort George to hurry on Sheaffe and his army according to Brock's orders, Jarvis encountered a second desperate rider, young Macdonnell, the General's aide-de-camp, following at break-neck pace his gallant leader. Neither had a moment to spare. But on passing his brother officer Macdonnell snatched his sword from his hand, shouting out like his General before him a hurried direction to his comrade where to find his own sword on returning to the Fort. The borrowed weapon unfortunately was of short avail.

Richardson of course was not present when that gallant charge of General and aide was made up hill in the face of odds so shortly after. But he conveys to us some idea of the grief and rage striving in the hearts of the advancing soldiers as they marched a little later over the same ground so recently passed by their daring leader and his equally daring aide; every soldier burning to avenge the deaths of the two gallant officers.

The young subaltern, however, had his grim share in the battle of the afternoon, when the reverses of the morning were avenged; when 900 American prisoners were taken and the heights regained for Canada. He was also among the saddened band who looked on while the body of the Hero of Queenston was lifted from its bleak hiding-place; when it was carried forth from the rude house in which it had been hurriedly hidden away under a pile of old blankets, in order to prevent its recognition by the enemy. He was one of those, too, who understood most clearly at what a costly price the Heights of Queenston were regained in the loss to Britain and Canada of that inspiring presence.

Shortly after this battle, the 41st was ordered back to Amherstburg, there to remain in garrison. Not until the 19th of January, 1813, was it once more under marching orders, when the whole force of 500 troops with 800 Indians was ordered out to assist Major Reynolds, who with fifty men and a few Indians had been driven back from Frenchtown by the

advance of the American army under Winchester.

The departure of the troops that winter morning made a keen impression on the young soldier, who long remembered the rear of the guns as the troops marched along the ice, the wild yells of the Indians, and the glittering reflection of the rising sun upon the icy cliffs on shore and on the polished arms of the soldiery. Equally keen was his remembrance of the cold of the bivouac at night, before fires kindled on the snow, with only the soldier's coat as covering. The march onward before daylight proved bleaker still but quickly forgotten in the onset of the battle resulting in the capture of Winchester himself and the surrender of his army.

It was during this battle that Lieutenant Irvine, noticing a three pounder gun lying close to the fence behind which the enemy was sheltered, dashed forward under cover of a heavy fire from the Canadian line behind him and seizing the drag rope bore off the gun. For this recklessness he was punished by a shot in the heel that put him out of the contest for some time.

The battle of Lake Erie took place the following autumn on September 9th, 1813. None understood better than the little garrison at Amherstburgh the fatal odds under which Captain Barclay laboured that morning. With heavy hearts they watched him sail from harbour on the lumbering *Detroit,* an unfinished vessel armed chiefly with such guns of any and every size as could be gathered in the neighbourhood. In his wake, the remaining six vessels of his fleet, manned solely by untrained provincial crews, sailed on their doubtful way to meet the nine well-equipped vessels of Perry's squadron. How anxious were the hearts of the watchers on the ramparts needs no telling, as they heard the constant firing and saw the smoke of the guns but could discern nothing of the movements of either side. Later when a change of wind had cleared the clouds away, they saw but too distinctly the wrecked Canadian fleet heavily following the Americans to Sandusky Bay.

Had Barclay's appeal for reinforcements to the Commander of Lake Ontario been listened to Canada might have been spared this fatality. From first to last every Canadian sailor on those ships showed a splendid courage. But courage without training pitted against equal courage with superior skill must submit to the inevitable.

As a further showing of the stern reality behind the glory, we have Richardson's account of the treatment of the prisoner's of war taken at Moraviantown. Among these were several officers of the 41st.

A dispirited band they left the Moravian village on the morning of October 7th, 1813. Their feelings can be better imagined than described as they passed through Detroit over soil which their regiment had held almost unassisted for the previous fifteen months under great odds as to numbers. Two routes lay open to them; one by way of the Miami, the other the Sandusky route. The few who chose the latter, including Richardson, were sent by a gun-boat across Lake Erie to the harbour where the shattered Canadian fleet still lay. To the disheartened prisoners Barclay's ship was a woeful spectacle—her guns dismantled, her bulwarks broken, her decks covered with wounded soldiers while her Captain suffering terribly from his wounds lay in bed in his cabin, hardly recognisable by his comrades except for his *unchanged spirit.*

From Sandusky began the march to Chilicothe, the place of their detention. As week by week went by a weary march it proved, through cold, unceasing rain with but a filthy hut for shelter, or oftener with halt made in the open without even coats to protect them from the storm.

Doggedly they plodded on, unconscious that the day of their misfortune had already been retrieved by the notable success of De Salaberry and his handful of troops at Chateauguay.

For some time after their arrival they were treated fairly. But when news was unexpectedly received that the twenty-three English deserters taken at Queeston had been sent home to England to be tried, the angry Yankees promptly retaliated by ill-treatment of the prisoners in their midst. A number of officers were sent on to the penitentiary at Frankfort, while the few who remained, our volunteer among them, were thrown into the common jail. There, twenty in all, they were crowded into two small rooms, guarded by a sentinel, and placed under control of a low and brutal jailor. The men of the division were kept in a fortified camp on the outskirts of the town.

Some time later, owing to the rumour of a plan being formed for escape of the officers, their ill-treatment was doubled. Handcuffs were added to the miseries of their confinement, the boy soldier alone being exempt from this precaution. At first in youthful pride he refused any amelioration of his fate, which was not to be shared by his seniors. But as time went on the relief he was able to afford his fellow-prisoners by his freedom made that exemption a boon. With the aid of an old knife he managed to extract the iron nails from the fetters, replacing them by others made of lead which he found in the haversack of one of the officers. Only close observation could have detected the difference in these nails. By this means the fettered officers managed to slip off the irons when unobserved and so to gain relief of circulation and position.

Happily this experience was not extended. About ten days of it had been endured when orders were issued for the removal of all prisoners to Frankfort. They were sent by way of the Ohio under conduct of Lieutenant Harrison. It remains to the credit of this officer that on receiving from the Englishmen the pledge of their parole he at once struck off their handcuffs on his own responsibility. From Cincinnati they crossed on horseback a gloomy hill country. In cold and storm they entered Frankfort, the first sight to greet them being the Penitentiary walls, looming up conspicuous. Here they found their comrades, thirty in all, confined in two small rooms in the upper story of the prison but accepting the situation calmly.

This further experience was likewise destined to be short. Almost on the heels of their arrival came the news of Napoleon's reverses in Russia. This freeing of England's hands gave a new aspect to American affairs. The quarters of the officers were soon moved to a comfortable hotel though still their guard was retained. Next came freedom on parole and finally permission to such officers as could pay their own means of transport to repair to the Canadian frontier. To those who remained certain kindnesses were shown, especially by Major Madison who having been previously taken prisoner at Quebec now took this opportunity of returning to the British officers the hospitality he had received at the hands of the Quebecers.

At length came the welcome news that all were ordered to the frontier. So intense was the excitement at first, neither officer nor soldier dared express his feeling by word or look. Once fairly started the return march was by comparison a holiday, though it was the end of August when they reached Lake Erie. Here further trial awaited them in that not a boat was forthcoming to carry them across the lake. While awaiting conveyance they were attacked by a violent malaria from which they suffered greatly. Weakened by disease as time went by, the sound of the wolves

howling the nights away filled them with forebodings. The thought of dying within sight of home was unendurable.

October had begun before a single craft appeared to take them to Cleveland opposite Long Point. The wretched boat was wrecked the same night in a storm and on the beach once more they shivered the night away in misery. On the following morning, however, their passage was achieved. On October 4th, just one year from the date of their captivity, they stepped upon Canadian soil once more. They were sick, exhausted and penniless. One of their number died from the exposure on the beach. Others never quite recovered from the effects of the disease. But better times were coming. Spring brought to our young volunteer both returning health and promotion. Napoleon at this time escaped from Elba. The war was renewed and the 41st ordered to join the British army in Flanders. To the regret of that faithful regiment Waterloo was fought while it was still upon the sea. There was, however, other work to do. It was not indeed till twenty years had passed and the Peace of Europe was followed by the disbanding of the regiment into which Richardson had exchanged that he turned his attention to letters as a profession.

As an historian he is perhaps unique in that he does not hesitate to state plainly our defeats and sufferings in the war of 1812 equally with our successes. He speaks with equal plainness his contempt of Proctor's cowardice and of Prevost's bungling. He readily expresses his admiration of the enemy in cases where he felt it was deserved, while at the same time he does not fail in scathing criticism of their many injustices, and of their persecution of prisoners of war.

The more complete impressions of this soldier of a century ago are recorded in his history entitled "War of 1812," in hisnovel "The Canadian Brothers," and in his narrative, "Eight Years in Canada."

Upon the sad circumstances of his death in New York at the age of fifty-four it is not needful here to dwell.

His contemporaries have frequently been held up to shame as lacking in appreciation of his literary efforts. That is a mistaken statement. Circumstances would seem to show that the Canadians who built up Ontario in those early days had a finer, keener appreciation of true literature than have their descendants of our somewhat slipshod generation. That they had neither time nor money to devote to the furthering of native talent was their misfortune not their fault. They did their own good work with single purpose.

Richardson was of their spirit in that he like them faced his tasks unflinchingly. Fearless of consequence, what he had to say, he said frankly, to the best of his ability.

MARITIME PROVINCIALISMS AND CONTRASTS

ARTICLE III—COMMON CUSTOMS AND USAGES

BY F. A. WIGHTMAN

THE contrasts existing between the Maritime Provinces as touching common customs and usages are many and varied. They appear in almost every phase of life, from the culinary department of the farm kitchen to the marts of trade, the paths of industry and the religious and educational institutions of the land. Even the people seem to have developed into types with provincial characteristics. It is not possible to treat of all the differences under this heading, but some of the more apparent will be referred to.

These contrasts, like those in other phases of life, are the outcome of differences of origin and surroundings. Some have been brought down from remote times by the inherent conservatism of our race and dressed in the garb of the present. Some of course are giving away before the magic of the modernising tendencies of the present time. But old customs die hard. The geographical peculiarities of the Eastern Provinces, the absence before Confederation of free interprovincial trade and inadequate transportation facilities, resulted in comparatively little communication, all of which were favourable to the retention and development of local customs. But the old order changeth, and many peculiarities have passed with the passing years. Others are passing, while some still remain.

So emphatic have these conditions been, that the keen observer will not fail to note the effect of environment as it has left its impress upon the characteristics of the people themselves. But this, too, is being obliterated by the swifter and freer movements of to-day. All these Eastern Provinces have produced a splendid type of Canadian, though somewhat differing in points of excellence. Since the common customs are so closely allied with the people themselves, it may not be amiss, briefly, to consider the contrasts in provincial types.

The Prince Edward Islander of the present is perhaps more nearly related to the people of the mother land than others of the east, as he represents the partly-fused descendant, only one or two generations removed from old-time conditions. He is hardy, industrious, intelligent, thrifty, upright, hospitable, intensely loyal to Britain, and just as loyal to his Island home. Force of stubborn facts compels him to admit that it may not be the largest Province of the Dominion, but in all other respects he claims for it equality. In many respects his claims are well founded, and in any case the thought is one that does credit to his patriotic instincts. A school boy, on being asked to name the large islands of the world in order, is said to have replied:

"The Island, the British Isles, and Australia." This may not be an in apt illustration of the school boy's thought. But the rising generation is experiencing a widening horizon, and his patriotic pride now begins to embrace the whole Dominion. If in the past he has been somewhat insular and more British than Canadian, it is from no fault of his. The Island, as to population, courts higher education more than the sister provinces. Politics and the learned professions generally appeal to him, and in them he excels. The ministry and college professorships are callings greatly to his liking, and these he often fittingly adorns.

The Nova Scotian gives the impression of belonging to a province whose people are perhaps the most homogenous to be found in Eastern Canada. His people are distinctive as a whole, conforming more generally to their provincial type. They are neither English or American, but are thoroughly fused into Nova Scotia Canadians. But why give descriptions, for who has not met the genial, wide-awake *Bluenose*. He is a combination of the New Englander and the old countryman transplanted to Canadian soil, and Nova Scotia soil at that. He, too, is first a Nova Scotian, but none the less a Briton and an ardent Canadian. The earlier resentment of the *modus operandi* by which his Province was brought into the Union has practically disappeared. For some years, however, to quote the familiar saying, "While he did not object to the marriage, he had a strong dislike to the way the banns were published." Industrially, by virtue of natural resources combined with native ability, he leads the East. As a people, the Nova Scotians are tenacious of established customs, hospitable, intelligent and thrifty. Their chief product is prominent statesmen and educationists—for Canada and other countries.

The New Brunswicker, by virtue of being so closely associated with the Americans on the west and the French-Canadians on the north, does not represent so homogeneous a type as either the Islander or Nova Scotian. For the same reasons he is more cosmopolitan. He has been more in touch with continental movements and with Canada as a whole. Nevertheless, there is a typical New Brunswicker as there is a Nova Scotian. In origin, being chiefly of United Empire Loyalist stock, he is of course ultra-British in sentiment, and while being a true New Brunswicker, he claims to be the most ardent Canadian of all. He has seen much of pioneer life, and the subjugation of his fine Province has qualified him for fields of large endeavour. Physically, in stature, he excels his Maritime brothers, while intellectually and in all other respects he is their equal. He manifests the same ability to excel in the learned professions, and if he has specialised at all, it is in the departments of statesmanship and literature. It has been said that a New Brunswicker may be known by the way he shakes a pepper bottle, a Nova Scotian by the way he says "valley," and an Islander in his handling of a horse. Be this as it may, the foregoing may serve to indicate some characteristics of their Maritime types.

Turning more particularly now to the contrasting customs, we note a number, chiefly pertaining to the industrial side of life. For instance, while the ox as a beast of burden has been long since abandoned in New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island, he still holds a very large place as a factor in the farm labour of Nova Scotia. In the former Provinces, an ox-team upon the highway would be regarded as the advance guard of a circus and the centre of curiosity, while in many parts of Nova Scotia, it is one of the most commonplace sights. In transportation he divides honours with the horse. Though considered slow and out of date, these arguments or prejudices do not for

a moment interfere with his popularity; and the patient ox seems quite serene in a sense of the security of his position. He ploughs, rakes, mows, trucks, goes on long journeys, and in fact does almost everything a horse is expected to do, except to take his place upon the race-course. Even on the streets of some of the larger towns the ox-team is a familiar feature as he moves along or patiently chews his cud in front of some fashionable store. To the stranger, the somewhat loud commands, frequently issued to "Buck" and "Bridget" to "gee" or "haw," introduce a new feature of life.

Associated with the use of the ox may also be mentioned a quite general peculiarity in the character of his yoke. In the days of our pioneer ancestors, when oxen generally furnished the motive power for all ordinary work, they wore a neck-yoke with the familiar ox-bow which fitted against the shoulders, and by which means the ox pulled his load. In most parts of Nova Scotia, however, where oxen are used the neck-yoke and the ox-bow are things unknown. The yoke used here is of the "Dutch" type, wholly different from the former, being lighter, straighter, and fitted to rest upon the back of the head where it is strapped to the horns by leather thongs or straps. For this reason it is spoken of as the "head" or "horn" yoke. It seems to have been used first among the Germans of Lunenburg County (Nova Scotia Dutch), and now holds sway everywhere west of Halifax. It seems less humane than the neck-yoke, and oxen using it seem to travel more slowly; but its advocates claim that it is easier on the animals, which, with it, certainly seem to draw heavier loads. Strange to say, the make-up is not considered complete without the ever-present miniature brass bell tightly strapped around the neck with heavy straps. Thus, both winter and summer, the tinkle of the ox-teams may be heard. This peculiar accompaniment is presumably for ornament rather than to beguile the patient brute into thinking himself in the pasture.

Let not the presence of the ox be interpreted as a mark of failure to keep up with the times on the part of the Nova Scotian. It is not. Neither is it wholly because of his attachment to established customs, but more because of other reasons. A considerable portion of the land is rough, grain is not a larger factor in farm rotation, and pasture is plentiful. The ox, under these conditions can sometimes work where a horse could not so well, he is more economically kept, and the market affords double opportunity for sale, as he is in demand both for work and for beef. There are many who believe that the complete elimination of the ox from the other provinces is an economic blunder. So the ox will likely remain for many moons to come on the farms of the "Bluenose" Province.

Should our friend of the ox-team take a load of wood to town to sell, he would tell his prospective customer that it contained so many yards and was worth so much a yard. Should his customer happen to belong to New Brunswick or Prince Edward Island, it would be necessary to translate these terms into cords, or fractions thereof, as wood in this form is always so sold in the latter provinces. It may be here said, however, that the New Brunswick cord differs from that of Prince Edward Island, where a cord always contains the standard one-hundred and twenty-eight feet. In New Brunswick, on the other hand, the cords vary in size and are generally larger than the standard. In some communities, for certain classes of wood, the legal cord contains one hundred and ninety-two cubic feet—really a cord and a half. For the uses, the cord is one hundred and sixty feet and the smallest cord, except for private purposes, contains one hundred and thirty-two feet. These variable quantities have result-

ed from varying conditions of trade, and altogether they serve to illustrate an interesting contrast in these Provinces.

If Nova Scotia has her own method of measuring wood by the yard, and New Brunswick peculiarties of cord dimensions, Prince Edward Island has her singularity in computing unsawn timber by the ton, rather than in feet, as is general. This may not be the universal practice on the Island, but it is probably a survival of the earlier ship-building days and the times before saw-mills, when tun timber was largely exported to the old country. As the lumber of the Island was necessarily limited commercially, for export purposes, it became exhausted in the tun timber days, and, naturally, the term, and method of measuring remained. In the other Provinces, where the lumber trade passed from the tun timber conditions to that of manufactured lumber, the old method of tun measures was superseded long ago by the more modern system of mensuration, hence the contrast.

Something akin to this is also found in the Island method of shingle measurements. All through Canada, and indeed North America with the exception of Prince Edward Island, shingles are put up in small compact bunches of four to the thousand. For some reason this is not the method pursued on the Island, where considerable local trade is carried on in the manufacture of fir (var) shingles. Here they are invariably put up in larger flat bunches of three to the thousand. Repeated inquiries have failed to find an explanation for this unusual practice. It is equally difficult to understand, when so many shingles put up in the standard way are imported, why the Island practice does not conform to the general trade. But then we must remember the story of "the tailors of Dooley street" and also the strength of an established custom.

It may be of interest here to note that each of the three Provinces follows a different method in the process of manufacturing lime. In Prince Edward Island considerable lime is manufactured for agricultural purposes, almost wholly from imported stone, with coal as fuel. The kiln used is of small capacity and charged with alternate layers of coal and limestone, it is so burnt. In Cape Breton, where large quantities of both coal and limestone are found, the process of manufacture is different. The kilns are very large and are constructed more after the draw-kiln process of the old country, coal being the fuel used. In New Brunswick, where large quantities of lime are manufactured for the trade, the process is entirely different from that of either of the other Provinces. Here wood is the invariable fuel used, and the kiln is constructed with this in view. The kiln is not charged with alternate layers of stone and fuel, as in the other cases, but after being completely filled with stone, the firing is done wholly from beneath, precisely as if it were a furnace. Different as these processes may be, each is doubtless suited to the local conditions, but the contrast is none the less because of this reason.

Turning again to Prince Edward Island, we notice some peculiarties in the country roads. Here as a general thing they are laid out with a surveyor's compass and run perfectly straight in the direction desired and generally at right angles with themselves. The country has been spoken of as one of straight highways and crooked railway. While the highways pursue their course regardless of hills or dale, it has been said of the railway, "the larger hills were avoided and the smaller ones were gone around." In the other Provinces the tendency is in the opposite direction. While the highways twist and turn in all directions, the railroads, where possible, pursue an unswerving course.

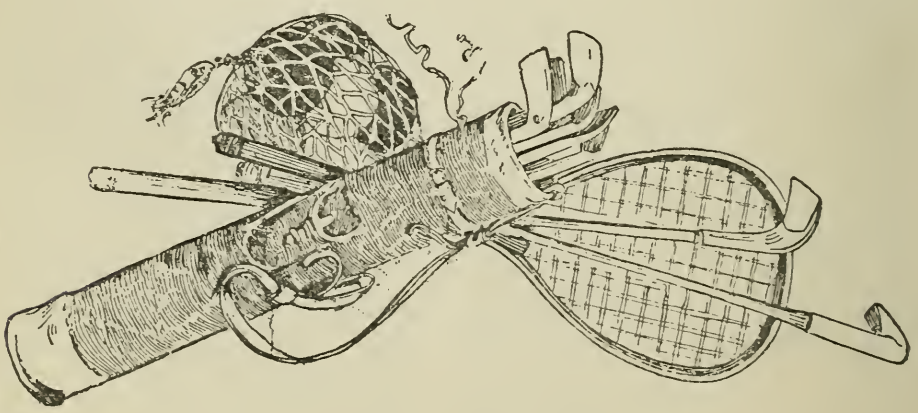
It is, however, on the winter roads and the method of using them that the most striking contrasts appear. In the

main-land Provinces, as in most other civilised countries where runners are used in the winter, the snow roads are broken with and for a span of horses. This makes a much better road, being wider, firmer, and freer from sluing and pitching. It also makes possible the use of a span of horses, where otherwise they could neither travel with safety or comfort. Single rigs travelling such double roads get over the difficulty of tracking by the well-known and simple device of shifting the shafts to one side. Thus, for either double or single purpose, the road is perfectly suitable. This system is never employed on Prince Edward Island. The roads are invariably broken for a single track. As a consequence, they are invariably bad and next to impossible for a span of horses. This seems to be a matter of surprise in a country where horses abound. Such clinging to an unneccessary custom can only be explained by the stubbornness of established custom. A matter so easily remedied should not be permitted to remain, since a change would save a great deal of inconvenience and much profanity. We speak of it here only as a matter of contrast in customs.

The honourable vocation of agriculture is also fruitful of a number of provincial contrasts. As a rule, the Islander uses much more farm machinery and farms generally more scientifically and profitably than his neighbours across the little strip of water. Everywhere with him wheat takes prominent places in the rotation of farm crops. He supplies most of his own needs in this respect. One old man, by reason of the partial failure of his crops, had occasion to buy a barrel of flour at the local store. This he took home in the shades of a dark night lest his neighbours might learn of the fact, and his reputation suffer in consequence.

This may illustrate the general feeling and the place which wheat occupies in the economics of the farm. Comparatively little of this grain is grown in either of the other two Provinces. On the other hand, buckwheat, so plentiful in New Brunswick, is a minus quantity in Prince Edward Island, not being grown even for stock purposes. Here the pancake, so dear to the heart of the New Brunswicker, can hardly be had for love or money. Customs and habit again.

In many other departments of life, not here referred to, especially social and religious, many other peculiar contrasts prevail; but let this suffice. Let it be remembered also, that over and under all minor differences there is a oneness which is coming more and more to characterise all Canadians of all the Provinces.



GRENFELL FROM A DECK CHAIR

BY W. LACEY AMY

THE extent of the popular knowledge of Labrador appears to be that it has provided a grand frame for Grenfell. My friends who recognise the politeness of being interested in my trip down the coast of that north country consider that they have done things ample justice and revealed an intimacy with geography and events by asking if I saw Grenfell. Well, I didn't. And I'm contrary enough to be glad of it. When "David Harum" temporarily ousted the Bible and Dickens from popular perusal, I obstinately refused to read it. What's the use of knowing what everyone else knows? There is no niche in life for the man who is interested only in what is universal knowledge; he hasn't time to add anything to the general information.

Accordingly, I purposely made no effort to see the man who keeps idle women busy on woollen undershirts for the Liveyere children and sleeping bags for the fishermen. Everyone else knew Grenfell from his own mouth; I wanted to know him from the lips of those amongst whom he worked, uninfluenced by the glamour of person or clever narrative. My impressions, therefore, may be unjustified, because, of course, I could talk to only a few hundred; and they may be unjust to Dr. Grenfell, because it has been a pretty universal experience that the great pioneers have been neglected in the disposition of rewards until it is too late to make a personal presentation.

However, I can tell only that which came in answer to inquiries that became more and more interesting as I got to the bottom of things, in the way of reputation and what I myself saw. I am glad I used my eyes as well as my ears, for I am bound to admit the two impressions differed.

Away down in St. John's, Newfoundland, I began to collect local opinion of the great missionary. Everything Newfoundlandish has its starting point at St. John's. Grenfell may officially reside in St. Anthony, up in the north corner of Newfoundland, and all his work may be northward from that, but St. John's is the headquarters of Grenfell, the fisherman, the postal service, the members of Parliament, the Reid-Newfoundland Company, and all else worth claiming. So in St. John's I began to make discoveries.

Tentatively I spoke of Dr. Grenfell to a well-known local man, and I was prepared to duck the deluge of eulogy I knew would come from one who must know the sacrifices and philanthropy of him who moves audiences to tears and women to giving up their earrings, curls and silver bags for the suffering Labradorian. I had to duck, but it was from anything but eulogy. I went out thoughtful. I asked a few dozen more; and, to my surprise, the same feeling appeared to prevail everywhere. Perhaps the friends I picked up on short notice in St. John's were undesirable; I did not have long to make a selection, I'll admit.

Fortunately I had learned the sensitiveness of the Newfoundlander, and carefully I set about finding out what Grenfell had done to earn this resentment. I received many words

WHERE GRENFELL MISSION DOCTORS DO THEIR WORK

in answer, words bubbling from something evidently akin in sound to prejudice, but there was little to seize for use in forming an opinion. I kept patiently at it, and the most intelligent criticism of Grenfell I could at first receive was that he misrepresented conditions to the general detriment of Newfoundland customs and life. It must be remembered that Labrador is a part of Newfoundland, so far as the east coast is concerned.

Meeting one who was less violent and more reasonable, I got nearer to the centre of things. Grenfell, he said, travelled all over Canada and the United States depicting the very worst conditions to be found down the Labrador, until it had become the general impression that these pictures were of the life there, that Labrador was suffering and that misery and illness and deprivation prevailed. Thus far anyone who has heard Grenfell will agree with my informer. The opposition of the Newfoundlander was brought home to me by a clever transference of the scene to Toronto. The man had lived in that city until the last few years.

"You know," he said, "that anyone could go into St. John's Ward, Toronto, and pick out conditions of life that would appear terrible from the lecture platform. But you would scarcely consider it fair that a lecturer should use these in describing life in Toronto. You have just as vile conditions, just as poverty-stricken, disease-ridden, ignorant people south of College Street as Grenfell can meet in Labrador."

I had to admit some ground for resentment there. I saw also that in this fact alone might lie the entire reason for Grenfell's personal unpopularity in St. John's. But granted that was true, there was still no ground for withholding the heartiest sympathy with his work and the largest support in his efforts. On that point I was determined to eliminate prejudice and see for myself.

All the time I felt that there was something more hinted at in the criticism of the Newfoundlander, but it was impossible to get down to a plain charge. However, on the way down the Labrador I was able to corral more critics and corner them into

DR. GRENFELL IN AN ESKIMO KAYAK

something akin to definiteness.

Openly it was charged that Dr. Grenfell did not make a statement of his expenditure. Bluntly I doubted it. It sounded like the last stand of prejudice. I asked every passenger on the boat, hoping to arrive at some dependable information. With one single exception, the statement was made that Grenfell did not find it necessary to account for the money he collected through other sources than the Mission to Deep Sea Fishermen, the English institution that is responsible for the inception of the work, but which can provide but a small fraction of what is expended in the Labrador mission.

As I expected, my informants were talking from hearsay only. None of them had seen the report, and they had all accepted it as a fact that no statement was given of the thousands received. It was pleasant for no one when they were forced to admit that they had no definite evidence to give.

The one exception to the general criticism was a government official. He stoutly maintained that a report was made, but he, too, had to admit that he was surmising only. The Government, he said, gave five thousand dollars to the mission, and in the postal service every dollar of government money had to be accounted for; therefore, he argued, Grenfell must have to account to the Government. Of course, that was of no use to me.

At last I broached the subject to two eminent English church divines, two of the best-known churchmen in Newfoundland, who were taking the trip for the rest. Here, to my surprise, I received the best confirmation of the report. One of them said that he knew for a fact that the statement was not made,that he had personally asked Dr. Grenfell for such a statement to satisfy the popular clamour, and Grenfell had refused.

A few days later I had the opportunity of meeting several of the mission doctors and employees. Here, I thought, I would at last reach the truth. In answer to my inquiry each indignantly insisted that a statement was made. I was weary of the interminable search and glad to receive any support for my firm belief in Grenfell's worth. But an American passenger persisted.

"Have you yourself seen such a

statement?'' he asked, and each was forced to admit that he had not.

And there you are with all I could learn. Grenfell himself had not yet come this year to the coast; he had been called to England by illness, and had just returned to St. Anthony in August, where his yacht, the *Strathcona*, was ready to bring him down to his Labrador hospitals. From that time I closed my ears as much as I could and used my eyes, and what I saw might almost reconcile one to no statement of the many thousands that are turned over to the great missionary, even if that charge is true.

At Battle Harbour, the first stopping port in Labrador, where one of the two Grenfell hospitals is situated, I saw the first evidence of the practical side of Grenfell's mission. Two large white buildings, across the front of which ran the words, ''Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren ye have done it unto me,'' faced the harbour, and on the board porches convalescent patients rested on comfortable couches or sat in easy chairs. Thirty-five patients were receiving the blessing of the money that Grenfell was collecting, patients suffering from the terrible wounds and sores that come from sea-fishing when treatment is late in arriving.

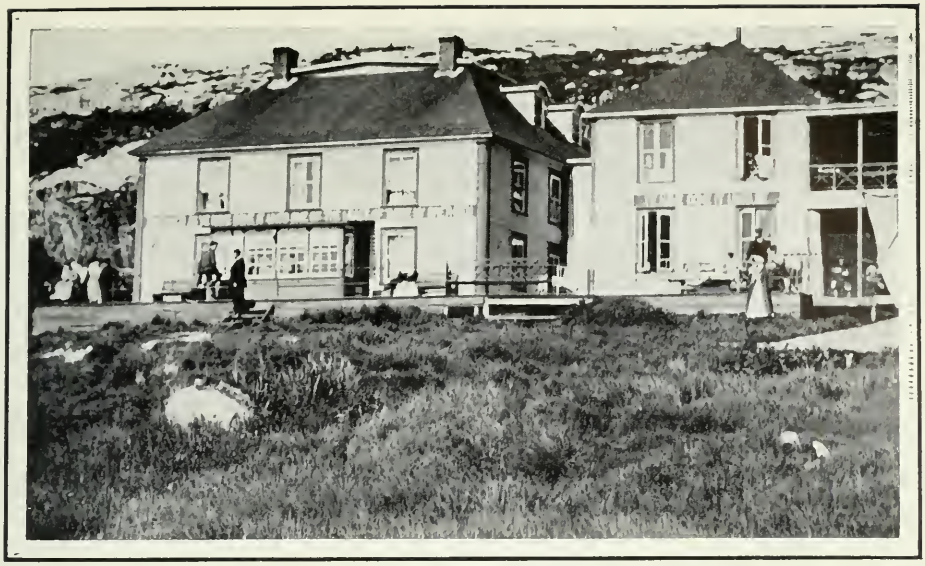
On the return trip the hospital was full of fishermen and children whose sight lay at the mercy of a great New York specialist who was labouring early and late in the little surgery, doing for nothing what would have made his fortune in a regular practice. Men and women and small boys and girls lay blindly wrapped in bandages, quiet under stern self-control, and awed by the first sign of relief that had entered their lives. All along the coast the eye-sufferers had been collected, and in the surgery a tall, thin man worked quickly and deftly to give everyone attention in the few days of his visit.

Criticism vanished at the sight. The only thought was the fear that anything might interrupt this work, that the money might not come freely enough to relieve those who were many hundreds of miles from other medical help than that supplied by Grenfell.

One of the Grenfell doctors boarded the steamer to go north to the other hospital at Indian Harbour, two hundred miles farther down amongst the rocks and the icebergs. He was a strong, large-framed young fellow, full of the enthusiasm of service and the praises of Grenfell, his chief. And I found without exception that Grenfell's staff had the reverence for him that only worth could maintain. In itself that was one of the missionary's strongest recommendations.

Far down the coast the doctor went on shore on the mail-boat to see a family, the father of which was lying in the Battle Harbour Hospital recovering from an amputated leg. Last year the man had gone to the hospital with a tubercular knee, and had returned without it; this year he had spoken to the doctors about his family and the sickness that seemed to remain with them. The medical men know well the trouble, and one of them was now seeing if anything could be done.

When we landed from the small boat we were directed to a mud hut, distinguished from the rest of the landscape only by a stovepipe thrust into the air, a tiny bit of board near the door and a black hole for entrance. It was uninviting at the best, and the sound of a sick child crying from the inside did not add to its attractiveness. I refused to enter, but the doctor stooped and went in, while I looked from the doorway. Inside an old woman sat on a broken chair in the corner nursing with hopeless look a small child that cried weakly and helplessly. Three other children ran out into the sun at our approach, and a younger woman came forward and greeted the doctor, asking for news of '' her man.'' Out in



THE GRENFELL MISSION HOSPITAL AT BATTLE HARBOUR

the sun the doctor examined the children and talked of the treatment and precautions they must take. It was a striking demand for just such service as Grenfell is trying to render, and my camera recorded it with convincing faithfulness.

Later the doctor told me what he had found. With the father destined to be a helpless care, the mother was blind in one eye from cataracts, the wife also blind, the baby very sick and doomed to die, and one small child blind in one eye and its face a pitiful sight. Scurvy had done its worst during the past winter and spring; tuberculosis would do the rest.

Last winter (1909-1910) one of Grenfell's doctors started by komatik, as the Labrador dog-sled is called, to make his annual winter trip down the coast as far north as Okkuk, a thousand miles below Battle Harbour. It is the really great struggle of the year, when the young fellow is at the mercy of dogs that are half wolf, and most of the time scores of miles from any habitation of man, surrounded by the terrible storms and snows of the most terrible winter country in the world. But he did not reach Okkuk. Instead of travelling a thousand miles north the suffering and sickness he encountered allowed him to go no farther than Hamilton Inlet, less than a third of the way. The

VIEW FROM THE GRENFELL MISSION HOSPITAL AT BATTLE HARBOUR

THE GRENFELL MISSION HOSPITAL AT INDIAN HARBOUR

previous season had been a bad one for the fishermen, and in its trail came the diseases that low vitality could not fight off. Thirteen cases of scurvy he found, and the spring broke in with but a small part of his trip accomplished.

And even in this trip Grenfell came in for some of the adverse criticism that has met him in Newfoundland. The subordinate doctor, who had battled the terrible conditions of sickness, wired to the New York office of the Grenfell Association, stating what he had found and asking for relief in supplies. The secretary unfortunately showed the telegram to the Associated Press, and thus went abroad an exaggerated account of the suffering and starvation on the Labrador coast, and the Newfoundlander became more incensed.

On board with us was Miss Luther, the head of the industrial department of the Grenfell missions. Here was a practical effort to educate the fisherman and his family to other work than fishing, so that all would not depend on the run of cod. From the headquarters at St. Anthony she directs the teaching of weaving, pottery making and metal working. For use in her department wool is imported and native clay utilised. On our steamer she was going north to look after the placing of a loom that had been sent to Indian Head without the room to use it. An ambitious Liveryere had requested that one be sent to Cartwright and that already in the north was to be transferred there. All the mission officials now dress in the product of their own looms. One of the mission proteges had become an expert metal worker, but lured by the promise of ready money, had left the mission to teach in a small school.

All along the coast Miss Luther collected the moccasins, gloves, dressed dolls, "dickies," etc., that had been made by the Liveyeres from the materials supplied by the mission. For these she would secure good prices when sold outside. Indeed, it is owing to the influence of the Grenfell missions that it is no longer possible to purchase the handiwork of the natives at ridiculously low prices.

When I left the coast I had still been unable to arrive at an authoritative conclusion on the many charges of the Newfoundlander against Grenfell. As to the statement of revenues, I am still at sea. The charge that Grenfell is able to purchase at much lower rates than the resident merchants and can therefore undersell them, may be partially attributed to the uncomfortable opposition of the co-operative stores established by the doctor to ensure honest treatment of the fishermen. The assertion by some opponent that Grenfell preached in the morning and in the afternoon went out shooting was not worth considering. From what I knew of the fishermen, too, I was prepared to ignore indefinite slurs against hospitals, for the fishermen consider hos-

pital treatment as one grand spree, and the dieting and inconveniences of supply in that faraway country do not meet with their approval.

But whether Grenfell accounts for his receipts or not, whether a thousand dollars spent in Labrador will accomplish as much good as elsewhere, whether Grenfell deserves in any way the opposition he seems to receive where he is known best—these things are of no concern to me at the moment. I do know that the only habitable buildings along the coast of Labrador are those of the Grenfell mission and the Hudson's Bay Company, the only education in sanitation comes from Grenfell's employees, the only medical treatment is provided by Grenfell's doctors and the government physician on the semi-monthly steamer; and were it not for Grenfell and his work the life of the Labradorian would be infinitely less endurable and safe than it is now. It is for his backers to investigate the disapproval of the Newfoundlander. I know their sensitiveness and the difficulty of dealing with the fishermen; and I saw the effects of the medical attention and education that is being given free to the inhabitants of the bleakest coast in the whole world.

ONE APRIL DUSK IN ENGLAND

By ARTHUR STRINGER

ONE April dusk in England when the rain
Fell warm on field and woodland and the night
Came in with odorous silence, and my soul
Was sick for home, and all the loneliness
Of all the world seemed eating at my heart,
Out of the warm wet woodland and the gloom
Of shadowy hillsides came a sudden burst
of song.

I knew it was the nightingale,
Waking the valley, voicing all the ache
Of all the loneliness that earth had known.
I knew it was a nightingale that made
The mist-emerging moon seem beautiful
And crowned with sudden rapture all the gloom
And touched with calm the heart of troubled youth.
I knew what bird it was; yet ne'er before
Had I once hearkened to its alien throat.

They told me this. Yet long ago and oft
My straining ears had heard this selfsame note,
My breast had known this selfsame ba'm of song,
Had known the mournful music and the moon
That left memorial their hills of dusk
And made me wonder in what far-off times
I had known other lives and was at home
With all my dark and half-remembered ghosts!

The Chateau Frontenac, Quebec

YOU AND I

By EMMA PLAYTER SEABURY

ON the window seat in the new Chateau,
We sat in the gloaming, you and I,
A hum came up from the crowd below,
The roar of the city crashing by!
The lovers passed on the esplanade,
The band played on in the flaring light,
The idlers talked in the kiosk's shade;
There were only two in the world that night—
Swung between river and rock and sky,
With our love and our dreaming—You and I.

The river wound, with a curve and smile,
Past frowning fort and the crag that chills,
And crooned around the enchanted isle,
And kissed the feet of the purple hills;
Barge and steamer, and launch, and sail
Floated, and flashed, and glimmered along,
Fading anon, like a ghostly grail,
Or a shower of stars or a burst of song.
Up so high in the new Chateau,
You and I, and the world below.

What cared we for the old-world feuds,
The heroes slain or the battles won?
Love turned our souls to its finer moods
And swept the gamut of joy begun;
While over the cliffs where the rivers race
In rhythmic melody, song and glee,
They met with the thrill of a swift embrace,
And answered the call of the moon-kissed sea.

O lives atune with the song of the spheres!
O lives that loving can glorify!
We are drifting out to God's golden years,
Together, forever dear, You and I.

DEVEAU'S REDEMPTION

BY FREDERICK C. CURRY

HOW the fort at Rhattrah came to be built on such an unpromising site nobody knows. It was probably the result of the same mismanagement that ten years later raised the whole district in arms.

At any rate the whole blame, whether justly or not, was laid upon Deveau. Deveau was a young man, a captain in the Sappers. He had already incurred the displeasure of headquarters by his marriage just before leaving England, so he considered himself fortunate in receiving his captaincy and being entrusted with the work of constructing the little fort at Rhattrah

Deveau had put his whole heart into the work, and as he looked around and saw the fresh white masonry and the newly-sodded ramparts he smiled contentedly. A day or two more and the Adjutant-General would make his inspection, and then he would go on his long-promised leave, back to England, to home.

To him the fort meant everything—promotion or disgrace. Disgrace? Yes, it might mean disgrace to him. The idea had not occurred before, and now it haunted him strangely. He drew his hand across his forehead and brought it away damp with sweat. And yet he could find no reason.

"I'm in a deuce of a funk," he said, "probably a touch of the fever," and turning sharply on his heel, he went in search of quinine.

The days passed quickly, and the Aujutant-General came on his tour of inspection. Deveau, clad in spotless khaki, accompanied the staff from point to point about the earthworks, occasionally showing with carefully-concealed pride where some peculiar difficulty had been met with and overcome. But, although everything seemed to be in order, he felt the same feeling of apprehension.

Then they emerged on one of the bastions. The General called attention to the neighbouring hill and curtly asked the distance. Deveau told him, and they passed on. A moment or two later the General again asked the distance, and again Deveau told him. The General shook his head and despatched a staff officer to have it measured.

It was several hours before the little party returned. Deveau, still white from fever, had aged in the interval

The staff officer gave the result of his work. The measurement showed the fort to be within effective rifle range of the hill.

The General broke the silence.

"I am very sorry," he said, "but I must order you under arrest until this matter is investigated."

So Deveau went to his quarters and hung up his sword and crimson sash, and for the last time unrolled the well-worn plans. With feverish haste he picked up a pair of dividers and measured the distance between hill and fort. Then with trembling hands he laid the points along the scale—and the result tallied exactly with the staff officer's figures.

With a groan he laid the dividers down and reeled into his chair. He

saw his plans for the future, his entire life ruined, and in place of the vision of his welcome home rose the grim scene of a court-martial. He reached down to replace the instruments, and his hand fell on the butt of a heavy service revolver.

A moment later the crack of the pistol brought the staff tumbling into the room. There they found him fallen across the opened plans, on which he had written in his fine copper-plate lettering "Fort Despair."

So the fort received its baptism of blood, and the Adjutant-General drew up his report and said:

"Poor devil! It's pretty tough on his people, but it's probably just as well.

It was not Deveau he had in mind, however, but the man who had sanctioned the site. Deveau might have cleared himself, but he had shouldered the blame, and so he must bear it. For now there would be no investigation, and under the protection of red tape and pigeon-holed documents the man higher up could rest secure.

And because forts are dear and human lives are cheap, Fort Despair was garrisoned and settled down to humdrum barrack life.

But away in distant England a mother was waiting for the day when her son would graduate, a gaunt young subaltern, from Chatham, ready to fulfil a promise, made years before at her knee, a promise, one might almost say a dedication, to redeem his father's name

And the tale remained, one of the half-forgotten traditions of the mess-room.

*

With sublime optimism headquarters had deemed the impending uprising as trivial. It is true that Cranston, who commanded at Fort Despair, had sent in a rather alarming report, but then Cranston was an alarmist, a failure whose extreme caution had given him the name of "Cautious" Cranston. It was only to be expected that a man who lacked decision and who had been safely shelved in a half-forgotten fort would take an extreme view of the seditious rumours that were always current along the border.

They had instructed him to take what steps he considered were necessary to crush the rebellion and informed him that a force of all arms would be gathered at Akbeer by the twenty-ninth to act in conjunction with his troops.

It was now the twenty-seventh and the troops at Akbeer still waited for word from Cranston. But none was coming, for the hill, the fatal hill, that could alike prove the despair or the salvation of the garrison, had been taken, and the signalling squad that formed the sole means of communication had been cut off.

A narrow ledge half-way up the cliff faced the fort and had given a clear view to Ackbeer some seventy miles away. Approached by a single path, which was jealously guarded by stone breastworks, they had thought the place impregnable.

Perhaps a sentry had slept at his post, perhaps the enemy had discovered a new path and clambered down from above—it would never be known. But the little party of four riflemen and three signallers had been entirely wiped out.

The faint flashes of rifle fire and the distant rattle of musketry had announced the attack to the garrison, and then the long silence, and when morning came the utter lack of response to the little flag that dipped and fluttered on the parapet confirmer their worst fears.

Had Cranston now abandoned the fort he could have cut through the hillmen's lines. But again he hesitated, and the opportunity passed.

And at Akbeer, just seventy miles away, lay the might of the British Army, waiting to strike and destroy. But the connecting nerve was shattered, and the arm lay there, helplessly paralysed.

Meanwhile Colonel Cranston was

pacing the orderly-room nervously. Twenty steps up and twenty steps back, as methodically as the sentry outside. He saw his mistake and realised what it meant. There were but two courses left. He must either await the end in the fort or force it prematurely by vacating the fort and trying to cut through to Akbeer. And he alone must decide.

He glanced toward the desk where young Deveau, his adjutant, was writing and tugged at his moustache as he thought how like the father the subaltern looked. His position at the desk, the way he wrinkled his forehead, his hair—all these were his father's. But his eyes were not. They were the mother's. Cranston remembered her well, for he and the father had been cadets together.

"Poor chap," mused the Colonel. "I wonder if he knows how much of this mess his father got us into?"

As if in answer to his thoughts, the boy looked up and Cranston, wondering if he had voiced his thoughts aloud, halted abruptly.

The boy grated his chair back noisily and came toward him.

"I think it can be done, sir," he started, as if in the midst of a conversation.

"What?" queried Cranston, still uncertain what he had been saying.

"Why, get a message through," continued Deveau. "I couldn't help hearing," he added.

"But it's impossible," continued the older man. "For one thing fifty men couldn't take the cliff, except by surprise, and then we have no instruments. That was the only large heliograph we had."

"There's a small one in stores, sir," broke in the boy; "we might get them with it. The book says—"

"It's no use. How could you reach the ledge?"

Deveau could see the older man weakening; therefore he continued to outline his plan.

"You know they're not up to much on tactics, sir," he started. "Couldn't we draw them off the hill with a counter attack and rush up a small party before they returned. Just two signallers and a couple of men to hold them off a bit till we got the message through."

"It is madness," said the Colonel. "Not one would come back alive. But if it could be done, if it could be done."

"It can," came the answer. "Let me try, sir," pleaded the boy, "for my father's sake."

Cranston paused. To him the boy was more than a subaltern, for he and his father had been as two brothers. He thought of his own son, a dissolute young rascal safe at home, and he wished he had a son like this. Come what might, he would be true to his friend. Deveau's son would have his chance.

"My boy! My boy!" he said at last, "God forgive me if I am doing you wrong, but it is the only way and we must try it."

"To-morrow?" asked the boy.

"To-morrow," said Cranston, as he grasped the subaltern's hand. Then he strode out of the room, his mind relieved by the opportunity of postponing his decision another day.

The boy's judgment proved correct. The hillman, dangerous and skilful antagonist as he is, has one prominent failing. He will leave points of the utmost importance unguarded for the sake of getting into the thick of the fight, where he feels his terrible two-handed knife cutting through sheepskin jacket or woollen tunic.

Consequently when the troops deployed on the plateau the next morning the natives came pouring out of the hills upon them. Then slowly and carefully the line of the British attack was changed farther and farther northward until the signaller on the fort reported the ledge deserted. And as he did so, four men rose from a little hollow and made a dash for the hill, in the vain hope of gaining the ledge unseen. But the keen eyes of the hillmen sighted them, and the

little party gained the path with but a few yards to spare. Hastily rolling a few of the loose stones into a rough barricade, the two Sikh riflemen lay down to await the Afghan onrush. Father and son, these two desired nothing more than to die with a goodly number of their hated foes around them. Truly Deveau had picked his men well. He and old Gibbs, the signalling sergeant, had meanwhile reached the ledge and were setting up and aligning the instruments.

Even as they did so the flag on the parapet of the fort danced and fluttered as it spelt out a warning. Gibbs stooped and picked up a blood-stained flag, a grim relic of the former party, and answered with a cheery and snappy "All O.K. so far." The flag dipped in answer, and from the fort came the clear thin notes of the "Recall." A couple of long-range shots sighed mournfully past them, and the reports came flattened by the distance to their ears. Then the sharp crack of a Lee-Enfield answered from the little stone breastwork.

The attack had begun.

Deveau was swearing excitedly as he worked the key flashing "AB, AB, AB," around the horizon. It seemed to him a decade before an answering star of light shone for a moment in the distance, then winked and disappeared and shone again as it spelt out "Go on."

As if to goad him further the Lee-Enfields began to crack more rapidly, as the Sikhs answered the Afghan fire, and the bullets, fired now from closer range, spattered savagely against the rocks or glanced shrieking through the air. It could not last much longer, but as long as the Sikhs held out they would be to some extent shielded from direct fire.

Even as it was, the bullets were falling nearer and nearer to the pair, and the sergeant pleaded in vain to the boy to lie down and call off the message while he alone exposed himself to the fire.

But he soon realised the uselessness of further argument and only once again spoke save in calling off the message. That was when the firing from the breastwork suddenly diminished in force. The boy had turned.

"Surely they are not running short of ammunition."

"I dunno," Gibbs had replied, though he knew but one rifle was now answering.

"But we 'as this 'ere message to get through."

The boy accepted his reproof in silence, and the message went on.

For some minutes there had been no answering shot from the breastworks. Now the white clothing of the natives could be seen here and there as they crept cautiously up the path. A ragged volley rang out, and the old sergeant, stumbling clumsily, gasped out a hoarse "I'm 'it, sir."

The boy paused as he loosened his revolver in its holster, and then without a tremour his fingers closed around the key again, and he finished the message. What if it were not understood?

Drawing his revolver, he stood up against the bare rock. With exultant yells, the hillmen rushed upon him. Crack! Crack! Crack! spoke the revolver, and an answering volley brought him to his knees. Away to the south he saw the light of Akbeer flash and twinkle as it answered, "Read correctly." The revolver spoke once more, a short defiant shout, and then the long Afghan knives finished their work.

All was over. The hillmen, after a careful search for further victims, gathered in a childish group to see the strange god by which the sahibs were able to call aid from miles away. There they stood, awed by its shining mirrors and lacquered fittings, till one more bold than the rest seized it.

"It's but a plaything," he said, "a bazaar toy," and he smashed it to fragments on a rock.

And then they turned, chattering and gesticulating, to where the light of Akbeer shone and gleamed as it called and implored and called again for an answer.

Down in the orderly room in Fort Despair, Cranston was walking to and fro in an agony of torment, for the day had been heavily fraught with casualties. There was Rankin, the senior captain, and young Hooker, his subaltern—both dead. The ranks had lost heavily, too. And then there was young Deveau. What of him?

At dusk a rustle alarmed one of the sentries, who fired into the darkness. A laugh was the only answer, and a large bundle struck him in the breast. It was immediately carried to the orderly room.

Prepared for any kind of gruesome discovery, Cranston was surprised to find it was only a bullet-pierced tunic wrapped in a bloodstained signal flag. As he mechanically shook out the folds, a little gold locket dropped upon the floor. Cranston turned it over; it seemed strangely familiar, and yet he could not place it. He pressed the spring and gazed on a portrait of the boy's mother. A wave of recollection passed through his mind as he recalled how years before he had unfastened this same locket from round the father's neck and had gazed on the same picture.

And now, as before, he sat down to write a letter, a letter that would bow that head in sorrow even as the other had bowed it in humility.

And with it he wrote another, which, not only restoring the name of Deveau to honour, would, when the first pangs of sorrow had been softened by time, bring to that lonely little mother the greatest comfort our country can give—the little Bronze Cross.

GRIEF

By BEATRICE REDPATH

ACROSS the world her tear pale hands are spread:
Sad Grief, who doeth with us her own will
And leaveth us alone, uncomforted.
Oppressive tyranny of Grief! Yet still
The bird's song ringeth from the shelving eaves,
And flowered spaces of the world are spread
With tangled bloom of gold and silver leaves—
Though Grief endureth, Joy is not yet dead.

ART AND THE CHAFING-DISH

BY EDITH G. BAYNE

HER divorce case comfortably disposed of and nothing else of an exciting nature coming up to occupy her attention, Mrs. Van Stuart was devoting herself to art. As she told Mrs. Joseph Weatherby in confidence—over the telephone—she was quite determined to become an artist. Therefore it came about that the Weatherbys, the Selwyns and one or two others were invited to while away a dull Lenten evening with the Van Stuarts — ostensibly supper and bridge, but incidentally to see the finished products of Mrs. Van Stuart's brush. She particularly wanted Mr. Joseph Weatherby's opinion, for he was a well-known connoisseur and critic.

"It's only a chafing-dish affair," she hastened to explain as the guests were seated at table, "and I prepared most of it myself."

"No apologies needed from the mistress of so many arts," was Dick Selwyn's gallant rejoinder.

Nevertheless, Mr. Weatherby declined the rarebit, and Mrs. Weatherby left one of the salads untouched upon her plate—facts of little significance at the time, but pregnant with meaning a little later.

Supper over and bridge despatched, Professor Schuyler, bowing low before the hostess, said:

"Now for the treat of the evening, Mrs. Van Stuart. Do not keep us in further suspense."

And willingly—let us say eagerly—the hostess led the way to the studio.

Some truly remarkable pictures awaited inspection—pastoral scenes, winter and summer landscapes, a waterfall, the sea in all its moods, domestic animals, fruit and flowers, and many sepias and crayons. But the masterpiece, which the artist assured them was "barely dry," was hidden from view behind a curtain. Coming upon this mysterious gem in his wanderings, Mr. Weatherby halted, hesitating to expose it to the rude gaze until such time as its creator deemed fitting. But with a proud smile, Mrs. Van Stuart drew aside the silken curtains.

Ah! There it was. The little group closed in about it, and their breathless silence was to Mrs. Van Stuart what it is to the singer whose voice has so captivated his audience that when its last note has ceased they remain hushed for a long moment before the thunder of applause.

"By jove!" exclaimed Dick Selwyn at last.

The artist had harked back to the beginning of things for a subject, and this painting depicted "Eden before the Fall."

The background of green woods, blue sky and lamb-like clouds would have passed muster could one have stood afar off and gazed upon it alone. But the foreground was there and cried out too loudly to be overlooked. Under a spreading apple-tree reclined two human figures, the man with his back against the trunk, the woman seated lower down on a grassy knoll. Adam was dressed in a faultless evening suit and his derby lay close to his hand. He bore testimony to recent tonsorial treatment, and alto-

gether he presented a well-groomed appearance. Eve's toilette was the last word in style from the new ruffled skirt and latest sleeves to the timely-shod feet. Her hat had evidently floated down stream, for it was not in sight. Directly over her head a serpent hung, half-coiled about a thick branch, apparently mesmerised by the bejewelled *bandeau* in the lady's *coiffure*. In the lower left-hand corner a brilliant fire appeared to be burning, with a small pile of kindling near at hand to replenish it. Above hung the ruddy globes, which would have been the boon of a fruit packer's advertisement. Each apple bore the blush in exactly the same spot as its fellow, and all were of one size.

Dick Selwyn found himself trying to count them.

"Eden before the Fall," murmured Professor Schuyler. "What fall?"

No waterfalls spoken of in scriptural history that I remember," answered Peter Ross, the only one of the party with no artistic bent.

"What is the fire for?" asked the Professor.

"Why—er—it represents the antipodes of Eden, I suppose," replied Selwyn thoughtfully.

"Nonsense, fat-head," whispered Peter, "that's for the apple-sauce!"

But Mr. Joseph Weatherby, chief critic, seemed to be in rapt contemplation of the canvas. He was oblivious of all about him.

"On his word rests my fate!" whispered Mrs. Van Stuart to Mrs. Selwyn.

At length, sighing profoundly, he turned about.

"That is a very remarkable picture, Mrs. Van Stuart, very remarkable indeed. The more one studies it the—er—more remarkable it seems."

"Oh, thank you, Mr. Weatherby, I feel quite flattered, I am sure."

"But," he continued, "I would point out a number of discrepancies, not—er—perhaps noticeable to an amateur. The figures might be done over in the nude—"

"Oh, yes, yes, I thought so at first, but decided to go a little out of the beaten path afterward. So you really think I *can* paint?"

"I will send you some books, Mrs. Van Stuart, which you are welcome to use while continuing your painting."

But more than this he refrained from uttering.

Next morning, at Kent & Fitzgerald's, Mr. Weatherby was burrowing amongst the books. An obsequious clerk stood near, busily engaged in dusting and shelving, but with one eye on Mr. Weatherby, whom he knew from long acquaintance to be a good customer. After burrowing for a longer period than usual that gentleman advanced to the counter with four or five books in an affectionate clasp.

"Send these to my own address, please, and this other to Mrs. Jacob Van Stuart, number forty-one Andover Crescent. Stop—I'll enclose my card." And hastily producing it he scribbled on the back:

"Please accept this volume with the sender's compliments. Hope it will prove helpful."

At dinner that evening he informed his wife of what he had done.

"The very thing!" he said; "'Gabriel de Falliere on Oils.'"

"I hope she will give it some study," remarked Mrs. Weatherby, in whose memory ruby apples yet hung suspended from emerald boughs.

Mrs. Van Stuart opened the package after mid-day luncheon, and her artistic soul suffered a shock when she compared the gift with the card of the giver.

"I remember now," she sobbed, "he wouldn't eat my rarebit and his wife turned up her nose at the nut salad! But this is the height of insult!"

And the little kid-bound book took a sudden aerial journey across the room.

In common with all forms of genius, Mr. Weatherby suffered from

absent-mindedness. So that it was three days or more afterwards when he inquired of his wife as they sat at table:

"How did the cook-book suit, my dear?"

"What cook-book, Joseph?"

"The one I sent up from Kent's, you know. Such a dainty little affair and quite a new one, they told me. I took a fancy to the binding. Did you like it? No good, perhaps."

"Why, my dear, I received no cook-book. But they did send 'de Falliere on Oils.'"

*

Mrs. Van Stuart has grown tired of art. She has no incentive, she says. The latest report has it that she is married again and has gone in for aeroplaning.

O CANADA, MY BELOVED LAND!*

By JOHN BOYD

From the French of Sir George Etienne Cartier

"ONE'S own land is best of all"
Is what an ancient mariner says;
To sing it is the poet's call—
Mine be to sing my fair land's praise.
Strangers behold with envious eyes
St. Lawrence's tide so swift and grand,
But the Canadian proudly cries,
"O Canada, my belovèd land!"

Canadians, like their sires of old,
Revel in song and gaily live,
Mild, gentle, free, not overbold,
Polite and gallant, welcome give.
Patriots to country ever leal,
They, foes of slavery, staunchly stand;
Their watchword is the peace and weal
Of Canada, their belovèd land.

O my country, thou art blest,
Favoured of all nations now!
But the stranger's vile behest
Would the seeds of discord sow.
May thy brave sons for thy sake
Join to help thee, hand in hand,
For thy great day soon shall break,
O Canada, my belovèd land!

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*This translation of the principal stanzas of the famous French-Canadian National Song, "O Canada, Mon Pays, Mes Amours," has been made by John Boyd in connection with the centenary celebration of the birth of Sir George Etienne Cartier, the famous French-Canadian statesman, which will take place in 1914. The song was written by Cartier in his youth.

PLAYS OF THE MID-SEASON

BY JOHN E. WEBBER

A WARM Oriental glow spread over the mid-season productions, the first violet rays of "Allah's Garden" deepening to the blood-red of "Kismet" and culminating in the later orange glow of "Sumurun"—the season's wonder.

Coming direct from Berlin, where it provided the theatrical sensation of the past season, "Sumurun," the wordless play so-called, had all the piquant charm of novelty. An old Arabian legend provides the wondrous plot material, which the pantomimic and scenic genius of Professor Rheinhardt has transferred with perfect dramatic sequence into a series of remarkable and highly imaginative stage pictures. The result is an intensely moving story of Eastern life, told with startling clearness and tragic significance, without other aid than the action, facial expression and gesture of the actor. The "wordlessness," far from imposing a tax on the imagination, seems rather to perfect the illusion and deepen the mystery of the Orient, the wonderful silence suggesting the enchantment of distance and producing the effect of voices heard in a dream.

The stage adaptation of what may be described as "secessionistic" art, which makes possible the most beautiful and startling effects with the simplest possible furnishings, is another novelty of the remarkable production. Using backgrounds of almost silhouette slimness, Professor Rheinhardt troops before the scenes his enticing panamora of Oriental life, in which pictures of love, hatred, lust, revenge, murder, are all pantomimed by actors of virtuoso skill, garbed in the most varied and colourful raiment. There is the pathetic little Hunchback who runs a small theatre; the Slave Girl of Fatal Enchantment who dances there; a romantic dreamer of the bazaars; a Sheik and his harem; the Sheik's son and the Sheik's favourite Sumurun—all playing their parts in the bewildering tableaux, lending themselves to the sensuous, the poetic, the comic, the gruesome, out of which contrasting moods and emotions the story is compounded. The entire action proceeds to a musical accompaniment, especially written for the play and incidental and descriptive in turn. The novelty and the artistic achievement combine to make "Sumurun" one of the most interesting experiences of the American stage.

With "The Return from Jerusalem," by Maurice Donny, Madame Simone came somewhat into her own in America. Even the critics whose former coldness threatened strained relations with their Parisian brothers voted her the exponent of a wonderful art, while the public atoned for its former neglect by a considerable measure of popular support. The art of this French actress has certainly undergone no change since her first appearance in "The Thief" and "The Whirlwind"; nor is her *Henriette* more remarkable for finesse or a more worthy histrionic achievement than her *Marie Voysin* or her *Helene Brechtel*. The only

difference is that the Jewess is a recognisable human being, and, like the play, drawn from life, not from the theatre.

"The Return from Jerusalem" discusses earnestly and with a breadth of philosophy unusual on the stage, a highly complex social problem which is still further complicated and involved in the vexatious race question. The latter provides the author's main dramatic motif and is made the rock on which the venturesome lovers finally split. The French author, moreover, does not shirk his problem, nor shrink from the unpleasantness of his task as, for instance, Mr. Augustus Thomas did last year in "As a Man Thinks." But approaching it with courage, he analyses the situation with keen psychological insight and a fine appreciation of dramatic values. Structurally he leaves little to be desired. The major and minor themes are interwoven simply and logically, are simultaneously developed in the course of the action, and each emerges from the din and confusion of a pitched orchestral battle, clear and unconfused as a bugle of retreat. Moreover, throughout the spirited and at times acrimonious verbal duelling, the author's own viewpoint is never disclosed. Entire justice is done to both sides, arguments for the Jew being opposed with equally unanswerable arguments for the Gentile. Even his pessimistic premise of a subtle underlying race antagonism is modified by a doubt of the intellectual honesty of the contending pair. Produced in Paris at the time of the Dreyfus scandal, one can readily understand the impatience of both the Semites and anti-Semites over such impartiality.

Henriette, a beautiful and accomplished young Jewess, has cast the spell of her brilliant intellect over a Gentile author whom she finds stifling in the atmosphere of conventional married life. He makes the conventional renouncement of the Jewess, but the wife smarting under the discovery of his secret, bids him go. The lovers make a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, and on their return to Paris, their salon becomes the rendezvous of Jews with whose race aspirations and ideals the husband soon finds himself out of sympathy. His traditional patriotism based on militarism and emotionally satisfied in love of country and its institutions he finds opposed by an intellectualised abstraction, which claims freedom from all such local ideals, is indifferent alike to national boundaries or national ties, calling itself a "citizen of the world," with a political goal of universal peace. The clash of these conflicting ideals, in which *Henriette* sides with her people, suggests psychological changes in their own emotional relations, which make inevitable their final separation. The dénouèment provides for the husband's contented return to his wife, where his conscience (to which *Henriette* found him a slave) at least will be at rest, while *Henriette* returns to Jerusualem to get fresh inspiration for her work. Altogether the play holds a deeper interrectual interest than any produced this season, and even the translation could not hide the beautifully poetic quality of the lines. Madame Simone received splendid support from Mr. Arnold Daly, whose *Aubien* was played with fine intelligence and feeling.

Madame Simone's transition to the heroine of Rostand's mediæval romance, "La Princesse Lontaine," adapted for the English stage by Louis N. Parker and produced under the title of "The Lady of Dreams," was not altogether happy. Bernhardt in the poetic rôle must have been divine, and the poetic lines must have flowed like music from her golden throat. But Simone, keen analyst of modern emotion that she is, was evidently out of sympathy with her task, and although she played with variety and occasionally with fine fervour, there was little illusion.

Out of a fragment of legend or his-

A SCENE FROM "SUMURUN," THE WORDLESS PLAY

Leopoldine Konstantine, as the Slave Girl of Fatal Enchantment; Emil Lind, as the Hunchback, and Hans Felix as the Sheik's Son.

tory, found in a Provencal manuscript of the thirteenth century, Rostand has woven the richly-coloured romance of *Geoffrey Rudel* a troubadour of France, who falls in love with a beautiful princess of the Orient, sings her praises in verse, and sets sail to find her and lay his love at her feet. Storms and pirates harass him, and the troubadour falls ill, so ill that when land is finally sighted he is likely to die. *Bertram*, his faithful knight, is sent ashore to bring the princess out to his caravel. How *Bertram* fought his way to the palace of the princess, sings the love songs of his friend into her willing ears, and is at first mistaken for the prince himself and loved: how they tarry awhile to enjoy their love, and then conscience smitten hasten to the caravel, bringing flowers and love to the dying man; how he is allowed to take *Melissanda* in his arms, kiss her lips and golden hair before the final summons comes; all this is told in lines of wonderful melody, swelling into rich harmonies of major and minor chord. "All great love ends in heaven," we are reminded as the curtain falls on the last scene. The end is a retreat for the princess and a pilgrimage for the sadly-grieving *Bertram*.

A production of "Frou-Frou," in which Simone will be seen as *Gilberte*, will have followed "The Lady of Dreams," by the time this is read, bringing the present season in America of the famous French actress to a close.

Mrs. Fiske's ability to transcend physical limitations assumes the proportions of genius. "Lady Patricia"

is a case in point. This langorous, romantic, amusing study in temperament, written around the personality of Mrs. Patrick Campbell, who played the rôle in London, presupposes natural physical endowments so remote from Mrs. Fiske's own as to present apparently insurmountable difficulties. But Mrs. Fiske has that rare gift of conveying a mental image so perfect and satisfying, that visualisation becomes of secondary importance. In common with other great modern realists, she draws for the imagination, not the senses, and is more intent on interpreting the soul that actuates her characters than giving them bodily form and beauty. To please the eye is after all an elementary art instinct; to satisfy the mind, the province of great art.

"Lady Patricia" is broad satire set in a highly poetic key. The central figure is a lady of languors and lilies, who moves about in the moonlit garden bathed in transcendental fabrics, strumming lutes to the nightingale and defining her literary whereabouts in snatches of Swinburne. In one scene she appears carrying a white lily: "I am going," she says, "to do something very wicked and decadent. Do you see this pale virginal lily? I am going to put it in a glass of wine and get it tipsy." This will give a hint of the flavour of the lines. No ordinary husband could fill all the yearnings of such a nature, and so *Patricia* has drawn to her side a callow, inarticulate youth, *Bill O'Farrel*, whose best response to her rhapsodies is a frequent "corking" or "ripping." Notwithstanding that the youth is never in the picture for a moment, the romantic lady finds historic parallels for the situation in the great loves of *Paola* and *Francesca, Launcelot* and *Guinevere—Bill* and *Patricia.*" The husband, *Michel*, of course, knows nothing of this innocent passion, because, forsooth the shock might kill him. It so happens, however, that *Michel* is at the same moment secretly satisfying some romantic longings of his own in the pursuit of a little "flapper" (to again quote *Bill*) the *Dean's* daughter. Likewise solicitous of *Patricia's* health and happiness, they also agree to keep their great love a secret. When matters have gone far enough the *Dean* and the boy's mother decide to take a hand in the game. They begin by running the two youngsters into each other's arms and then forcing Patricia to make a clean breast to *Michel*. This she at first refuses to do, in a scene of crowning absurdities, all of which occurs in the *Dean's* garden upon the hour of morning service. *Michel* arrives, and, finding *Patricia* weeping—"combination of nun and courtesan"—concludes that the *Dean* has exposed him and begins at once to explain. *Patricia's* first thought, on learning of her husband's faithlessness, is that she may at last go to *Bill*. But at this point the young couple come in to announce their engagement. When husband and wife are left alone, the still romantic *Patricia* is first to break the silence: "Under the great rose-window in the south transcept our pew is now full of purple and amber lights and shafts of chrysoprase. Shall we not sit there again together? Repentance is very sweet, and how beautiful is forgiveness!" And *Michel* mournfully assents that there seems nothing else to do. It is a long while since we have had a comedy of more grace and charm than this, or more spontaneous in its fun. The acting, as usual, with Mrs. Fiske's companies, is all that could be desired, with perhaps a special word of praise for Ernest Stallard, an obtuse gardener, who, to quote *Lady Patricia*, "adopts futility as a conscious pose."

"Preserving Mr. Panmure" is in Pinero's happiest vein. There is a fillip in every line, the situations are diverting with some ingenious complications, there is shrewd character drawing, and the pungent satire of British domestic institutions is a sub-

MRS. FISKE AND ERNEST STALLARD

In a Scene from "Lady Patricia."

ject always to the author's liking.

The decorous atmosphere of *Mr. Panmure's* country house is suddenly thrown into consternation over the question, "Who kissed the governess?" *Mr. Panmure* is the offender, but for prudential reasons it is deemed advisable to conceal this knowledge from the household in general and from *Mrs. Panmure* in particular. Moreover, there were mitigating circumstances. *Mr. Panmure* had reason to be grateful to the governess for services rendered in connection with one of his bi-weekly sermonettes, —a task imposed upon him by the pious *Mrs. Panmure.* A kiss seemed the most convincing way of showing that gratitude. Little as she relished the manifestation, the governess agrees to be a sport and protect the miscreant. As the house party includes two other married couples and an engaged pair, to say nothing of a bachelor M.P. and his secretary, there are equally urgent reasons why the inquiry should not be allowed to drop. Naturally the wives suspect their husbands and after some highly amusing and recriminating turns, the inquiry is finally turned over to *Mr. Panmure* in his capacity as J.P.,—a position naturally involving some delicacy. In the end the young secretary, as the one least likely to suffer from the confession, accepts the

MISS GERTRUDE BRYAN
In "Little Boy Blue"

burden of guilt and *Mr. Panmure* is preserved. Needless to add, the secretary's reward is in proportion to the self-sacrifice. For the curtain goes down on a prospect of life-long and unquestioned enjoyment of the governess's kisses.

Miss Gertrude Elliott is pretty and charming as the governess, but the casting on the whole leaves something to be desired. However, a comedy of such unusual qualities will survive any minor shortcomings in presentation.

The Liebler production of J. Comyns Carr's version of "Oliver Twist" proved to be an interesting dramatic event in itself as well as a timely contribution to the Dickens centenary anniversary.

The exaggerated literary style of Dickens seems a full stellar distance from the art of the modern stage, and the Dickens characters are so coloured and overdrawn that it is difficult to endow them with any theatrical credibility. But the narrative powers of the famous novelist seem just as potent as ever and the story of *Fagin*, the Schoolmaster of thieves; of *Bill Sykes*, large and brutal; of *Nancy*, rough and warm-hearted; and the unfortunate *Oliver*, holds all the thrills of an up-to-date melodrama.

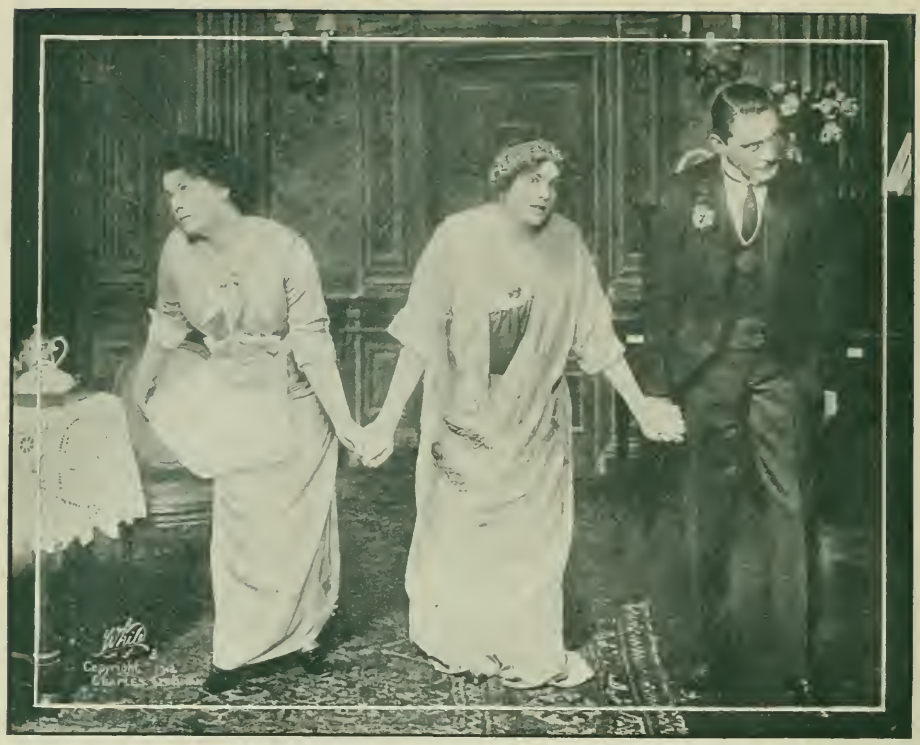
The present dramatic arrangement was made for Sir Beerbohm Tree, who played *Fagin*, and the other characters are consequently more or less subordinated to bring *Fagin* into the limelight as much as possible. From a dramatic standpoint this can hardly be called a defect, however, and as *Fagin* in the present production is admirably played by Nat Goodwin in an interesting vein of Yiddish humour, our entertainment does not suffer. The *Bill Sykes* of Lyn Harding, last seen with Grace George in "Just to Get Married," is a masterly characterisation; Constance Collier as *Nancy* all that could be desired, and Marie Doro makes little *Oliver* at all times a wistful, pathetic, and appealing character. The staging of the piece, particularly the London

Bridge scene, is unusually attractive.

Among other things the experience of "A Butterfly on the Wheel," holds an interesting moral for managers. Presented earlier in the season by an American company, of which Marie Doro was the head, it proved a failure. Presented later by an English company with Madge Titheradge, who created the rôle of Peggy in London, it has proved one of the substantial successes of the season. English characterisation and English atmosphere are absolutely essential to the interpretation of a piece so obviously English in quality and point of view.

The play is the joint work of two Englishmen, Francis Neilson, an M.P., and Edward G. Hemmerle, a K.C., whose legal affix is no doubt offered as a guarantee of the verisimilitude of the divorce court scene around which the piece is written. *Peggy,* the butterfly wife of an English member of Parliament, has quite innocently been placed in a compromising position by an ardent but imprudent admirer, whose passion she had not heretofore quite realised. The uncompromising husband then promptly institutes divorce proceedings and *Peggy's* futile efforts to establish her innocence against the weight of evidence arrayed against her in the divorce trial, her piteous beatings against the bars of man-made justice, culminate in a highly dramatic outburst that brings the trial scene to a close. "I don't know what I've said. I don't know what I shall say, but I am sensible enough to know that I have no chance at all. I am not surprised now that innocent women in hundreds let their cases go by default rather than face the humiliation and torture of this awful place." In the conduct of the trial, conducted with photographic accuracy, the author's evident suffrage leanings, had no doubt in mind an indictment of the barbarities of the English divorce court, as well as of the mediæval prerogatives still en-

MISS GRACE GEORGE
In "Just to Get Married"



"A SLICE OF LIFE"

A Modern Problem Play, Showing Miss Hattie Williams, Miss Ethel Barrymore, and John Barrymore.

joyed by man in that unsuffraged isle. The propaganda, however, never becomes obtrusive, and the play for its well told story, its excellent characterisation, and skilfully developed situation, is one of the most worth while of the season.

The play also introduces to the American stage one of the most interesting and refreshing personalities that have come out of London. Miss Titheradge is an actress of engaging charm and conspicuous histrionic ability. From a creature of pretty caprices, foolishly ignorant of the ways of the world, she rises step by step and by methods always agreeable and natural, to the more serious emotional requirements of the rôle, her lithe, expressive body, well-modelled face and excellent diction lending effective aid to the interpretation. The well-balanced cast is a feature of the production, with special praises to Evelyn Beerbohm, for an original and highly amusing impersonation of an addle-pated lord.

Playwriting methods, as modern at least as those employed by Henry Arthur Jones in "Lydia Gilmore," are the subject of one of those inimitable Barrie satires under the title "A Slice of Life." *Mr.* and *Mrs. Slice-of-Life*, a husband and wife such as may be found under any roof, have been deceiving each other all their lives. Each has withheld from the other an unbelievable past. Suspecting quite the contrary of each other, they are finally forced to confess that even before they knew each other as husband and wife they have both lived absolutely moral lives. They would tell more of their earlier lives to each other, but that the confession could only be accomplished in

stage "asides"—spoken to the audience—and "asides" are forbidden in the modern drama. Grief-stricken at the thought that he has always been a virtuous man, although his wife had credited him with a past, he is forced to beg of her the courtesy of a single "aside," that he may turn to the audience and express the awful suspicion that "all is discovered." It is now plain that either husband or wife must go away. *Mr. Slice-of-Life is* thoughtful enough to inquire about the child, but the wife reminds him that there is no child. Neither is there time or opportunity to supply themselves with a past. So a coin is tossed to decide which shall go. "Heads," cried *Mrs. Slice-of-Life,* but the husband scornfully recaptures the coin and announces that he will go out into the night. If his life has not a past, it must have a present. Ethel Barrymore, John Barrymore and Hattie Williams play the three parts.

The public mood may have had its influence, but its own defects are chiefly responsible for the disastrous experience of Henry Arthur Jones's new play, "Lydia Gilmore." There were many good moments in the short live play, and the sustained characterisation of the difficult central rôle will rank as one of Miss Anglin's very finest achievements. A little more help from the dramatist, or fewer handicaps, and her magnificent acting might have borne the play off in triumph, burdens and all, carrying also the public mood with her. But the actress had too much against her. The author, too sparing of himself and his own inventitiveness, leaped improbabilities, with the agility of a fawn; and his effort to introduce novel situations int a threadbare theme resulted in incongruities that bereft the play of theatrical credibilit yat its most vital moments. The effect of the big trial scene, moreover, had been fosestalled by "A Butterfly on the Wheel." A faithless husband, carrying on an intrigue with a neighbour's wife, surprised on one of his nocturnal visits, kills the husband in self-defense, then, hurrying home to beg protection of his wife, the wife swearing to an alibi in court, the prosecuting attorney the woman's avowed friend, and conducting the cross-examination, after collusion with the witness; then the discovery of new evidence that establishes the husband's guilt in spite of their efforts, followed by his suicide in the cell—such is the thrilling narrative material of which the play is made. Mother-love is made the dramatic motive, and we had it thrust upon us in several mawkish scenes.

Scotland did not allow the Orient to hold undisputed sway over the season's attractions. In "Bunty Pulls the Strings" the land of the heather may still claim the dramatic success of the season, and in "Little Boy Blue," its undisputed musical comedy triumph. Most of the action of "Little Boy Blue" takes place in an old castle in the Highlands and the story is concerned with the efforts of the *Earl of Goberdeen* to find a missing heir to the Scottish estates. The Scottish mills, the Scotish songs, and the Scotish pipes would make the heart of an Scotsman rejoice. In Gertrude Bryan, who quietly leaped into fame in the title rôle, a most charming and refreshing personality is added to the musical comedy stage.

THE WAGER FOR LOVE

BY CAPTAIN LESLIE T. PEACOCKE

"SAY, what's the matter with Ethel?" queried Charlie Babler, stretching his long legs in the Morris chair and conning with approval the cut and fit of his new polo boots. "She doesn't think of throwing herself away on that Englishman, does she?"

"I should hope not," said John Buxton, grappling with the collar band of a clean, stiff shirt. "She's got better sense than that, I hope."

"Well, she danced with him the best part of last night, and they went in to supper together. I'm not the only one that remarked it."

Buxton turned to the mirror to hide his annoyance. "Oh, I suppose she is flattered at being run after by a fellow every one is making so much of," he mumbled, selecting a dress collar from the large assortment in the drawer. "He plays a good game of polo, and there is nothing against him, so far as I know."

"Well, he may be all right," agreed Babler. "They say he's no end of a swell and, of course, he belongs to a crack English regiment, but all the same I don't like him."

"Why not?"

"Oh, I don't know. He puts on such a lot of 'side' for one thing, and he is always talking about his brother, Lord Somebody or Other. I hate fellows like that."

"Yes, he is a bit of a snob," agreed Buxton. "But so many Englishmen are like that, and of course it only makes them ridiculous to us. He plays a dandy game of polo all the same."

"Oh, yes, he's the best man they've got, and he won the game for them to-day but I don't like to see a girl like Ethel Wadsworth making a fool of herself over him. It makes me tired."

"I don't think it is quite as bad as that, Charlie," objected Buxton, nettled. "Ethel isn't a fool by any means, and there's not much chance of her falling in love with the fellow. He isn't her sort."

"I shouldn't think so," agreed his friend. "But you can never tell, you know. I've always thought that you and Ethel were pretty thick, and I'd hate like mad to see her throwing herself away. He may be after her money, for all we know."

"Very likely," said Buxton, pulling savagely into place and utterly spoiling an evening tie. "He looks that sort of a fellow, but if he is, you may bet your life that Ethel will find him out. She has the greatest contempt for heiress hunters. You'd better hurry up and dress for dinner, old man! It's nearly time."

Babler rose, and stretching his frame with a yawn, moved to the door. "Guess it is," he agreed. "I wish you played polo, John. With all your money you'd be able to keep a dandy string of ponies. Why don't you take it up?"

"Too much like work," acknowledged the wealthy young broker. "Tennis is good enough for me and since I got that French car I simply hate the sight of a horse. No I like watching the game, and I'll be tickled to death if you can keep those

Englishmen from winning the cup."

"That's a pretty tough proposition," admitted Babler. "You see they've been playing together as a team and know each other's play. You may bet your boots we'll do our best to-morrow, though." And adding some remark about the lateness of the hour, he ran off to dress for dinner.

John Buxton pondered deeply over his friend's remarks, and acknowledged to himself that Ethel Wadsworth's obvious pleasure at the Englishman's attentions was causing him considerable annoyance. Captain Semphill was a fine looking man, he had to admit, and was undoubtedly a brilliant polo player and an admirable dancer; that is, if one can accept the quick, hoppy waltz step, as affected by the English smart set, as the poetry of motion; but with all that there was something about the man that warned a reader of deep insight into character—as John Buxton was—that underlying the veneer and air of breeding which he certainly possessed, was a baser metal, which a properly applied test would in time reveal.

To apply that test, John Buxton determined, satisfied that the worthy Captain would crumple up badly in the process, and so restore to Ethel Wadsworth her practical common sense.

He finished his dressing and, descending to the palm-dotted dining-room, selected a vacant chair at one of the big round tables reserved for the polo players and the Furlingham Club contingent, of which Pacific Coast institution he was a member, and found himself directly facing the fair Ethel and the English captain of dragoons so lately under discussion.

The big hotel at Coronade Beach was crowded to overflowing, the polo tournament having drawn the elite from all the prominent towns on the Pacific Slope, and the country clubs of Los Angeles, Riverdale, Santa Barbara, Pasadena, and the famous Furlingham, or "Flingham," as the members called it, had each sent a team to compete for the valuable cup and cash prizes offered by the admirers of the game at Coronade, and to meet the formidable British military team which had crossed the seas and continent, confidently hopeful of carrying off the coveted trophy.

The English team had won the first two matches, and were to meet the redoubtable "Flinghams" for the final test on the morrow; so excitement ran high, and money was being freely wagered on the result, the Englishmen taking all that was offered at even odds and bidding fair to glean a tidy harvest if successful in the bout.

"Whom are you backing, Mr. Buxton?" cried Ethel across the table to her long-time admirer, who was holding strangely aloof from the heated discussion. "You ought to bet on Captain Semphill's team if you want to be on the safe side." John Buxton's paws stiffened perceptibly.

"I guess you think I'm too slow and sure to take any risks," he replied, with a forced smile. "Well, I'm not. I'll lay Captain Semphill an even thousand dollars, if he likes."

"Done with you!" cried the soldier with alacrity, whipping out his pocket-book and recording the bet. "Buxton, isn't it?"

"Yes, John Buxton," Ethel volunteered, wondering at the temerity of her faithful admirer. "That's a really exciting bet. I don't know which side I hope will win, now. I don't like to think of either of you losing so much money." Charlie Babler chuckled.

"That's a good one," he cried, extending his empty champagne glass to an obsequious waiter. "What's a thousand dollars to John Buxton! Why, he cleaned up sixty thousand in oil last week; didn't you, John? The paper said so."

Buxton mumbled a reply that was understood to be in the affirmative, and begged his friend not to talk shop; Captain Semphill, glancing with interest at his rival, to whom the juggling with immense wealth was apparently a daily occurrence.

To him the successful American business man was a revelation, and he could not understand how a man so astute as the other undoubtedly was could espouse the cause of the weaker polo team, as he hopefully judged the "Flingham" four to be, and, what was more to the point, back his opinion with his money.

"Make it a couple of thousand if you like?" he challenged, dampening his pencil with his lips, eager to record a further wager. "Make it an even two thousand dollars, what?"

Buxton nodded gravely. "All right," he agreed, drawing a check book and fountain pen from the breast pocket of his tuxedo. "I guess Charlie Babler can hold the stakes."

"Eh?" queried the Englishman with a startled stare, unaccustomed to American business methods as applied to a wager. "How do you mean, 'hold the stakes'?"

"Hold the amount of the bet until it has been won and lost, of course," explained Buxton, filling in his check. "It's the most business-like way of recording a bet, except you know of any other?" The Englishman looked for guidance at his brother officers.

"I have always treated a bet as an affair of honour," he declared. "Between gentlemen, I should think one's mere word should be sufficient."

"I know," said Buxton, detaching the check from his book. "I know that's the English way; but I'm a business man, and I believe in the good old American expression 'Money talks.' Here's my check and if you want to cover it, well and good; but you can call it off, if you like."

"No, by Jove," interposed Major Pelham, the senior of the English team, glaring at Buxton through his monocle. "It's all right, Semphill, you give him your check after dinner. If he wants to make a commercial transaction of it, you can't object. I suppose you are satisfied to take my friend's check, sir?" he added, in a query to Buxton, his monocle and bristling moustache challenging with a studied insolence.

"Perfectly," said the broker, admirably restraining his temper. "Mr. Babler can hold it until after the match. Here's mine, Charlie," he continued, tossing the slip of paper to his friend. "When Captain Semphill covers it you may consider it a bet," and ignoring the angry glances of the English team and the reproachful gaze with which he intuitively felt that Ethel Wadsworth was favoring him, he renewed his attention to his dinner.

The conversation lagged and became somewhat forced at the big round table, and it was with feelings of relief that the party faced the warm January night on the piazza, some wandering down to the white sanded beach to the Tent City, and all waiting for the orchestra to strike up in the ball room and set them once more swaying in the maze of the dreamy waltz.

It was with an apparent air of reluctance that Ethel Wadsworth permitted John Buxton to inscribe his name on her dancing programme, on which that of Captain Semphill, he noticed, figured considerably, but, well as he knew her, he refrained from offering any comment on the circumstance, trusting to time and subsequent events to disillusion her of this, to him, misplaced infatuation.

By mutual consent they sought the piazza when he claimed her for his dance, and avoiding the glare of the arc lights, sank into two chairs, so placed as to form an inviting cozy-corner.

He carefully avoided the subject nearest his heart, but try as he would

the conversation drifted to the coming polo match and the English team.

"None of us could understand it," she argued, having broached the subject of the wager made at the dinner table. "We all think that you tried to throw doubt on Captain Semphill's ability to pay his debts if he loses, and that hurt us all very much. Why did you do it?"

John Buxton weighed his words carefully. "I'll tell you why," he said, bending forward and fixing her earnestly with his steady eyes. "We don't know anything about this Captain Semphill. He may be a very nice fellow, and he is a good polo player, but it is my honest opinion that he is living by his wits, and I am as sure as I'm John Buxton that he hasn't got two thousand dollars in the bank, and that that check that Charlie Babler holds is not worth the paper it is written on. No, don't go," he urged, as she arose in half protest. "Time will prove I am right, if he loses, and you will find that he will try to get some rich girl to marry him and pay his debts. I can read the fellow like a book."

"But you don't know who he is," expostulated Ethel, indignant at the evident allusion to herself. "He is a brother of the Earl of Blackport."

"I don't care if he is a brother of the man in the moon," grumbled Buxton, with whom titles weighed little. "I'm a pretty good judge of men, and I don't care what country they come from or who their connections are so long as they are really men of honour. Now, the other three men in that team are thoroughly decent fellows, and I would trust them anywhere, but this chap, Semphill, that you think so much of, I'd trust about as far as I would a Southerner with a mint julep."

"You have simply taken a dislike to him, because I like him," argued Ethel, bravely defending her absent admirer. "And it isn't right for us to discuss him anyway. I am sure there is nothing in his appearance to warrant your disliking him so. He is very good looking."

John Buxton sniffed.

"Oh, he looks like a fashion plate, all right, but his eyes are too close together to suit me. Now, I know, Ethel, that you think I am jealous of him; as maybe I am," he went on impressively. "There is no doubt I should be jealous of any man you showed a preference for, but I am not the kind of fellow to 'knock' any other man without being sure of my ground, and I hate to see you making a fool of yourself, and—"

"Thank you!" cried Ethel, rising, her cheeks aflame. "We won't discuss the matter any further. You can have your own opinion about people, but there isn't a single soul in the place that doesn't think the world and all of Captain Semphill," and having voiced her sentiments, she gathered her skirts majestically and sailed back, alone, to the ballroom.

Many argued that over-indulgence in the festivities of the night before, and others that the unwonted strain laid upon their ponies was responsible for the English team's downfall on the polo field next day, but whatever it was, the fact remained that the coveted trophy was borne off by the triumphant "Flinghams," after a fast and furious game, with five goals to their credit against their opponents' three, and great was the rejoicing in "Country Clubland" throughout the Pacific Coast, and numerous were the checks that the Englishmen had to draw to settle their debts of honour.

Charlie Babler handed over the English dragoon's slip of endorsed paper after the match, and as John Buxton placed it in his pocket, he scrutinised it closely. "On Cox's Bank, London," he muttered. "That's the English army bank, and it's pretty solid. I wonder if the check's any good?"

"Of course, it is," asserted Charlie, amazed at his friend's continued

doubt. "He daren't give it if he didn't have the funds to meet it. It'd be as much as his commission is worth. They're all coming up to my place at Santa Cruz to-morrow, and I'm counting on you, too. Harry Simpson is sending down the steam yacht, and we'll have no end of a time."

"Whom do you mean by 'all'?" queried Buxton cautiously.

"Oh, the four Englishmen and the Roberts girls and Mrs. Laster. About twelve altogether, and Ethel Wadsworth and her mother, of course."

"I see," said Buxton, pondering. "Well, all right. Thanks, old man. I'll go. I never thought our fellows would win the match, did you?"

"Well, I was a bit surprised," admitted Babler. "And we wouldn't have if Semphill had played his usual game. I never saw a fellow so nervous. He overrode the ball every time, and all his shots at goal went wild. He was over-anxious, I guess, and I heard that he had two Scotch high-balls just before they started to play, and that Major Pelham gave him an awful calling down after the game was over. I won a thousand from the Major," added Charlie, with a satisfied chuckle.

Nothing daunted by his experience of the night before, John Buxton craved a dance from the girl he loved on this the last night of their stay at Coronado, and urged her, for probably the twentieth time, to be his wife.

Ethel was much moved by his earnest pleading, but her romantic nature had been deeply touched by the homage and flattery of the Earl of Blackport's brother, who spoke to her familiarly and grandiloquently of European courts and ancestral homes, to such good purpose as to render her dissatisfied with her life and surroundings and instil her with a craving to taste the delight of a sphere hitherto considered unattainable.

She begged the young broker not to press her for an answer, although her heart responded warmly to his ardent wooing, so he had to reluctantly relinquish her to Semphill, who was impatiently claiming her for the next dance, and who monopolised the greater part of her attention for the rest of the evening, and ultimately bade her good-night, Buxton noticed, with an air at once impressive and as of one in prospective possession.

Wending his way to the billiard-room, he sought to console himself with a high-ball before retiring for the night, when the Captain of Dragoons entered and begged the pleasure of a glass in unison, leading the way, when served, to the lounging recess just off the billiard-room.

"I am going to ask you an extraordinary favour, Mr. Buxton," he began, seating himself beside a wicker table and placing his glass to his lips with a nervous hand. "I don't know anyone else I can ask it of, and I would hesitate about asking you, only that you already hold a check of mine for a—er—of course—er—rather large amount, and—er—I know—er—of course—er—that you are a very wealthy man."

John Buxton's eyes contracted, and to screen a smile of satisfaction he gravely inclined his head.

"Yes, I've got money," he admitted, but in no boastful tone. "Want me to lend you some, I suppose?"

"Well, I—er—I would feel awfully obliged if you would—er—just for a few weeks, you know. It's—er—deuced unpleasant being so far from home, don't y' know."

"Must be," agreed Buxton dryly. "How much do you want?"

"Well—er—you've got that check for two thousand dollars," said the Englishman, calculating. "And I was—er—thinking that if you could let me have—er—say—er three thousand dollars in cash, that—er—I could give you an I.O.U.—or something—and—er—redeem the whole five thousand in—er—three weeks or —or a month—that is—if you don't mind holding the check until then."

"I see," said Buxton. "You want me to lend you three thousand dollars in cash and to hold your check from the bank for three weeks. That it, eh?"

"Yes," said Semphill, eagerly. "It'll be awfully decent of you, if you will."

"Quite so," agreed Buxton, repressing a smile. "But what guarantee have I got that you will pay me back in three weeks?"

"Oh, by Jove! y' know, I—er give you my word of honour!" spluttered the Englishman. "And—er—my I.O.U. as well," he added pompously, as one conferring a coveted deed of gift.

"Well, I don't mind lending you the money or holding back your check," said Buxton, producing his pocket book and pen. "But I cannot quite understand your asking this favour of an utter stranger. I should think your polo ponies would fetch the sum you need, without having to borrow."

"Well—er—to—er—tell you the truth," stammered the Dragoon, blushing. "I—er—I've sold them already to one of my brother officers, to—er—to pay my other bets, don't y' know."

"Oh, I see," said Buxton. "You're up against it. Well, I'm a business man and I like doing things strictly according to business. You can sign this note of hand for $3,000, payable this day three weeks, and I will give you my check for the amount," and bending to the table, he drew up the document for the Englishman to sign."

Semphill thanked him profusely, and pocketing the check, hummed and hawed his way to bed, leaving John Buxton a happier, wiser, but, mayhap, a poorer man.

On the following day the gay party broke up, Charlie Babler and his guests wending their way to Santa Cruz, that gem of the Pacific Coast, backed by the hills and forests of gigantic redwood and fronted by the sparkling bay of Monterey, where two four-in-hand coaches met and whirled them, with tooting of coach horns, through the broad streeted town, out on to the well-oiled roads to Ben Lomond, where sequestered among the giant trees, Charlie Babler had built an elegant mansion—fit for a king.

They passed the idle days joyously between the beach and the wooded hills, crossing each day to some enjoyable spot, the few days of December rain having greened this garden of the earth and brought to light the woodland flowers in wild profusion, while the warm January sunshine permitted one and all to indulge their fancies in summer costumes and disport themselves each morning in the tepid waters of the bay.

One day the glades of Rowardennan would ring with their merry laughter, the next, Felton, with its logging camp adjacent, would form a picturesque picnicking ground, and then anon to Boulder Creek, but try as he would and did, John Buxton could not drive the Captain of Dragoons from Ethel's side; and from many little by-plays which his jealous eyes were eager to note, he grasped with apprehension that some secret understanding was being arrived at between them.

Two weeks had passed all too quickly, when one evening, late after dinner, the young broker, having ventured for a solitary stroll, saw standing outside the gate a hired vehicle, and on entering the house confronted Ethel, dressed in hat and heavy coat, with a suit case in her hand, making hurriedly for the side entrance.

On seeing him she dodged into the nearest room at hand, which happened to be the library, evidently with the intention of avoiding him. His suspicions instantly aroused, he followed her, and entering boldly, closed the door behind him. Amazed and obviously startled, she mumbled

some irrelevant attempt at pleasantry and made to pass him, but John Buxton confronted her sternly, with his back to the door.

"Wh-what's the matter?" she faltered, evidently frightened. Why did you follow me in here? What would anyone think if they came in?"

"I am not bothering about what people think," he replied sternly. "I have quite a lot to say to you and I mean to say it."

"Why this is preposterous!" cried Ethel, on the verge of tears. "Please let me out, at once!"

"Not until you have heard what I have to say," he reiterated sternly, as before. "You are probably about to do a very foolish thing, but you will not carry it through if I can prevent you. Does your mother know that you are going out with a suit case, as if travelling, at this time of night?"

"Wh-what do you mean?" faltered Ethel.

"Oh, I am not such a fool as you take me for," he retorted bitterly. "I suppose Captain Semphill has asked you to elope?"

"How dare you think of such a thing," she cried, dropping the suit case and covering her face. "Oh, why do you ask me that?"

"Has Captain Semphill invited you to elope with him?" he demanded, ignoring her distress. "I want to know the truth." She tried to meet his stern gaze, but her eyes refused the strain.

"Who—who told you that?" she stammered, blushing like a guilty school girl.

"I guessed it was what he would do. He couldn't afford to wait and ask your mother's consent and arrange about settlements. No; he has to marry you in a hurry, because he hasn't a cent."

"How—how dare you say such a thing?" she spluttered, again in arms in defense of her hero. "His brother is a Lord and he has lots of money. He—he would marry me tomorrow, just the same, if I didn't have anything. He—he said so—so there!" and she stamped her foot to emphasise the declaration.

"Of course he did," laughed Buxton ironically. "All fortune hunters say that, but if he is so well fixed as you say, why doesn't he—well, here he is to answer for himself." He broke off and stepped aside, as the Captain put his head in through the door, having evidently heard Ethel's voice, and wondering at her delay.

"Oh, I—er—beg pardon," he stammered, surprised at seeing her not alone. "Is—er—is anything the matter?"

"Yes, quite a good deal, sir," Buxton interposed quickly, ere Ethel could warn the Englishman. "I want to know why you are asking this young lady to elope?"

"Well, by Jove! I—er—don't see what b-business—"

"No, but I'm making it my business," interrupted Buxton, undaunted by the soldier's blustering manner. "This young lady is very wealthy in her own right, and you know it—"

"It isn't any of your business, Mr. Buxton," broke in Ethel hotly. "Captain Semphill wasn't thinking of my money. Were you, Captain Semphill?"

"The idea! Of course not," declared the dragoon, with simulated indignation. "Why—er—why should I?"

"Because you have none of your own, sir," said John Buxton, sternly, extracting his pocket-book. "If you don't believe me, Ethel," he continued, turning to her and holding out the Captain's note of hand, "how about this? Here's the gentleman's note to me, for three thousand dollars, payable next week, and here's his check for two thousand more, which he asked me to hold back, because he has no funds to meet it. No, you needn't interrupt," he went on,

as Semphill made some expostulating noises in his throat. "This isn't a private affair between you and me any longer. Now, if Miss Wadsworth chooses to elope with you, it isn't my affair, but, I am not going to let you pay me back with *her* money," he said, extending his for the slip of paper, at which Ethel was gazing as one dazed.

"I—I don't understand," she faltered, somewhat frightened at the expression on the Englishman's face and his apparent inability to defend himself.

"Of course you don't," said Buxton, "because you are not in the habit of meeting gentlemen like our friend here."

"I—I—I'm going to pay you that money," blustered the dragoon, finding his voice, and trying to assert himself. "I'll telegraph to—er—"

"No, you won't," said the broker, deliberately tearing the note in two, and then across and then slowly into little pieces. "I don't want your wife's money, because that's what you are relying upon to pay your debts—"

"By J—Jove! You're g—going too far!" cried Semphill, now thoroughly enraged, his face livid and frenzied past endurance. "I've a great mind to knock you down, you —you—"

"Don't say it!" cried Buxton, quickly, and ready to ward off the other's assault, experiencing a delightful thrill as Ethel clutched his arm in evident alarm at her erstwhile lover's distorted countenance. "Don't say it," he repeated. "Miss Wadsworth doesn't want to hear bad language. If she wants to go with you, well and good; but I doubt it."

"You let Miss Wadsworth answer for herself," cried Semphill, exasperated at the girl's clinging attitude. "C-can't you trust me, Ethel?"

"I—I don't know," faltered the girl, pressing closer, however to the broker's protecting arm, which mechanically slipped around her and drew her to his side.

"That's your answer, Captain Semphill," said Buxton sternly. "So you had better do one of two things. Here's this check of yours for two thousand dollars. If you leave this house, at once, and alone, I will hold this check and keep it for a memento—er—a souvenir; but if you don't, I will pass it through my banker's *to-morrow,* for collection. Which is it to be?" Semphill chewed his mustache and his face went pale.

"Er—*to-morrow?*" he queried, dazed.

"Yes, *to-morrow,*" repeated Buxton stolidly. "To-morrow I shall put your check through the bank, and you know what the consequences will be. You had better bid him good-bye, Ethel," he said to the girl nestling within his arm, as the soldier fumbled with the handle of the door. She raised her eyes and gave the captain a wistful smile, which he answered with a grave inclination of the head, while Buxton fluttered the fateful check.

"I will hold this until we meet again," he said cheerily. "So the longer you keep out of my sight, and the sooner you leave the house, the *safer* you'll be."

The brother of the Earl of Blackport started to utter some angry retort, but the disconcerting gaze of four stern, calm eyes were too much for him, and their owners listened eagerly to his dying footsteps, then the clanging of the front gate, and as the sound of crunching wheels and hurried hoofbeats rose from the hard, well-oiled Ben Lomond road, John Buxton kissed her.

THE RETURN OF THE SCAPEGRACE

BY FLORENCE WARDEN

IN one of the dear little toy houses on an island of the Thames, where a row of these so-called bungalows, embowered in trees, gives a charming suggestion of Japan in a musical comedy, Dr. Whalley, over a cigar and his newspaper, was enjoying a pleasant hour between breakfast and luncheon.

His holiday would have to be brief, but it was delightful; sunshine, fresh air, the pleasant society of a sweet-natured wife and her lovely niece, all combined to make it as happy as a dream.

And suddenly, while he lay back in an ecstasy of peaceful enjoyment, a note of unadulterated horror was struck. There came to his ear a hissing whisper of dismay; and looking out, he saw below him on the little patch of flower-decked lawn, his wife with a face of ashy pallor.

"Oh, Jim, Jim, don't shout, don't cry out, but come down here!"

She cast a warning look towards the water, and put her lips close to his ear.

"There's a dinghy—a little way behind me. Don't look that way. Its's—its Munro!"

"Good heavens!"

"You know why he's come. Of course, it's all over. Poor Freda! Poor Freda!"

"Cheer up. Perhaps he doesn't know she's with us!"

"Nonsense. He will have found out. He's the most artful wretch under the sun! After all these years, just when she was going to be safe from him for ever, he's come to spoil it all!"

"Rot! I'll keep him in conversation, if he recognises me, while you punt across the backwater and try to keep her away till he's gone."

"It will be of no use."

"Well, we must try it."

They had retreated behind the trim little bit of hedge between the bungalow and the river's brink which was their pride and their protection against the stares of the river-going Cockney. It was thick enough to hide them, but not too thick for them to watch, through the little gaps in the green, the approach of a hired dinghy, in which sat a fine, athletic-looking man of fifty, who would have been still very handsome if he had not betrayed so evidently the signs of self-indulgence. His long, tawny mustache and somewhat scant hair of a slightly darker shade, his blue eyes and straight nose, gave him a look suggestive of a wild Norseman whom one would rather look at from a distance than know personally.

Jack Munro was, not to put too fine a point on it, an out-and-out rascal. He had been the despair of his family for a quarter of a century, but for some years now he had been lost to sight, first in the silence of a convict prison and then nobody quite knew where.

But it had begun to be believed with deep though unacknowledged

thankfulness, that he had disappeared for ever from his decorous country, when this horrible apparition in the dinghy warned his sister-in-law and her husband that their trials were not yet over.

He had broken his wife's heart years before, and she had faded out of existence during his time in prison, leaving a lovely girl-child who scarcely remembered her father, to be brought up in the belief that he was dead.

Unfortunately, Mrs. Munro had had a little money, which was under her husband's control until the daughter should either marry or attain her majority. If Jack the scapegrace had only deferred his reappearance for another six weeks, Freda would have been safely married to a young fellow who was devoted to her. Now both the doctor and his wife foresaw that Jack Munro would make ducks and drakes of as much as he could get hold of; and they made no doubt whatever that it was with this intention, rather than from any desire to see his daughter, that he had hunted her out.

There was more to be feared than that. Jack Munro was as fascinating as he was unscrupulous, and it was fairly certain that he would move heaven and earth in his own interests, to break off the match between Freda and young Hugh Nethercliffe.

The doctor and his wife had scarcely exchanged the few rapid sentences in which they prepared a plan of reception for Jack, when a good-humoured voice, round and full, called:

"Jim Whalley, ahoy!"

The prodigal's eyes were sharp, and he had "spotted" the doctor behind the hedge. As the host and hostess of the bungalow made a reluctant appearance on the lawn, with forced smiles and airs of affected astonishment, Jack Munro transferred his long limbs from the dinghy to the bank, and coming up to the doctor and his wife, gave each a hand with a deep ringing laugh

"Ah—ha! You never thought you'd have the bad luck to set eyes on Jack Munro again, did you? Thought I was dead, I suppose! Wished it, I've no doubt. And small blame to you, my dears! I've been a handful in my time, haven't I? Not much better now, I expect, when all's said and done. But I thought I'd like to have a look at the old country before I pegged out, and a look at my girl Freda. A woman by this time, I suppose?"

"She's nearly nineteen," said Mrs. Whalley, whose cheeks were alternately red and white as he talked. "Of course, you wouldn't know her, nor she you."

"I wonder!" said Munro slowly. "It will be good sport to find out, anyway. Got her here?"

"No," snapped out Mrs. Whalley before the doctor could form a reply.

"Where is she, then?"

There was a look—a look she remembered—of mocking incredulity in Munro's eyes as he put this question, put it direct, looking with his bold eyes full into hers.

"Really at this moment I don't know."

"Well, you'll have to find her for me," said Munro, as he threw himself into a lounge chair in the corner behind the hedge. "Paternal emotions—all that sort of thing—can't be baulked. Must see her. Hope you haven't told her too many stories of the wrong sort about me?"

He cast a scrutinising look, keen under his affectation of easy good humour, at husband and wife. For a moment there was silence. Then Mrs. Whalley, having obtained her husband's tacit permission to be spokesman, approached the chair in which Munro had thrown himself, and said in a low voice:

"We've told her, or, rather, we've let her think, that her father was—well, all your own mother hoped you would be, Jack."

He nodded.

"That's your sort! Lay it on thick. Tell her she comes of saintly stock, and she'll want to emulate the family virtues, eh?"

"Well, your wife began it." He frowned slightly, but she hurried on: "She hadn't the heart to tell the child—anything different."

"Don't see how the truth would have hurt," commented Jack with a grin, as he mechanically held out his hand for the doctor's cigar case, just as he had held out his hand—successfully, all through life, for the good things which he was too lazy to provide for himself.

"Freda has grown up to believe," went on Mrs. Whalley quickly, "that her father was a sort of mixture of saint and hero—"

"A cross between King Arthur and Hercules, with a dash of the Chevalier Bayard, a few attributes of St. George, and a flavour of Oliver Cromwell to give the necessary virility to the mixture," added the doctor jocosely.

Jack Munro threw back his handsome head and laughed a deep, hearty laugh.

"By Jove, you seem to have done the thing handsomely. Nothing like bringing up a child with a proper veneration for her elders," said he. "But I may find it hard work to live up to the character, eh?"

There was an uneasy silence, and the doctor and his wife exchanged glances. Then Mrs. Whalley spoke again.

"There's one other thing we told her, we had to tell her, all of us," she said with hesitancy.

"What's that?" asked Munro, a cold look coming into his eyes.

"Well, we had to tell her that you —that you—were dead."

Down went Jack Munro's feet, and an ugly frown came at once over his sunburnt face.

"The devil you did!" cried he.

The doctor took up the thread by exclaiming:

"Come, Munro, what else was there to do? How could you bring a girl up to know—what had happened, what was always happening? Wasn't it better that she should think you were the most perfect father and husband and man that ever lived, and that you were cut off in your prime? Besides, you were, you know."

This last reminder was not artful, and Munro swore to himself under the long mustache, the ends of which he was pulling with a shaking hand.

"Give me some whisky," said he at last. "I must look into this."

He required full doses of alcohol to consider most things, as they remembered of old. The doctor brought out the decanter and a glass, and Munro helped himself with the liberality such men always use when they are dealing with the stores of their friends.

"And so you had the confounded cheek—to use no stronger word—to tell my child that I was dead! Hoped I should be, no doubt, before she could grow up and find you out. Why, of all the unprincipled things for a pair of decent Christians to do, this takes the cake; that it does! And now how are you going to face her when she finds out that you've been lying?"

The doctor and his wife exchanged another look. Then the silence, and then there came to the ears of the group on the lawn the sound of a clear, fresh young voice calling, "Aunt Mona, where are you?"

The effect was electric. Jack Munro turned sharply to the doctor and his wife, with an angry glance which showed that he had found them out. Dr. Whalley tried to start another topic, and Mrs. Whalley hurried towards the bungalow to try to stop her niece.

But she was too late. In another minute a young girl, fresh as a rose, pretty as a picture, in her frock of heliotrope cotton and sun-bonnet to

match, had run round the bungalow and straight into her arms. She had not seen her father, who was behind the clump of pampas grass w'h the doctor.

"Aunt Mona," she cried breathlessly, "there's a man on the bank selling bulrushes. Can I get some? They're only——"

She stopped. Jack Munro had come close to her, followed by the doctor. The girl looked up at the stranger in surprise. There was something about him, and about the manner of the doctor and his wife, which puzzled her.

"An old friend of your father and mother's Freda," said Mrs. Whalley boldly, glancing up at Jack with a mute appeal in her eyes.

For the moment it was successful. Jack Munro held out his hand to his daughter with a smile which the girl found irresistibly winning.

"Say a friend of your father's rather than of your mother's," he said, with a certain dryness which she did not understand, although his two other hearers did. "And I hope a friend of yours, too?"

He was holding the hand she had at once held out to him, and he was looking down into her face with evident interest.

Something in his look and in the feelings roused by these words brought the tears to the young girl's eyes.

"If I'd a hundred wishes," she said, half shyly, half impulsively, "I couldn't have wished for anything better than this—to meet someone who had known them both. You can tell me about them," she added, after a little pause, which none of the others tried to break.

Jack Munro nodded, with a queer look.

"Yes, I can tell you about them," he said. And he cast a mischievous glance at the doctor and his wife, who looked frankly dismayed by the threat. "Supposing," he went on, still addressing Freda, "we go back, you and I, in your boat to the bank, and buy burlushes together? What do you say?"

"Oh, yes, that will be ripping! This way. The punt is ready."

She was conscious of a certain air of constraint and uneasiness about her uncle and aunt, but she was carried off her feet by the newcomer, who put his arm through hers with an air half paternal, half loverlike, and wholly charming, and led her away to the other side of the bungalow, chattering to her the while in an airy fashion, new, and strange, and delightful.

The doctor and his wife, meanwhile, not daring to put obstacles in the way of this strange elopement, stared at each other and at the retreating pair in consternation.

"She'll never come back," said Mrs. Whalley in a tragic tone.

The doctor shrugged his shoulders.

"Well, he's her father. We can do nothing. We must just hope that blood will speak."

Blood was speaking already. Once in the punt, with the fascinating stranger who had thrown a sort of spell over her, Freda had forgotten her bulrushes.

Punt-pole in hand, she was smiling down upon the visitor, as he lay among the cushions and challenged her to take him down to the lock without running the punt into the bank.

"Why, I spend half my time in the punt!" retorted the girl with merry disdain. "You may trust yourself to me. I'll undertake to take the greatest possible care of you, provided you promise, in return, to tell me about my father and mother."

"Oh, I can do that. Mine is the best of the bargain," said he. "What do you want to know?"

"Well, tell me about my father first. I've heard all about my mother from Aunt Mona. But about him there has always been a sort of vagueness. No two people seem to

have looked at him in the same way, so that the impression I've got is blurred. Do you understand?"

Jack Munro nodded.

"But what sort of impression have you got—on the whole?"

"I think he must have been handsome, for one thing; they seem to be agreed upon that. Was he?"

Jack rubbed his chin.

"Oh, well, I suppose he was not so bad. He was straight, if I remember right, and tall—six feet two or more."

"Dark or fair?"

He hesitated, and took a furtive look at the end of his mustache as he played with it.

"Kind of reddish, I think."

She laughed.

"What you call golden in a woman and carroty in a man, I suppose?" suggested she.

"That's it."

"And he had blue eyes, I know. They've all said that."

"Boiled gooseberries *I* should have called them!"

"Oh, if you're going to run him down—" she began.

Jack laughed.

"But I'm not. No fear. Let's get on to his moral character. Heard anything about that?"

"Well, not so much," answered Freda. "That is, I haven't got such a distinct impression of what he was as of what he looked like. I gather that his character was elusive—"

"It was, by Jove!" interpolated Jack.

"So that I've got a feeling that he was a sort of saint in a painted window, too good to have any particular characteristics."

"That's just how he struck me," said Jack dryly.

Freda looked disappointed. She punted along for a space without asking any more questions. Jack Munro put the next question, indeed.

"What sort of a father would you have liked to have?" he asked quietly.

He was lying with his hands clasped behind his head, looking up at her with interest so genuine, good humour so attractive, that Freda burst into a light laugh, blushed, and then said:

"Shall I tell you? No, I don't like to."

"Never mind whether you like to or not. Go on. Tell me."

"Well, if you'd been a little older—old enough to be my father, in fact, I think I should have liked to have had a father something like you."

Jack Munro changed his attitude, and sitting up, tilted his hat, which was soft and squashy, well over his eyes, so that she could not see quite so much of his face.

"I hope you don't mind me saying that," she said shyly, after a pause.

"Not a bit. On the contrary, I like it. But I shouldn't have been a nice father."

"Really?"

"No. The fact is, Miss Freda, I'm a bit of a bad lot."

The girl laughed confidently.

"I don't believe it," said she.

"Why not?"

She hesitated.

"Well, for one thing, my uncle and aunt have known you a long time, it seems, and if they had thought ill of you, they wouldn't have let me go off with you like this."

Jack looked down, hiding his face altogether.

"By Jove, no, of course not. I hadn't thought of that."

"I dare say," said Freda, "you only call yourself a bad lot, because you weren't so much like a saint in a window as my father was."

He nodded vigorously.

"I dare say it was that."

"Did you know him well?"

"Oh, yes."

"And for a long time?"

"Years and years."

"And my mother, too?"

"Not for so many years as I knew your father." He looked up sud-

denly, considering her face closely. "You're like her—very like what she was at your age," said he.

A light came into Freda's face.

"What's the matter?" said Jack Munro.

"I've found out something," said she quickly.

"What is it?"

Freda brought the punt to a standstill, and sat down, holding fast by the pole.

"Weren't you—once—in love with my mother?" she asked softly.

He was startled.

"Well, I'm sure you take a great interest in us all, quite a special interest. And I've been asking myself why. And who you could be. Remember, I've not even heard your name yet. And then when you looked at me, and said that, about my being like her—it flashed into my mind that I understood. Was I right?"

Jack nodded.

"And so—she liked my father best?" He did not answer. "While perhaps she'd have been happier if she'd married you."

He shook his head, but she persisted.

"Perhaps she would, though. Perhaps he was too saintly for her. Saints are cold, sometimes, aren't they? I know she wasn't very happy with him. Perhaps that was why, that once she'd loved you. Had she?"

"Yes," said Jack, "she did love me—once."

"I don't wonder," said Freda softly. "And perhaps you'd have been as happy as birds, if you'd married her!"

Jack Munro did not answer, but presently he asked:

"When are you going to be married, Miss Freda?"

"Next month."

"I should like to see the man."

"So you can. He always comes down on Saturday afternoons. He's in a bank, and it's the only day he can get away early. I should love you to know him."

"And do you think he'll make you happy?"

The girl answered with obvious conviction.

"Yes. I can trust him."

There was quite a long silence. Jack Munro whistled softly to himself, and seemed so preoccupied with his thoughts that Freda, glancing at him two or three times shyly, did not like to speak. Then he said suddenly:

"Take me back and introduce me to him."

She stood up and began to wield her pole again: but he still went on whistling, and she still refrained from interrupting reflections which seemed to be grave.

"Will you be well off?" said he at last, somewhat shortly.

"Not rich, but we shall have enough. I have a little money of my own, and Hugh has a fair salary. Besides, my money has been mounting up, and I'm going to have all the accumulations of income to spend on furnishing a house. And his savings have bought the lease of it."

"I see."

Another long pause, and they came in sight of the bungalow, with its hedge, its flashing white paint, and the gay cushions making a patch of colour on the chairs of the tiny lawn.

"There's Hugh," whispered Freda, with a sidelong look at her companion. Jack Munro pushed back his hat and looked at the young man in flannels who was making ready to moor the punt when it came alongside.

"Well, he hasn't got a bad face," said he at last. "And marriage is not a bad thing when you start fair. Now I hope you will start fair."

"I'm sure I shall."

The punt was drawing alongside, and they stood a moment side by side.

"You have my best wishes," said he in her ear.

"Thank you. I know I have."

"For the sake of my old acquaint-

ance with your father and mother, and all I've told you about them," he added, with good-humoured pleasantry, "will you give me a kiss, Miss Freda, before we get near enough to your fiancé for him to throw me into the river?"

Freda laughed, blushed, put up her cheek, and he kissed her.

Then she asked suddenly:

"Do you know that I've never heard your name?"

"Haven't you?"

She watched him with an odd look of half-suppressed fear on her face. Did she guess anything? He did not know. There was a pause, and then he, laughing, said:

"My name is Jack."

"Jack what?"

He shook his head.

"Just Jack," said he. "The man who knew your father and mother and who now knows you is—just Jack. Good-bye."

They had reached the bank, and the doctor was holding out his hand to help Freda to land. Once landed, she was seized upon by her aunt, who took her quickly indoors, not leaving her even to introduce her fiancé to the stranger.

When a few minutes later the girl went back into the garden, Hugh, her lover, was standing by the river bank alone. He was ashy-white, and shaking from head to foot. The doctor had gone into the front garden, and was out of sight.

"Hugh," cried she anxiously, "where is he gone?"

"Who? The doctor?"

"No. J-j-jack."

Startled, the young man, who had put his arm round her, looked down into her face. Did she understand? he wondered.

"Where is he?" she repeated hoarsely.

"He's gone away."

She broke away from him, and looked out over the water.

In the distance the dinghy, with the solitary figure in it, was already a dim white speck. Frantically she waved her handkerchief. A handkerchief was waved back to her, but the dinghy went on, on, on, carrying the figure away. She turned back, sobbing.

Dimly, very dimly, she understood that this mysterious personage, who had so suddenly come into her life and gone out of it again, was a figure of grave import.

But she had no idea of the peril which she had escaped, which had menaced her own happiness, as, with a strange sense of heartache she let herself be drawn into her lover's arms, and kissed back into happiness and peace.

BATH: AN ANCIENT WATERING-PLACE

BY NORMAN TRICK

I WAS mildly astonished to find at Bath anything but baths. For it is a human tendency to centralise the imagination on the one thing that has made a place famous. Had I even known that Wolfe was at Bath when he received his orders to proceed to the conquest of Canada, I might have felt that there was in the place some association of especial interest to Canadians, but of course one always learns these things after one has been over the ground.

All that I could foresee of Bath was a cupolar body of water heaving up from the bowels of the earth and spreading out into a huge basin large enough for bathing—a mineral water that had been thus gurgling and spouting and heaving ever since the time of Bladud, nineteen hundred years ago or thereabouts.

So much reverence is attached to the name of Bladud, because he was the first of the long run of immortals who have passed up and down the promenades of this famous spa, one almost takes it for granted that it was he who struck the earth with a magic wand, causing the healing waters to burst forth at his command. At any rate, it was Bladud, son of Lud Hudibras, who first took note of the curative virtues of the bath at Bath. He had been stricken with leprosy, but whether he gave the disease to some swine or the swine gave it to him I do not know. Nevertheless, the swine used to wallow in the waters that came steaming from the earth and spreading across the meadow and turning the immediate countryside into a vaporous morass.

In time it was noticed that the swine were cured, and, accordingly, this young heir-apparent to the British throne, young Bladud, followed the example of the swine and bathed in the waters and was cured, and from that time to this, with varying but unbroken renown, the baths of Bath have been known far and wide.

Although it was the heir-apparent to the British throne who first realised the importance of this place as a health resort, it remained for the Roman conquerors to give to it its first measure of glory. The Romans built baths fit for kings, and on the same spot, well preserved, remains of some of them can be seen to this day.

Bladud and the Romans, however, are not the only ones who have helped on the renown of Bath, for ever since the time that Queen Elizabeth went down and suffered her dainty feet to be laved by the waters that came spouting from subterranean passages, royalty and gentry and celebrity have come and gone in a continuous procession.

One should bear in mind the fact that Bath is situated in a beautiful Somerset valley along the banks of the Avon, and it possesses much that nature gives so lavishly to some places. Apart from its baths, which are the only hot mineral baths in Great Britain, it is surrounded by some of the finest of rural English scenery. To realise this, one has only to ascend to the top of Beechen Cliff

STATUE OF KING BLADUD, AT BATH

and there see the Welsh Mountains and the British Channel on one hand, and on the other hand the soft undulations of the Wiltshire downs.

Between baths, as they should say at Bath, the imaginative visitor fares forth to reconstruct the town. In this quest he is assisted by the Corporation, an august body in all English towns—he is assisted to the extent of the knowledge conveyed by neat brass tablets placed here and there about town to indicate Bath's precise association with some illustrious person who has passed from all earthly scenes. But apart altogether from tablets or fountains or monuments, there is something in the atmosphere of this ancient resort that stirs fancy and induces one to people the streets with figures that long ago passed into history. To think of Bladud and Lud Hudibras and Roman Senators almost transports one into the realm of romance, but when we come down to the time of Wolfe, and Nelson, and Chatham, we begin to feel that the shades of these departed heroes have not been quite obliterated from Bath. We see Nelson walking sedately under the elms, pining, no doubt, for the beautiful Lady Hamilton; and if he is not pining, he at least should be in order to justify tradition and reduce a hero in war to the level of ordinary mortals in some things common to humanity. They say that Nelson came to Bath to recuperate from the severities of his expedition to Central America.

It was at this time, we hope, that Sheridan used to amble about the walks getting material for "The School for Scandal," and adding some personal experience by spiriting the spirited Peg Woffington off to the mountains of Shannon. "The School of Scandal," by the way, was first put on, under Sheridan's personal

THE OLD "KING S" BATH

direction, at the old Bath theatre, and it was in this play that the great Siddons made her early fame as an actress.

Literary lights and geniuses of the brush there have been many at Bath as well as statesmen and social leaders. Had this famous spa never existed we should be almost without a single intimate glimpse of the immortal Pitt, the great orator of the British Commons. Pitt could be seen and heard in the House, but we know almost nothing of him apart from his forensic utterances. For what little we do know we are indebted to Bath, because when this great statesman's gout became intolerable he was obliged to issue from the privacy of his home and depart for Bath, there to take the waters. In these flittings to and fro the people of England had an infrequent chance to see at close range the great champion of their national rights.

Sir Thomas Lawrence dwelt and painted at Bath, and Gainsborough produced portraits here at five guineas each. The idea is that to Gainsborough the privilege of living at Bath was a compensation for the small fee charged for his work. These streets of Bath saw also Sir Walter Scott, but it was during the great novelist's youth, when, it is supposed, he passed many happy hours. Burke spent his last days within a chair's ride of these famous waters, and while here Chesterfield wrote several of his famous letters. Southey's boyhood was passed amongst these fine old meadows and downs, and Wordsworth was here during part of his prime. But of all the lights of letters the image that stands out boldest in this imaginative repeopling of Bath with celebrities of the past is the portly form of Dr. Johnson. We seem to feel his presence even to-day, as it is felt in the neighbourhood of

A VIEW OF BATH AND THE GREAT ROMAN BATH

the *Cheshire Cheese* in London. Johnson's is a fine figure for Bath. What a swath he must have cut on promenade? And how the waters must have risen when he entered the bath! We see him, pletheric and choleric and hectic, taking his ponderous way along the corridors and grumbling at the weaknesses to which the flesh of man is heir.

The glory of Bath is due to one man more than to any other, to Beau Nash. Nash seems to have been the forerunner of the present-day boomster, the advertising agent *par excellence*. The waters had no more virtue in his day than they had had for a thousand years; yet the great mass of the people did not know of them, and the town had not yet become a place of elegant fashion. Beau Nash brought about a transformation. He rebuilt some of the baths and greatly increased the luxury of the accessories. He catered to the tastes and endearments of persons of wealth and station as well as to their chances of physical benefit. He organised concerts, and games, and sports, until the season at Bath became something of an institution. People went as a matter of course, as they go to the Highlands in the grouse season, and to the Mediterranean in the dead of winter.

Thus one finds Bath to-day a resort of fashion as well as of health. The waters are just as hot as they were when they cured the illustrious Bladud, and the prospect is infinitely more pleasing; for in these modern days fine examples of architecture have been raised, and one finds in the Royal Crescent, Bath Abbey, and round the Institution Gardens, structures that are remarkable for their dignified and reposeful beauty. Taking it for all in all, Bath has many virtues even apart from those that have given it a name.

THE PRINCESS PATRICIA

THE DUCHESS OF CONNAUGHT

As they appeared at Woodbine

THE ROYAL BOX AT WOODBINE

The persons in the front row are the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, the Princess Patricia, and Mr. W. P. Fraser

CONSULTING THE PROGRAMME

His Royal Highness, with the Princess Patricia (in large black hat)

ROYALTY AT WOODBINE

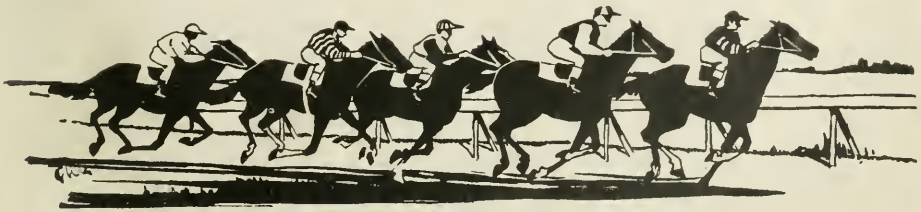
ON the two pages immediately preceding this appear reproductions of several photographs that depict the presence of royalty at Woodbine race-course, Toronto. The attendance this year of Their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Connaught and the Princess Patricia was accompanied on the opening day by a concourse of fifteen thousand people, while on Empire Day twenty thousand divided their tribute between the royal party and the horse.

The great event of the spring meet at Woodbine is the contest for the King's Plate, which can be won only by animals that have been foaled, raised, trained, and owned in the Province of Ontario, and that have never won except as two-year-olds. The plate is accompanied by a purse of fifty guineas, which has been supplemented to the extent of $5,000 by the Ontario Jockey Club. This now famous event was first run in 1860, when it was known as the Queen's Plate. And although it has continued for more than half a century, under three different sovereigns, to be the chief racing event in Canada, the opening on May the eighteenth of this year was the first time that royalty has witnessed it.

The races at Woodbine, therefore, are held every spring under royal patronage. Even in normal circumstances they attract a brilliant assembly of the flower and wealth of the country, but this year the attendance of their Royal Highnesses in state brought together as great a gathering as is ever seen in Canada of persons who are distinguished for social position, for wealth, or for beauty.

A horse-race, after all, is only a horse-race. But when it can be seen in company with the best blood, the best personal adornment, and the brightest intellect, it must mean something more than the laying of a wager.

And yet we are told that a horse-race is nothing if one does not bet. What is meant is that betting is the alternative of running. As one cannot run, and only a few of us can be jockeys, one must bet. Betting puts us into the race, even though we are not on the course. To try one's luck at choosing the winning mount is an ancient pastime, and, with the pari-mutuel system to regulate and modify the practice, as it is seen in operation at the Woodbine, the sport seems to be more fit than ever for a king, even if it be shorn of some of its erstwhile picturesqueness.



IN THESE GOOD ENLIGHTENED DAYS

BY MADGE MACBETH

(WITH APOLOGIES TO ARNOLD BENNETT)

WITH wide-spread efforts at teaching us how to live (so prevalent amongst current periodicals) as a constant guide, there is no excuse for poverty, ugliness, sickness or early death.

Perfection in all things seems but a matter of system.

We are shown how to select a suitable site for a home. Relying upon the helpful correspondence columns, we are advised how much in proportion to our yearly incomes should be paid for it. There are innumerable plans (free) from which to choose regarding the style of the residence, and the cost of its erection is reduced to a ridiculously trivial sum (heating and plumbing exclusive)! Then, having escaped the pitfalls laid by unscrupulous contractors, having raised a handsome country seat over our enlightened heads, systematic rules are given which, by following conscientiously, will reduce the fretting cares of life and the horrors of ugliness and old age to a minimum.

The servant problem is settled, for there is no servant.

For the benefit of any woman placed by unkind fate beyond the orbit traversed by the philanthropic periodicals, these few suggestions are given; they have been culled from the best sources and are presented in the hope of giving an idea how to properly employ the twenty-four hours from a moral, social and economic standpoint, so to speak:

Rise at 7 a.m.—Tolstoi did; George Shaw, Joe Miller, Elbert Hubbard, Susan Anthony and Joaquin Miller endorse this rule. Open the house for an airing, set the breakfast table, then wake the children. Between the moments when you are overseeing their tubbing and dressing, water the flowers (indoors), and do whatever dusting is possible. When every one is ready, take breakfast from the fireless cooker and sit down to a steaming meal. (For convenience sake, it is advisable to make coffee and toast by electricity, at the table.)*

Breakfast over, John off to town and the kiddies to school, proceed to wash the dishes, and immediately set about preparing luncheon. Gather *perfectly fresh* vegetables from the garden, and place them in the heaven-sent "fireless." Next, make up the rooms, and while this is a bit tedious, comfort yourself with the thought that the oldest girl will soon be large enough to assist you about the house, thereby making possible many happy hours in the wood-shed with your "arts and crafts" work.

*Full menus are not given here for lack of space, but a letter addressed to the What-shall-I-have-for-breakfast Editor, accompanied by a stamped envelope, will secure the desired information. Be sure to mention the exact amount of your income and whether or not your husband is fond of cheese and is a total abstainer.

After the rooms are "done," the outdoor flowers attended to, vases and bowls filled and the dusting finished, set the luncheon table, and do any urgent sewing before sitting down to a pleasant hour with Marcus Aurelius, or the making of the lace robe you have begun.

And before you realise it, the children will be home for luncheon. The morning will have passed without that dearth of idle, heavy moments so common under the old régime.

Having lunched and washed the dishes, prepare your dinner. Of course, vegetarianism is not compulsory, but it is time and money saved, especially when you follow the "system" to the letter and raise your own vegetables, fruit and chickens. Make salad and dessert, for, bear in mind that whatever else is neglected, *do not let it be the table!*

Perhaps, while the grape fruit is being prepared, John telephones to say that he is bringing home some mushrooms and two friends for dinner, so things need an extra polish. The table set, the "cooker" bulging with its dainties, the children invited to repeat their day's encouragements or discouragements, you dress them and set the eldest girl to mind the door bell and telephone—both of which have been particularly insistent—while you go to your tub, and make a careful toilette. Whatever else must be neglected, *do not let it be your personal appearance!*

Thanks to the system by which everything is managed, there is no hurry, and no nervousness as to whether things will go off satisfactorily. Throughout the perfectly-prepared and easily-served dinner the feeling uppermost is one of pardonable pride which increases as the evening wears on and the guests are lavish in their praise and their enthusiasm. After a rubber of bridge they depart—at about eleven o'clock. There are fifty-two dishes to wash, beside the silver, platters and what not, and breakfast to be put into the cooker. At midnight you retire totally ignorant of the agony which besets the woman troubled with nerves and insomnia.

In order to prevent the very simplicity of this system from discouraging you and suggesting those hideous idle hours so hard to fill in the old days, a few variations in the usual routine are given—variations which prevent that dread corrosive of all natures—monotony!

On Monday rise an hour earlier and wash the clothes, using for this purpose an electric invention so simple and manageable that you can read Schopenhauer the while your clothes are yielding to its persuasive influence. On Tuesday, iron—with an electric iron where a mangle will not suffice. Wednesday is a day of thorough sweeping, and a vacuum cleaner does the work. Thursday is your day "at home," and whatever else must be neglected do not *forgo to mingle with your fellow-man*—you owe a social duty to your husband and your children.

On Friday "do jobs"—clean the silver service when necessary, varnish the pantry floor, go over the jam cupboard, and arrange so that there shall be no small duties left for Saturday, when extra baking must be done. Then, for Sunday, when you should encourage the friends of your husband and the children to come in, thereby giving, especially your John, a place in the pleasant social life which surrounds you.

Having slipped easily into the system, you will find it perfectly simple to arrange for preserving, pickling and the pursuance of your individual tastes, such as embroidery, china painting and the like. For whatever else must be neglected *do not let the accomplishments which won your husband rust!*

Too much stress cannot be laid on the preservation of your youthfulness and beauty. While the life you lead is apt to do this in a large degree, there are a few hints which it would

be wise to follow. Of course, if there are individual faults which need treatment or correction, add them to the usual exercises.

Before getting fully dressed, breathe deeply 100 times at the open window.

Take a few arm exercises for developing the chest and back.

Brush your hair fifty times on each side, and massage the corners of your mouth and eyes.

After breakfast do not neglect the hip movements, especially if you do not get much out-door training. Then relax thoroughly and lie down for half an hour, keeping your eyes closed.

After lunching carefully rub the arms and neck, manicure your finger nails and steam your face. Do not forget to treat the eyebrows. This important feature of a woman's beauty is so frequently overlooked.

Every few days let your hair have the benefit of a sun and wind bath.

Lie down at least a half-hour with the eyes closed.

Never retire until you have brushed your hair one hundred times, massaged the gums and breathed deeply the required amount.

Do not neglect outdoor exercise. If you are not fond of tennis or golf, walk briskly every day, holding the body in accordance with physical culture rules, and when you return to the truthful mirror and see pink cheeks, bright eyes, and a supple figure, no wonder you smile with a deep underlying pity for the misguided women who find themselves hopelessly entangled in the toils of a frettingly busy and mismanaged day!

THE DUEL

By ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY

BLOW low, blow low! The wild rose spreads
Her petals to the sun
And thirstily he draineth all
Her dew-cups, one by one.
Blow low, blow low, that none may know
What may be told to none!

Blow low, blow low! O whisp'ring breeze,
When vagrant on the lea
You gently touched her smiling lips,
You heard them swear to me.
Blow low, blow low, that none may know
How frail an oath may be!

Blow low, blow low! Last night she wore
His rose within her hair,
She wore a red rose on her breast—
His hand had placed it there!
Blow low, blow low, that none may know
Her smile and my despair!

Blow low, blow low! O gentle breeze,
The dawn had scarcely shone
Ere he and I stood, cold with hate,
Where now I stood alone.
Blow low, blow low, that none may know
How hate has claimed her own!

Blow low, blow low! The wild rose sheds
Her fragrant petals wide,
For, when the sun had drained her heart,
She drooped her head and died.
Blow low, blow low, that none may know
The death that death would hide!

CONDUCTED BY BESSIE McLEAN REYNOLDS

THE annual meeting of the National Council of Women, which is held in June, brings its own questions regarding the Council, and oftentimes those who have followed its work since its inception and kept in close touch with its aims and ambitions forget, perhaps, that the girl of yesterday is the bride of to-day and the future guardian of the great questions concerning the betterment of womankind in general.

The rolling years bring changes to the Council. Old faces pass away and younger enthusiasts take their places in the rank and file. We notice more university girls, which speaks well for our Canadian educational system and cultured mothers.

I have had many requests to write a full account of the National Council, but I could only answer, as the old proverb runs, "It's a wise man who knows his own limitations"; and I might add, a woman either.

To write of that august body would with my limited space result in an unfinished product. One has only to attend one of their annual meetings, as I did in London this year, to come away amazed at the tremendous grasp those women have of every phase of life.

The election of a Council woman is apparently as complicated in process, as that of an Episcopal bishop, when only the brilliant thinkers are chosen. First come the elected from the three hundred and fifty affiliated societies to the various "Local Councils," then out of the latter are chosen delegates to the National Council, who have the right to vote, though, be it remembered, every member of an affiliated society has a right to attend all sessions.

I have been asked to write something of the history of the National Council of Women. By many of us it will be remembered that from the time of the World's Fair at Chicago its history should date.

During the congress of women convened at that time by the women of the United States, sixteen of our Canadian women were present, and upon returning home these sixteen sowed the seed for our branch of the work.

So America was the birthplace of the Council, and a fitting birthplace it was, including as it does children from all nations of the earth. What greater tribute could these many nationalities give to their mother countries than an International Council made up of picked women of international ideas from an international population, resulting in the women of all countries being alert to the interest of their sex, their children, home, and country.

Comparing the women of forty years ago with the women of the present time, slowly but surely we see they have risen in the estimation of the world, till to-day we find them companionable, mentally and physically, with men in the grasp of public questions.

Though to-day we find women to the front in all matters, it has not blinded them to the fact that home is the mainspring of human happiness and the nation's welfare This, too, the Council has taught and cherished since its birth, believing that woman's first mission is her home, that by it she will ever be judged and by its home life every country will stand or fall.

Every new era gives rise to new questions and problems, but the home stands first, and the intellect and executive ability shown by women in the management of their own households is needed in the voice of national affairs, be it from the foot of the Speaker's chair, or be it from behind the Throne. It is the leaven the world needs; therefore it must be of the best.

Nations will do well to remember that the hand that rocks the cradle rules the world and remember also that no nation can rise above the spirit of its women.

Though the palm belongs to the United States in formulating a truly national and international society, Canada recognised the immense benefits to be derived from such a representative body of women. Germany followed, as did Sweden, Great Britain, the Netherlands, Australia, Italy, France, Argentina, Switzerland, Austria, Hungary, Norway, Belgium, Greece, Bulgaria, and Finland. Each of these councils meets once a year, and our Canadian one met this year in London. Next year it will meet in Montreal, while the International Council will meet in Rome in 1914. It took nearly twenty years to bring all to a good status, and it took the same time for the National Council to boldly stand out for suffrage.

As surely as something good originates in any one of the aforenamed countries, it is sent to the International secretary, who embodies it in the year's report, and it is read by members in every other country and becomes a sure stream of information and inspiration to each National Council.

One is struck by the different aspects of woman's condition. Some countries have been thrashing out the betterment of womankind in a militant way; others have gone on gently and persistently. Each method has resulted in a measure of success, so that for an instant one is troubled to judge which way is correct; but one concludes that the conditions of the country alone can change our viewpoint. Methods in England would not do at all in the United States or Canada. Canadian men have a wholly different idea of women and their brain power than have Englishmen, consequently English women are endeavouring to procure a voice in their interests in their own way.

At the first annual meeting at Ottawa, in 1894, there were embodied eight local councils and the nationally organised societies. To-day we have twenty-seven local councils and eighteen nationally organised societies, forming a chain from the Atlantic to the Pacific. They meet in various cities by invitation and at their annual meetings, which last one week, the mornings and afternoons are dvoted to conferences, the evenings to the public, when only noted speakers take part and different aspects of women's work are discussed.

In the past the accomplishments of the National Council through its local councils have been the establishing of manual training and domestic science in all schools; the appointment of women factory inspectors where women are employed; the extension of the same Act to shops

and offices; the appointment of women on boards of school trustees. Very desirable changes have been made in the arrangement of women prisoners in various places, and there have been also the organisation of Boards of Associated Charities in several centres, the establishment of hospitals in some of the smaller towns and cities of the Dominion, and the organisation of the Victoria Order of Nurses. The Council has spread knowledge of sanitation by means of health talks to mothers. It has worked for and obtained medical inspection in schools. It has worked to suppress impure literature and to supply people with sound books. It has inquired into the laws for the protection of women and children, and laid before the Minister of Justice recommendations which have been adopted in reference to criminals. It endeavours to plan for the better care and wiser distribution of women immigrants. It has pledged to co-operate with the medical authorities in respect to tuberculosis. It has furthered the establishment of "Women's Welcome Hotels," from which others are springing up in various places. It has striven with success for vacation schools and supervised playgrounds. For years it has worked in forming public opinion in favour of the custodial care of the feeble-minded, of greater leniency in the juvenile courts, of pure water, the care of the aged and infirm poor, agriculture for women, peace by arbtration, safeguards of public health, higher general education; and, last but not least, the suppression of the "white slave traffic" is on the Standing Committee's programme, thanks to the able work of Mr. William Alexander Coote, of London, England.

The work of the local councils naturally varies a great deal, owing to the fact that some of them are formed in large cities, others in small distant towns. At this year's annual meeting in London one noticed that in Montreal the work ranged in all its forty societies from "Votes for Women" to "Milk Depots for Infants," one being quite as important as the other. Mrs. Pankhurst's visit there last December resulted in the organisation of an equal franchise league, and the splendid methods of organisation prior to the elections of the City Council called forth letters of congratulation from the elected aldermen, showing that by education only will suffrage ever be understood. Montreal is also arranging a "Child's Welfare Exhibit" for next October, to cost twenty-five thousand dollars. The women are striving for compulsory education, and the giving to children of an hour in the art galleries in the morning is a very great educator.

Medical inspection in schools now seems to be a generally-accepted need throughout the Dominion. This has been the special work at Ottawa, and it has been taken up by the newer councils with great zest. Hamilton closely follows Montreal with its milk inspection and milk depots, the city having expended over seven thousand dollars alone on the latter during the last year. One also notices that Hamilton has been the pioneer in appointing a mortality officer, one who is most rigid in the inspection of maternity homes.

In nearly every local council throughout the Dominion the question of the distribution of garbage from time to time has been dealt with, the guarding of which means the abolition of the house fly, which all are prepared to wage war against. London has three supervised playgrounds, the outcome of the Women's Council. London's magnificent trees give an added pleasure: there, too, we notice that the "Boy Scout" movement is a pet hobby, making this a specialty. Winnipeg feels the need, as indeed does all of Western Canada, for the educated immigrant, and has connected itself with the Colonial Intelligence League of Lon-

don, England, which is sending out direct a large number of their educated poor. It was from the Canadian Club of Winnipeg that the great movement started for the repealing of the homestead law as regards women.

Home gardens have been vigorously pushed by Halifax, which also glories in its supervised playgrounds, and a legacy of twenty-five thousand dollars, bequeathed to them by Mr. Wright, who went down with the *Titanic,* will enable them to carry on their work on a large scale in future years.

West Algoma accomplished the establishing of domestic science and nurses in schools, two very important factors in educating children.

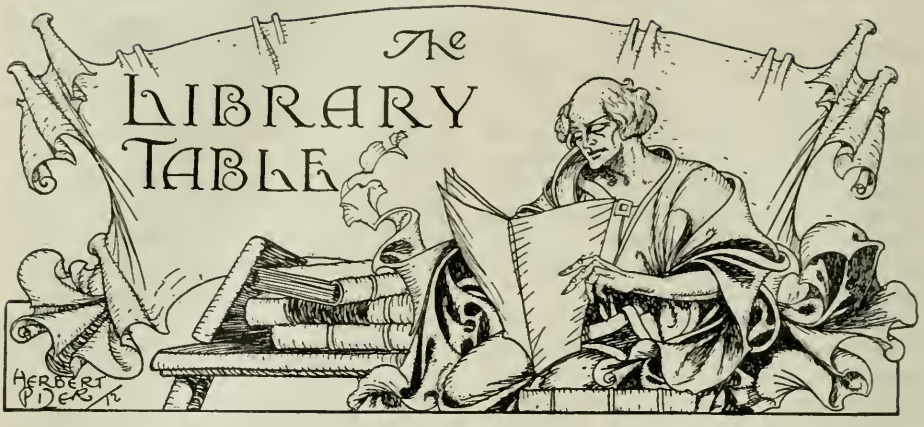
East Pictou established a provincial school for wayward girls, in New Glasgow, and is working along educative lines in its battle against tuberculosis. In St. John they have adopted the idea of making quarterly meetings largely of an educative nature in presenting to the public phases of their various departments. This is a keynote worthy of all councils, the presentation to the city of a patrol waggon and the establishing of medical inspection in schools has taken up the year.

Kingston is interested in decreasing the hours for working girls and is agitating for compulsory education in all provinces. In the far west, Vancouver and Victoria differ regarding the admittance of the Sikh women. Vancouver feels deeply that its beautiful city is so surely being turned into a place teeming with a cosmopolitan population, which now represents only six English-speaking to one foreigner. Even in the face of this, the National Council of Women stands for the admittance of the Sikh women who are wives of men already here. Victoria glories in the fact that it is the only city in the Dominion to own, manage and finance a club-house for women.

Toronto has framed two platforms for presentation to the Provincial and Dominion Parliaments. One must pause a moment and pay tribute to Mrs. Huestis, Mrs. Leathes and Dr. Margaret Gordon, to whom is due the preparing of this massive work, which is practically a revising of the criminal code as regards women and is considered by legal lights to be one of the most brilliant pieces of work ever prepared by women in the history of the Dominion.

To the work of the nationally organised societies I refer you to the Council's year book; these societies specialise, and their scope is tremendous.

I once heard Lady Aberdeen remark, many years ago, "What a pity it is women will not read reports." I think that time has passed; women do read them now, especially university and college bred women, not only as a sense of duty, but because it has become the only way to keep up with the question of the day. The work lasts from October to May, and in resuming it in the autumn many questions of great interest will be dealt with.



THE Canadian Northland has been a fruitful field for more than one novelist. But it is doubtful whether anyone has touched its heart or stirred its spirit or revealed its inner mysteries. London overpeoples it with murderous ruffians. Roberts makes it too mythical. Heming sees too much of the practical side. A host of other writers sacrifice everything in their desire to realise something romantic. Now comes Mrs. Virna Sheard with "The Man at Lone Lake." There is something about this title that grips us, and after the book has been laid aside one carries away a mental picture of this man, purified by his contact with nature in the Northern woods and fortified by the love of *Nance,* standing on the deck of an ocean liner, with *Nance* at his side, and with her looking towards the coast of England, where these two are to make their home. *Wynn* went to the Northland to fight the morphine habit, which he had developed after an accident in the laboratory of a United States university, where he had a professorship. *Nance* lived with her grandfather, a trapper, and it was only natural that these two should be thrown together frequently. And it is likewise natural that love should result, but their love is not permitted to run smoothly, because *Francois,* a half-breed trapper employed by the grandfather, has tender feelings of his own for the girl; but for *Wynn* he has no thoughts except of jealousy and revenge. *Wynn,* as a result, has several narrow escapes, and it looks for a time as if he must leave the neighbourhood or be shot in his tracks. But he is not a coward, and after the grandfather dies and *Nance* is kidnapped and at length restored, the lovers succeed in reaching the mission at St. Elizabeth, where they are married by the priest. From the mission they start out on their long journey to England, there to enjoy the titles and holdings of a baronetcy to which *Wynn* has fallen heir. The book is written with charm and simple dignity. One wishes, however, that it were not so slender and less idealistic. But the character of *Nance* is a worthy ideal, and her influence upon the grandfather and his occupation as trapper would not have suffered by elaboration. There is one scene, for in-

MRS. VIRNA SHEARD

The talented Canadian writer, author of "The Man at Lone Lake"

stance, which sticks to the reader, the scene where the grandfather compares his last mortal agonies to the torments of animals he has trapped and killed in the wilds. *Nance* could never reconcile herself to the cruelties resulting from trapping, and one regards her temperament as better suited to the new life she is entering than to the barbarisms of the old. (Toronto: Cassell and Company.)

*

YOU read "Some Reminiscences," by Joseph Conrad, and you are justified in saying that its author, though a Russian, is the first of living English authors. In many minds he had already justified that claim, "Youth," "The Nigger of the Narcissus," "Almayer's Folly," and "Typhoon" being regarded as the high-water mark in English fiction. But the "Reminiscences" are not fiction. They are, of course, autobiographical, and they compose a most curious autobiography. Conrad, as everybody knows, was born inland in Russia. As a youth he had a strange yearning for the sea, and no life would satisfy him except that of an English sailor. After he had sailed the high seas for some years, the impulse came to write a

book. He had been a great reader, but he had never written anything. However, it was for him to try, and his "Reminiscences" begin where he began with his pen. From that on the book goes back and ahead, hit and miss, with no apparent sequence or order, yet with the delightful style and humour of this master craftsman. It is not read as one reads a biography, for it is more fascinating than a novel, and at times it becomes almost fantastic. It begins by telling how in a London lodging-house "Almayer's Folly" began to take shape, and it harks back to the experience that had caused the impulse to write. Then we have experiences at sea and on land, experiences that give us some little idea of what went to the making of a literary genius. (London: Eveleigh Nash.)

*

READERS who enjoy a sentimental type of story will like "The Love that Lives," by Mabel Osgoode Wright. It relates the life of a New England family, the first chapter being devoted to the misgivings, hopes and joys of the parents on the eve of their marriage, the rest of the book to themselves and their three grown-up children twenty-five years later. The author seems to blame the father a good deal for having married, since his salary as a minister cannot provide needful comforts and education for his family. His brother takes this point of view, too, but then he is secretly in love with the minister's wife, and at his death leaves her a substantial yearly income that solves financial difficulties. Each of the children in turn is granted the gift of "the love that lives," and after sundry difficulties that only strengthen their devotion marry their affinities. Three other characters in the story also possess this never-dying love, but fate is less kind to them, and they die desolate. There is good writing in the book, the characters and scenery are pleasant, and the romantic interest is maintained to the end. (Toronto: the Macmillan Company of Canada).

*

"CHANTEMERLE" by D. K. Broster and G. W. Taylor, deserves a place in the list of best historical novels. Although it is concerned with the French Revolution, the theme is not old, for the action takes place in the provinces, instead of at Paris. No incident of the Revolution is more picturesque than the insurrection of the inhabitants of La Vendée, who protested in one determined body against the harsh interference of the revolutionists with the rights of their simple community. At first they were successful, but eventually almost all the brave countrymen were slain. The terror and pathos of these events are faithfully pictured, but any oppressiveness is relieved by the light-hearted humour of one of the characters and by a strong love element. A feature that stirs one's sympathy most and that will linger long in the memory is the friendship between two cousins, the joint heroes of the book. They have been brought up together, but are entirely unlike, the one having the advantage in solid qualities and worldly possessions, the other in the faculty for making friends and leading a charmed life. They become rivals in love and each shows the strength of his friendship and the metal of his manhood by sacrifice. These two characters have nothing of the lay figure about them, but have life and are strong and convincing. (Toronto: William Briggs).

*

"THE Review of Historical Publications Relating to Canada" observes an increasing volume and importance of literature relating to Canada, and in a concise, comprehensive and, one almost might say, expert way it gives the readers a fine

digest of what is being published from year to year. The volume of 1911 notices in detail books, pamphlets and magazine articles with respect to Canada, whether historical, political, economic, geographical, or ethnological. If any thing, the reviews are too academic, and the reviewers too often pay more attention to minor inaccuracies than to literary style or vividness of description. This precise attitude of the historian suggests the want that one feels for a publication, similar to this, dealing with Canadian publications that are purely literary. It is a question whether our verse, fiction, essays and travel sketches are not of even more general interest than veritable history, and what institution could better undertake a general review of this kind than the University of Toronto? (Toronto: The University Library.)

*

"THE Drunkard," by Guy Thorne, is a powerful temperance tract that will be read for the everyday truths it contains. Many of the worst phases of the drunkard and his victims are here pictured. Wife-murder is seen in two instances as the direct results of intemperance. One of these wife-murderers is a poor suburban chemist; the other, a celebrated poet who is the chemist's half-brother. The chemist is hanged, but the poet escapes, and owing to religion he at length confesses his guilt. The theory of heredity plays an important part in the study, as it does in most works of a similar character. (Toronto: Wiliam Briggs.)

*

THE Year Book of the Canadian Club of Ottawa contains verbatim reports of the addresses delivered at the Club's luncheons during the year. It is therefor of much value as a work of reference, because the speakers may be regarded as authorities on certain subjects. There are addresses from such gentlemen as Sir Joseph Ward, late Premier of New Zealand; Sir John Hare, the distinguished English actor; and Mr. Wallace Nesbitt, a leader of the Canadian Bar. The volume, which is praiseworthy for its excellent arrangement and half-tone portraits, is edited by Mr. F. A. Acland.

*

"THE Home University of Modern Knowledge" consists of individual volumes written by recognised authorities and intended to give the reader a general and consistent acquaintance with all branches of modern knowledge. Every volume is new with this library, for which it has been purposely written. "Canada," for example, is from the pen of the well-known writer, A G Bradley, and "The Socialist Movement" by J Ramsay Macdonald, M.P. History, science, art, letters, social science and philosophy are well represented in a popular style and by eminent authorities. The volumes are sold separately at a low price. (Toronto: William Briggs.)

*

A DELIGHTFUL little romance is "The Jugglers," by Molly Elliott Seawell. As the title suggests, it deals with persons who are in the mimic world, but there is beneath the gilt and glitter of the music-hall, some of the grim features of the life of a French singer at the time of the Commune. A music-hall singer in a garrison town in Normandy is courted by a marquis, and one of the tragical and touching episodes is the scene where the jester gives up his life in the hope of thereby securing the singer's happiness. (Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.)

The Second Fiddle

Todgers—"Ah, Count, allow me to introduce you to Mr. Saton."

Count—"It ees a great pleasure for me to meet a musician like you, monsieur. I hear zat you and your family play ze music."

Saton—"Me?—why, I don't know anything about music!"

Count—"Non? Zey tell me all round zat you play second fiddle to your wife?"—*M.A.P.*

Habitual Grumbler: "Waiter! this sandwich is quite cold" —*Punch*

All for Love

He—"I want you to give me a proof of your love, dearest."

She—"Oh, Ernest! Am I not dancing with you?"

He—"That's nothing."

She—"You wouldn't say that, dear, if you knew how badly you dance!"—*New Zealand Free Lance.*

*

One Life at a Time

First Gossip—"Well, good-bye, dearie. Be you happy and virtuous."

Second Gossip—Get along with 'ee, my dear; I'll see 'ee long afore that."—*Punch.*

*

Dreadful Possibility

"Your wife is gone to the dressmaker's to try on a new dress."

"I am glad of that, I feared she had gone to pay the last one."—*Fliegende Blaetter.*

*

Strong Character

Client—"I don't mind what wages I pay so long as she is capable."

Registrar—"I can assure you, madam, she's capable of anything."—*London Opinion.*

His Hat is not in the ring—yet!
—Minor in St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*

Bully for Ohio!
—Cesare in New York *Sun*

Careful, boys! careful!
—Westerman in Ohio *State Journal*

Vignettes from Across the Border

The Only One Lacking

"Why are you so sure there is no such thing as a fourth dimension?"

"Because," replied the discouraged fat man, "if there was I'd have it."—*Ladies Home Journal.*

❊

Strong One Way

Wife—"My husband is not well. I'm afraid he will give out."

Wife's Mother—"Well, he may give out. He certainly never gives in."—*Town Topics.*

❊

The Real Grievance

Friend—"You've got to admit there's nothing in Tripoli worth fighting for."

Italian Diplomat—"Certainly."

Friend—"Then why do you want to keep on fighting?"

Italian Diplomat—"We've got to punish the Turks for giving us the impression that there was."—*Satire.*

❊

Modern Mary

Mary had a little skirt
Tied tightly in a bow,
And everywhere that Mary went
She simply couldn't go.
—*Harper's Bazar.*

Outgrew Her Name

You may wrong the child by the name you give it. In this matter the girl baby has the advantage of the boy. She can change it at maturity. A friend of mine whose name was Cremer had a daughter who was christened Constance—very thoughtlessly. A good name for a baby, perhaps, when you put them together. —*London Chronicle.*

❊

Where Nature Fails

Little Carl (in the forest)—"Father, I can hear the cuckoo, but I cannot see any clock."—*Jugend.*

❊

Goats

Country Boarders—"Don't you see, pretty maid, how we are all following you?"

P. M.—"Oh, yes, when I come home from the pasture the goats do the same."—*Meggendorfer Blaetter.*

❊

On the Safe Side

"I just saw your wife in your neighbour's auto. Why don't you take her out in yours?"

"Oh, we've just made our wills in favour of each other."—*Fliegende Blaetter.*

ABOUT TIME FOR SOMEONE TO START SOMETHING—Donahey in *Cleveland Plain Dealer*

How it Goes

"Well, George," said the president of the company to old George, "how goes it?"

"Fair to middlin', sir," George answered. And he continued to currycomb a bay horse. "Me an' this here hoss," George said, suddenly, "has worked for your firm sixteen years."

"Well, well," said the president, thinking a little guiltily of George's seven-dollar salary. "And I suppose you are both pretty highly valued, George, eh?"

"H'm," said George, "the both of us was took sick last week, and they got a doctor for the hoss, but they just docked my pay."—*Woman's Home Companion.*

*

Modern Announcement

"Wanted: A governess who is a good stenographer to take down the clever sayings of our child.—*Fliegende Blaetter.*

Looked Like One

"How did that story pan out about the man up in the Bronx who found the big hailstone on his back stoop this morning?" asked the city editor.

"Nothing in it," replied the reporter. "He discovered it wasn't a hailstone after all. The iceman left it there."—*Woman's Home Companion.*

*

Canny

The Wise man moves next door to a family whose income is less than his.—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

*

The Thankless Life

"What on earth do you think about while you're fishing?"

"Wal, when the fishin's good I don't git time to think, an', when it's bad, thinkin' don't help it any.—*Scribner's Magazine.*

From the Model by Hebert for the City of Calgary

STRATHCONA HORSE

THE

CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOL. XXXIX TORONTO, AUGUST, 1912 No. 4

STAGE-COACHING IN ONTARIO

BY W. H. BELFORD

ILLUSTRATIONS BY C. W. JEFFERYS

IN the Province of Ontario there are many localities named after places in the old country which are more or less famous. There is Middlesex county, with a city of London, on the river Thames. There is a county of Kent, with a town of Chatham. There is an Essex, and there is a Sandwich.

One might go on at length with such names as Durham, Northumberland, York, Leeds, Oxford, Lincoln, Perth, and Lanark. In a German district of the Province there are the towns of Berlin, Dresden, and Hamburg. Ontario has its town of Paris, although the French Province of Quebec has not done similar honour to the gayest of capitals. There is even a place called Zurich in Ontario, showing that the Swiss had gained a foothold in the formative days.

One bright summer day I found myself in a sleepy old town that rejoiced in the name of Brighton and reposed peacefully through the years on the shores of Lake Ontario. I strolled about the streets in the morning, unimpeded by any rush of traffic.

Apparently, I was the only person abroad. Shop-keepers lounged in their doorways and in the dark interiors of the shops clerks yawned while they dusted the fabrics of commerce.

The dining-room girl at the hotel had informed me, as I dallied with a late breakfast, that the place was "dreadfully slow," and I was not long in realising that she had been temperate in her criticism.

She was a pretty girl, with coils of brown hair and a pair of winsome, blue eyes. She wore a white linen blouse, a sailor collar and a blue tie. She also had small, white hands, with several rings on her fingers and she tripped about the room on little, high-heeled shoes. Fie upon me for an old, married man, to notice so many of the charms of a pretty waitress!

There was only one other person in the dining-room at the time, a demure but very pretty girl, with big, brown eyes, who apparently was travelling and not used to it. She looked

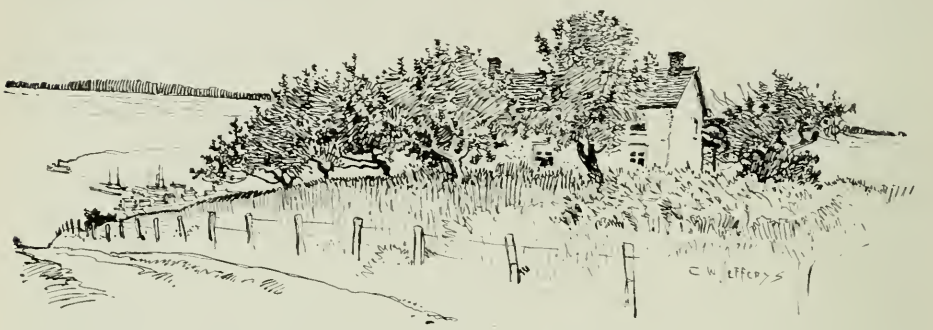
righteous disapproval of my conversation with the waitress. I could see from her expression that she knew I was married, being choek-full, so to speak, of that much-lauded feminine attribute known as intuition, which causes family men no end of trouble.

She knew that I was married just as easily and as certainly as she knew that I was getting bald, that I was already quite gray, and that I was inclined to be corpulent.

Well, to get back into the groove in which I started out. I found that Brighton was in the county of Northumberland. Here, surely, was a slip on the part of the people who had scattered old country names over the map of Ontario; the English Brighton is not in the rugged county of the Pereies on the wild shores of the North Sea.

It was my intention to go from Brighton to Campbellford, and I found that the only means of transportation was by stage-coach. Here, indeed, was one of the few passenger lines in Canada that had not been monopolised by the iron horse. I looked forward to the trip, because I had long dreamed of such things as excursions of joy. For I had always been an admirer of that period of English literature which deals so liberally with stage-coaching, and now I was to set out in a real stage-coach and through a county which at least bore an English name.

When at last the stage, all covered in, with side doors and windows, came lumbering up, drawn by a snappy team of grays, I felt as I imagined *Bob Sawyer* must have felt when he started out on that memorable journey to intereede with old man *Winkle;* but when I found myself inside the coach it became quite clear to me that I was *Tom Pinch* leaving Salisbury for London, and I startled the other passengers and



"Upward from the low-lying lake shore"

Drawing by C. W. Jefferys

the stage-driver by ejaculating quite loudly,

"Yo-ho! Yo-ho!"

The horses, too, though they had started off at a merry clip, seemed to interpret the sound as a command to halt, for they stopped.

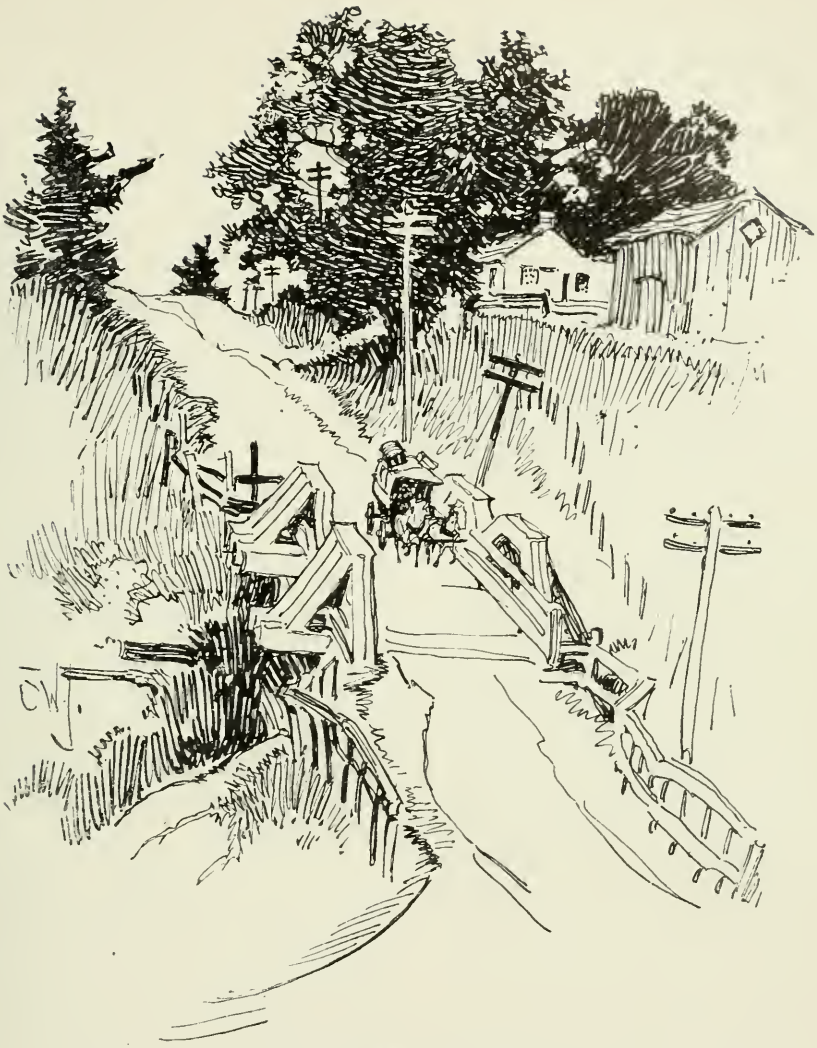
"What the Dickens is the matter?" said the driver, peering back at me from under his shaggy brows. "Hev you forgot anything?"

"No, no." I said. "Drive on."

I did not resent the brusqueness of his speech, for I recognised its aptness, perhaps better than he did.

And now to describe the trip in my poor imitation of *Tom Pinch.*

Up and away from the town we speed—steadily, steadily upward from the low-lying lake shore. Suddenly the incline of the road becomes steep, and the horses, making the small stones spin down the hill, haul the unwieldy coach to the top. To



"Rumbling across a wooden bridge"

Drawing by C. W. Jefferys

the right is an ancient-looking graveyard where Brighton's dead lie sleeping in sight of the quiet town and the blue expense of lake, where ever and anon vagrant schooners come gliding in with, now and then, a puffing steamboat. Off again through a strip of woods and then swiftly down into a ravine and rumbling across a wooden bridge built over a brawling stream.

Yo-ho! Yo-ho!

There is no guard to wind his horn before coming to bends in the road, but the harness clinks right merrily. The driver chirps to his horses from time to time, and the animals respond to every modulation and inflection of the chirping with the alacrity due to daily training.

On and on rolls the coach, and turning sharply in the thicket at the bottom of the valley a little hamlet appears. The nucleus of the hamlet

is a ramshackle planing-mill on the bank of the creek, and around this are clustered some small and weather-beaten houses. Further out are a few farm dwellings, some white and some of red brick with white cornices, and all surrounded by shade trees and orchards.

"What place is this?" I ask the man who sits beside me. He is about sixty, one-eyed, and with a sprig of gray beard on his chin. He chews tobacco constantly, cutting off a piece from a black plug about every mile and spitting away with tireless complacency through the open window.

"This here place is Singleton's Mills; it don't amount to much," he replies.

I agree with him.

Now the road lies through the middle of quite a long valley bordering the same little stream. On we race, by green meadows and fields of tasselled corn. Farm-houses white, yellow, or red are scattered on either side. The road is hard and smooth, and from the window I catch glimpses of shady lanes leading I know not where. An old, red meeting-house, sadly out of repair, slips past the window and a dilapidated shed, bearing on its weather-beaten walls the frayed remnants of what have once been gorgeous circus posters, appears next in the frame.

Yo-ho! Yo-ho!

The clatter of the hoofs on the gravel ceases and gives place to a rapid succession of thuds. The road is sandy now. I look out of the window and in the midst of a pine grove I see an old red school-house. Some grinning boys and girls stand bashfully among the trees to see the stage go by, for it is recess time. The bell clangs, and they scamper inside.

On again! And once more the road is smooth and hard. We dash out of the woods and around a curve of the stream. To one side is a dam on the shores of which are the rotting remnants of what was once a saw-mill. On the other side are a dozen tenantless structures, all of boards that never were painted. Some seem to have been shops at one time, others mere dwellings.

"Aha!" I exclaim, "the deserted village."

I ask the tireless consumer of black tobacco.

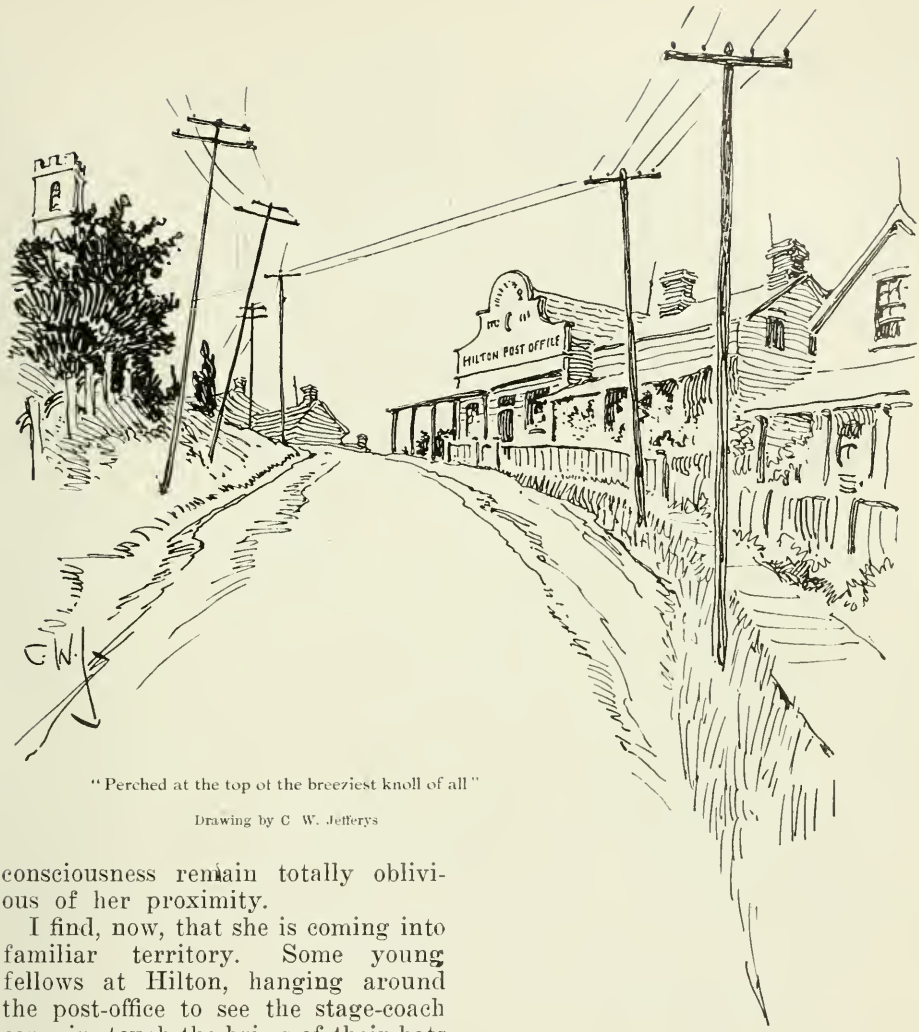
"This here place was Cooperville," he says. "A long time ago they used to make barrels and casks here, for the right kind of timber grew in the woods in them days. I hev seen piles of barrels here as big as a hill, ready to be hauled away. That's why they called it Cooperville, because there was nobody as lived here but coopers."

"Here is food for thought," I say to myself. "These relics mark the last outpost of as merry a set of craftsmen as ever wrought, whose skill has long since been duplicated by machinery and whose occupation has been taken away forever."

In fancy I smell the sweet odour of fresh hickory and ash shavings and see the brawny, bearded coopers wielding their adzes and draw knives and driving the hoops home with ringing blows.

Out over the breezy hills again, till, at last, perched on the top of the breeziest knoll of all, we come to a village of red brick buildings. The stage stops before a structure over which is the sign: "Hilton Post-office." The name has an old country smack, but I do not say that there is a Hilton in England. The tall spire of the chapel looks English, too; at least, so I imagine, for I have never been in "the tight little isle."

And now I begin to be actively aware of the fact that the demure little girl who regarded me so unfavourably in the breakfast-room of the hotel at Brighton is a passenger in the coach. Of course, I must have known it in a passive sort of way, for she could never have reposed so near to me for more than six miles of road by stage-coach and my



"Perched at the top of the breeziest knoll of all"

Drawing by C. W. Jefferys

consciousness remain totally oblivious of her proximity.

I find, now, that she is coming into familiar territory. Some young fellows at Hilton, hanging around the post-office to see the stage-coach come in, touch the brims of their hats —ask her about her trip and welcome and smile to her. Apparently they would like to enter into conversation, but they cannot pluck up the courage. The stage dashes on again, leaving Hilton its dole of newspapers and letters.

Yo-ho! Yo-ho!

Our road now stretches along the top of a long, high ridge, and on either side is a panorama of plains and knolls, valleys and plateaus, till suddenly we dash down into a deep and dreadful gorge. On either side is a scene of wild confusion. Trees, old and dead, are lying everywhere, with roots in air, and only partially hidden by the growth of a new generation of forest.

"This is the 'break-away' we're goin' through now," proffers my seat mate, taking a fresh chew of tobacco. "Once," he continues, "a lake 'way up west broke loose and came tearin' down through here. It made an awful mess. Two fellers was caught near here. Bodies never would have been found only that one feller's foot stuck up out of the sand."

The horses seem to dread the

"He says, 'Helloa, Tillie'"

Drawing by C. W. Jefferys

ghastly place. They hurry through without crack of whip and with ears cocked as if on the alert. We gain the other side. We breast the hill and dash down a long decline to the village of Newcomb's Mills.

It is a village without beauty or interest of any kind. Paint seems to be an unfamiliar quantity, even the few little shops being of bare, weather-beaten boards. The most prominent structure is an old stone grist mill standing on the edge of a dam. There is a post-office here also, and one of the young fellows loitering around outside actually speaks to the demure little girl in the coach. He says, "Helloa, Tillie." She, smiling very sweetly, responds, "Helloa, Ben."

Off we go again, clattering over the bridge across the dam.

Yo-ho! Yo-ho!

Clover fields abound, as well as orchards on which the fruit is beginning to show streaks of yellow and red. Up toward us comes an automobile at a merry clip, but, before we meet, the machine turns to the east. I ask my companion where that road leads to. He tells me that it runs to Wooller and then on to the town of Trenton.

"Wooller!" I say to myself. "Now, that is the name of an historic town in the English Northumberland." Perhaps I say it aloud, for my companion regards me with a puzzled expression.

The next stop for the stage-coach is at the village of Codrington, which place, I have learned, is named after a more or less famous general of the British army who flourished during the time of the Crimean war. Here the demure little girl gets out and is smothered in the embrace of a buxom matron whom she calls "Maw."

The little girl has to tell all about how she found Uncle Ezra and Aunt Emily over in York State. She says she is "awful glad to get back home," as she is tired of travelling. "You meet so many strange and wicked people," she says, giving a last disapproving glance in my direction.

"How did you like Rochester, Tillie?" says a little wiry man who puts a heavy emphasis on the middle syllable of the name of the city. "My brother Bill's wife's second cousin, Jimmy Griggs," he goes on, "was their once for two weeks. He was peelin' apples in a cannin' factory. He says that up here we don't know what life is. I guess he saw everything thet was goin' on—he's thet kind of a feller."

"He is about sixty, one-eyed, and with a sprig of gray beard on his chin"

Drawing by C. W. Jefferys

Crack goes the whip and on we dash. Good-bye, demure little girl.

Yo-ho! Yo-ho!

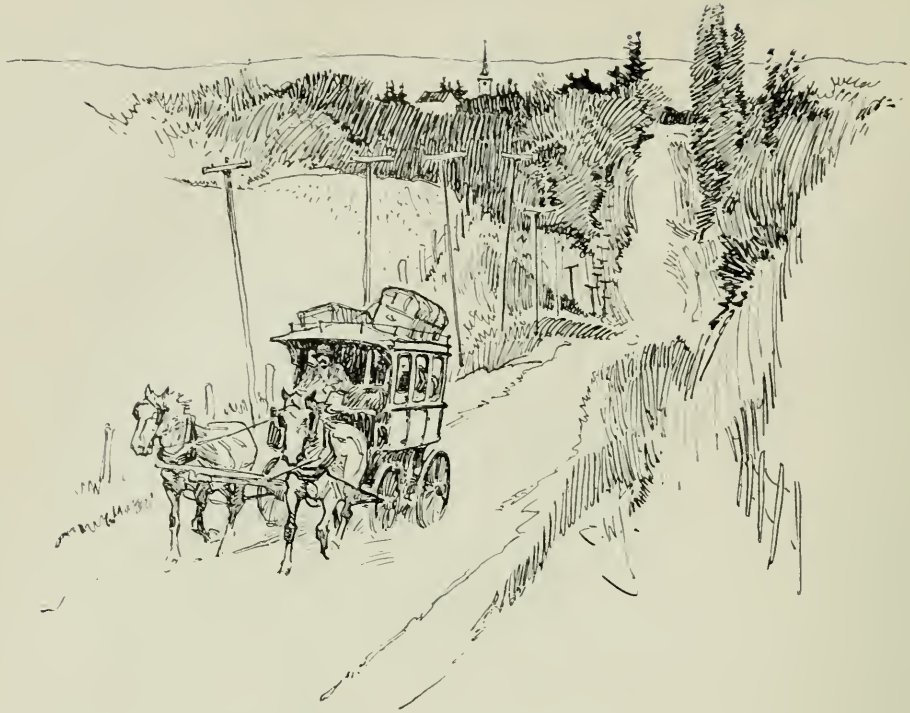
We are now getting into the heart of Northumberland, and the scenery becomes more rugged. After a couple of miles, another main road strikes out to the west, winding away among the sandy hills.

"Where does that road lead to?" I ask of the tobacco grinder.

"Oh, that goes to Warkworth, and, if you want to go on, it will take you to Alnwick," he replies.

I fairly bound from my seat as he utters these magic words. What more famous names in the English Northumberland than Warkworth and Alnwick?

"What's the matter with you, anyhow?" asks my companion. "Didn't you ever hear of them places? They don't amount to much, anyhow. Warkworth, though it has about a



"Our road now stretches along the top of a long, high ridge"

Drawing by C. W. Jefferys

thousand people, a bank, a newspaper, opry house and all the rest of it, has never had a railroad, and all the stuff that gets there has to come by stage from Colborne. And, as for Alnwick, the most it can brag about is a reserve for some Chippewa Indians."

"How long before the stage reaches Campbellford?" I ask.

"Well, we are in Percy now and it won't be long before we get to Myersburg, where I get off," he replies.

"Percy?" I cry.

"Yes, Percy township; why not?" he answers irascibly.

"This is getting pretty thick," I say to myself. "A fellow might be excused for imagining that he was in England itself."

Now we come to a river, broad and deep, which sweeps on its way with a majesty that I have seldom seen surpassed. My companion is getting down at the little hamlet where we halt, probably the most worn-out looking place which we have passed through on the entire trip, with the exception of Cooperville, which was wholly uninhabited. Desperately I hurl one more question at him. What river is this?" I ask.

"The Trent," he calls back, and then I hear him say to a lounger, "That's the most all-fired curious man about names I ever did see."

Yo-ho! Yo-ho!

Lights begin to twinkle, faster and faster, and more and more of them. I hear the whistle of a train. Streets now—the streets of a busy town.

We rattle over an iron bridge and draw up before a low, brick hotel—I almost said an inn—and *Tom Pinch*, quite stunned and giddy, is in, not London, but Campbellford.

NATHAN

BY DONALD MACDONALD

IT was, I think, on the 6th day of December, at my farm near Ladysmith, South Africa, that the letter arrived from Sir Arthur Meredith. Sir Arthur and I had been very close friends for many years, indeed, ever since early Oxford days, and a letter from him was always very welcome. But this letter contained little about himself. After a conventional line or two, he entered on the business which was evidently the main purpose of his letter:

"I wish to announce to you that I am sending you a present. You will be rather perplexed when you hear what it is. And yet I make bold to say beforehand that it is the most valuable present I have ever made you. It is nothing more than a servant—a black servant—I might say a slave, but I know how you dislike the term. His name is Nathan. He has been with me for some time as a very close body-servant. I picked him up in the interior, on one of my expeditions, about four years ago. My only recommendation of him is that I have never had nor seen any body-servant whose fidelity would bear a comparison with his. And this, too, is my only ground for asserting the superior value of this gift to you. I emphasise the only ground, because, to tell you the truth, this one gift—a golden one indeed—fidelity, begins and ends the list of our Nathan's accomplishments; since he is, first of all, deformed and furiously ugly; secondly, he is stone dumb, and is acquainted with only the most meagre sign-language; and, thirdly, he is endowed with positively nothing more than the merest animal wits (if the term isn't a contradiction) and I am convinced he was born this way.

"I pause for a moment while you gasp away your astonishment, and read these lines over again, and fret with impatience to ask me ten questions of explanation. I answer all those questions at once by repeating what I said about the fidelity of Nathan. I have nothing but this to emphasise. I must add, too, that Nathan is becoming somewhat unfit to stay with me. He is growing old, and you know what a flying-camp life I and my "followers" live from year to year. I know that he will have a quiet, comfortable home at your place near Ladysmith. Let me repeat once more that I am sure Nathan will be of the greatest value to you. And, indeed, if experience should prove anything to the contrary, do not hesitate to send Nathan back to me at once."

After all this followed some instructions, detailed with care, about sending to Ladysmith to receive Nathan when he arrived and escort him home. Then Meredith's letter ended abruptly; but this was not *quite* the end, for a postscript was added, containing only a line or two, and reading as follows:

"By the way, if it should happen for any reason that you should grow so interested in Nathan that you would like to be informed about his birth and antecedents, write me, and, as soon as I can reach you by mail, I will let you have all the information you wish in that line—family history, lineage, pedigree, etc."

Such was his letter and it puzzled me quite a little. It was not the fact of his sending me one of his cast-off blacks. I knew he kept a perfect horde of these, who followed him on his long expeditions in the cause of his science, which was in the naturalist line—I might remark here that in the last few years, since the writing of his memoir, Sir Arthur's contributions have received very disitnguished notice—but, as I say, it was not the sending me one of his swarthy followers that made me wonder. It

was his making such a time over it. He might have settled it in a line and a half, and then gone on with a few scraps of news about himself—especially since his letters were such rare luxuries to me,—but to devote an entire letter to the purpose of telling me that he was sending me a withered, worn-out Ethiopian—that seemed rather strange. I thought I was through it all, however, after a little reflecting. The black had probably done him some remarkable service, saved his life perhaps—which was not at all unlikely in the midst of snake-jungles and with frequent brushes with inland tribes. And now the faithful old fellow was growing old, and toothless, and Sir Arthur had some delicacy about letting him fall into any chance hands, and wanted to find a place where he could turn him loose to graze out his last few years in peace and with kind treatment. So Sir Arthur settled on me at my farm near Ladysmith. I didn't feel at all offended at this liberty. I was willing to take the old fellow and feed him and treat him kindly. But what I couldn't see was why Meredith did not speak out honestly and say that all he wanted was to provide a quiet asylum for his old black, instead of regaling me with all this nonsense about sending me a present and so on.

Then when it came to that postcript, the mystery deepened for a moment. How in the name of everything civilised could I ever grow so interested in a black servant as to inquire about his pedigree! Then the whole thing brightened into a joke. Meredith was making a little quiet game of me, from a safe distance in his solitary jungle camp. I tried to smile it off—but it did not entirely satisfy me, and I looked forward with some little curiosity to the arrival of this acquisition to my household.

I remember that I sent two of my fellows into Ladysmith next day, with full directions as to the taking charge of the invaluable Nathan. Meredith was sending in that month a large party of his followers to the Natal metropolis, as he did two or three times a year, to purchase supplies of all kinds for him, after which they would, by making an overland journey of some hundred and fifty miles, join him again in the interior. With this party Nathan was to arrive. It was not until evening—for they rested during the mid-day hours to escape the sun—that the ox-cart returned from town. I was taking supper alone on the veranda when one of the servants announced that the new man had arrived. I answered that I would be ready presently, and, after leisurely finishing my supper, I strolled over to the "quarters" to have a look at the new arrival. There he was standing at the entrance of one of the cabins, leaning rather lazily against the door post. The first thing about him that impressed me was his appearance of extreme age. I had expected a man, not in the bloom of youth (for his usefulness was supposed to have gone), but here was even a trifle more than I had looked for. He seemed literally crushed with the weight of years. He was stooped so low that I think it would have been physically impossible for him to get down any lower and remain on the soles of his feet. Then his whole form gave me the strong impression of extreme shrunkenness. His wrists protruding from his sleeves were fleshless sticks, while his trousers flapped in a peculiar way, which made me feel painfully the thinness of his legs.

I smiled a little grimly to myself as I took in these details. "The value of Meredith's gift does not precisely dawn on me yet," I muttered. "As far as I can see, this old chap will have to be treated with gruel and a soft bed at once—while we get a cedar box ready for him in the near future. Why, he hasn't strength enough to pull a long breath."

As I drew quite near to him the old fellow raised his head. His face

had been entirely hidden, partly by his broad-brimmed hat, which belongs to the outfit of a South African open-air negro, and partly by the inclination of his form which, as I said, was extreme,—but now I caught a fair look at it. And what a face! Meredith was certainly mild in merely calling him ugly. It was—well—the most hideous face I had ever seen. "Age has certainly used you up badly," I thought. The face seemed to be made up of wrinkles, like a piece of loose shrunken leather. But that wasn't the only disfigurement. Everything there was made in the worst possible way; the eyes were small and bearish; the nose was beaten flat; while the nostrils were large and for all the world like ugly bullet-holes. The mouth was very broad, with a protruding upper and lower jaw. But I can't describe him. I can only say he was certainly furiously ugly —inhumanly ugly!

I stood looking at him for a few seconds without manifesting any surprise, as the matter of his personal looks was a rather indifferent one to me. Then I endeavoured to put on as cheerful a tone as I could, and said something about being glad to see him and that I hoped he would be satisfied here. At once I was reminded about his being dumb, and the possessor of the minimum of wits. He looked at me with the blankest possible stare, and merely gave me a kind of grunt—meaningless enough.

And then there happened what I could no more explain to myself at the time, than I could have flown with wings. As I stood, with my eyes fixed upon the old black, a feeling of intense revulsion and disgust for him took hold of me so strong that it almost shook me with its vehemence. I am the most phlegmatic man in the world, and yet that feeling for a moment seemed to control me absolutely —the shrinking as well as the loathing inspired by that poor old deformed creature. I felt for a second as if I should in duty wipe him off the face of the earth. I remember distinctly how my hand reached towards the heavy revolver which I carry at my side, and then how, as my folly flashed upon me, I tightened my belt to cover up the gesture. I did not stand debating long; but turned sharp on my heel and walked back to the house. As I walked, I began to ask myself (for I was calmer now) what it was about the old fright that made my gorge rise so. I found it hard, indeed, to explain. It was not, I was sure, that I saw treachery or villainy of any kind in him. No, it was nothing like that! It was more like the feeling a man has when he is awakened in the jungle by having a slimy lizard crawl across his face and he stamps on the reptile to relieve his disgust. "Certainly you were never stirred up so before by mere bad looks," I muttered to myself. My teeth were chattering with the shudder that was still on me.

That evening, as I sat in my study, my eye fell on Meredith's letter, which lay on the table. Its connection with the day's incident made me pick it up and read it over. When I came to the place where he emphasised the ugliness of his Nathan, I smiled and thought I saw rather far into his design. Meredith's joke was to send me a black so ugly that I should be filled with the "creeps" at the sight of him, and then be forced to send him back after a siege of bad dreams. "And to think that he's half succeeded already,—but I'll play a little counter game," I said.

Then I took up my pen and wrote a brief letter to Meredith, announcing the arrival of his gift, and remarking that he need not have spoken in so depreciatory a way of the old fellow's looks, as I had often seen worse. I declared I was glad to have him, and would find some use for him. So this was the way in which Nathan began life on my South African farm. It was a tame beginning, but wait until you hear the end.

The next morning, as I sat at my late breakfast, I was rather surprised to hear Sam, who always stood behind my chair, mutter something about Nathan. I turned and asked him what he had to say about him.

"Oh, nuthin', sir," he answered, "only you thought that Nathan he fit for no work. He doin' first-class work. Uncle Abe (that was my overseer) set him goin' with the hoe early this morning. That Nathan he got some go in him yit."

This roused me a little, because I suspected that they had acted a little high-handedly with the aged new-comer; and not liking to have him do nothing to earn his bread, had forced some work on him in spite of his weakness. I said no more; but after my breakfast, I sauntered over to the garden, as we called it, where there was about an acre and a half which we kept under cultivation and in which we raised fresh vegetables to supply the house. It was separated from the farm, and I generally detailed a special man, when I could spare one, to take care of it.

It was in one corner of this garden acre that I recognised my Nathan busily engaged in turning up the loose turf with a hoe. I approached him quietly, and whether he saw me or not he gave no sign whatever, but went ahead silently and steadily. It was somewhat fascinating to watch him—the long, almost rhythmical swing with which he drew the hoe backwards and forwards, his body following the motion. But what made me almost start with surprise was the impression of strength which he conveyed—the ease with which the instrument passed through the heavy clods, cutting them or throwing them aside—the accompanying swing of his body from the waist, all made me exclaim to myself that there was some suppleness and force left in that old, withered body. "Sam was right," I muttered, "there is some go in him yet. I will let them keep him at work for a time to see how he stands it." I did not remain there long watching. I had an all-morning business in the shape of a ride to a neighbouring farm and back again in time for lunch.

When I returned, about noon, and as I rode in past the garden patch on my way to the stable, I saw a familiar figure standing in the furrows using his hoe with long, steady sweeps. I could not believe it at first. I shaded my eyes with my hand and looked sharp at it. Yes, it was certainly Nathan. I whistled, and Sam ran out of the stable yard where he had been waiting for me. As he took my bridle I asked him, "Has Nathan been at that all the morning?"

"Yes, indeed, sir," answered Sam, "I declare I don't believe he has looked up once. I told you, sir, he got plenty of go left in him yet." This moved me considerably. I did not think about the endurance part of it. What struck me was the unselfish fidelity of the old fellow. All the hands used to stop at the end of two or three hours, take a drink, and wear away some time in chatting and lounging before going back to work; but for him to keep on steadily from early morning with not a pause, and on his first day, old and dried as he was!

Well, I just jumped down, let Sam take my horse while I walked straight over to Nathan, and laid my hand on the hoe, expressing as strongly as I could that he was to stop work for the present. He let go the tool like a child, and then stood there waiting for me to order him. He looked much more old and feeble again. His shoulders slouched forward, his back was bent—of course he was tired, too, after a whole morning's work without a pause. I plucked him by the sleeve, motioning him to come with me. We made our way to the kitchen, where I called the cook and told him to bring some of the meat and vegetable porridge he was making. He brought some in a deep dish,

which I set before Nathan. I then ran and got a loaf of wheat bread—the kind that was reserved for my use—and set that before him, too. He was still standing, so I forced him into a seat and pulled off his wide-brimmed straw hat, motioning him towards the eatables. He turned his ugly face up at me for a few moments, and then dropped down to the porridge.

And it was then—then, as the poor old hungry wretch bent over his food—that I felt the wave of that strong revulsion sweep over me again. It was awful. It seemed to reach down into the depths of me. I actually felt like seizing something heavy and coming down hard on the back of his neck—it was well exposed as he leaned over his bowl—and killing him like some unclean dog that you have found thieving in your house. I got out of the room as suddenly as I could, and almost shouted to myself in vexation, "What, in the name of reason, is the matter with you?" But I couldn't begin to answer the question, or even state fairly to myself what I meant by it. I only knew that four times I looked convulsively back over my shoulder, and my forehead was damp with sweat, and a peculiar chill ran down my spine. I kept muttering through my clenched teeth, "fool! fool!" but it was no use.

The spell did not last long, however, and it had passed off completely when I had reached my study and was settled down to work at my accounts—a long, tedious job. In fact, I was so disgusted with myself at being worked up—a rare occurrence with me—over nothing, that the whole matter left my mind entirely; and when Uncle Abe, my overseer, entered my room that evening with a troubled face, I never guessed for a moment what he wanted. But he came to the point at once.

"I want to speak to you, sir, about that new man, Nathan, I think his name. I declare, sir, I can't work when he's 'round. And the other men, they think the same way. They most determined, sir, and they all declare, sir, they leave at once if you ask 'em to work with him." For once I was knocked completely out of countenance by a servant. I stammered, "But—but what's the matter with him, Abe? Do you think he's a bad man?" Here I noticed the slaty paleness of Abe's face and the suppressed quaver in his tone.

"'Tain't that, sir; 'deed I can't say what it is. But I never seed no signs o' bad in him. He's a very good steady worker—wonderful enduring for sich an ole man. But being that as it is, I can't stay near him, so I don't blame the others."

I sat for a few minutes without a word; but then I became suddenly ashamed of my perplexity in Abe's presence, and I dismissed him with a promise to do something the next day. When I was left alone with my own thought, my sense of the folly of it all came strongly back to me. And t think, too, that I shared in the folly of my ignorant black servants. How laughable it was!

I found a way out of the embarrassing part of the affair by determining to confine Nathan in his work to the garden acre, which was enough to keep him busy, and by assigning him to an isolated room in the quarters, where he could sleep. I assured myself that time and familiarity would make him more agreeable to his fellow-workers. "As to myself," I thought, "I'll always be kind to the old unfortunate. It seems bitterly hard to be isolated in that way on account of a face nature has given one."

And I always did treat him kindly. It made me warm towards him still more when I rode by his field every morning and saw him diligently and stoically bending to the swing of his long hoe. I would sometimes shout a greeting as I passed, trusting that he would divine from my tone what my intention was. Sometimes I

brought some fruit back in my saddle-bags and I would toss him a ripe mango or two or a banana. But I never attempted any closer intercourse with him. The memory of my former experiences kept me at a distance;—and then there was something, *something,* about him which, though I constantly denied it to myself, made me breathe just a trifle freer when I was out of his sight and vicinity.

And so weeks passed. It is strange when I think of it now—how at the end of those six weeks that old black had so constant a place in my thoughts. One reason for this, probably, was the pronounced aversion of the men for him, which I thought might decrease, but which, on the contrary, only seemed to grow stronger. Another explanation was, undoubtedly, the peculiar character of my position. There I was, a solitary old settler, with little outside my farm to interest or occupy me.

At any rate, the fact was I sat in my study at the end of the six weeks turning over the problem in my mind, and sifting it and sounding it and turning it over again for a solution. What was there about this poor harmless black that inspired the most intense disgust and aversion even in the rough negro laborers, who, at least here in South Africa, are not particularly delicate of feeling? They were certainly not so very far his superiors in the line of looks. But *was* it merely ill-looks that repelled him? Here I was brought sharply to a standstill, and the problem took a personal form. *Was it only his ill looks that repelled me?* I avoided answering my own question, and my eyes wandered hopelessly about the room, finding their way to the table at last where the letter from Meredith was still lying. Mechanically I opened it and read it again—the third time now—and when I came to the postscript at the end I thought I saw a faint hope of solution for my difficulty. I sat down and penned a second letter to Meredith, in which I frankly confessed my mystification and begged for any information he had concerning the past history, pedigree or anything connected with Nathan that might possibly lead me to a solution of my problem. I sent the letter off the same day, which proves, if I should doubt it now, my impatience in the matter.

Then I remember I dreamed that night that Nathan was discovered to be the son of an ancient king who had ruled over one of those cities in the heart of Africa, the magnificent remains of which are the wonder of the explorer and the archæologist. He belonged to a distinct, a superior race; no wonder ordinary men were out of sympathy with him, were repelled from him. Only his race must have been one in which the type of beauty was different, radically different, from any yet discovered. This I remarked to myself as I pondered seriously on my dream.

Here I ought to begin a new chapter because I have to talk now in so different a strain. You have heard of nothing so far but of peace, and the sleepiest kind of peace it was, without a ripple to disturb its serenity, nor anything on the horizon in which one could read the indication of even a light blow. But now, of a sudden, there came rumours of war, dark ominous rumours, to disturb the evenness of our placid, lazy life.

The Government of South Africa was on the very verge of trouble with the Zulus. An outbreak was looked for at any time.

I wonder whether any one who has not lived in South Africa knows what Zulu means. You will say he is nothing more or less than a species of negro savage who wears very little clothes, carries a shield and an assegai, but you place him on a level with the best civilised troops that the world can show. Much has been said about the valour and efficiency of the Brit-

ish infantry man. Without questioning this, let me offer it as my opinion that a single Zulu, with his bare hands, is a match for three of these British infantry men armed with rifle and bayonet—let him but get within hand-grip of them. For he'll take their bullets into his body and still have strength and vitality enough left to dash their heads together and smash them like egg-shells. And, as for cool, restrained courage, I have only to call up that memorable picture of the awful night at Isandhlwana, when up against those English lines advanced the crescent-shaped column of King Cettiwayo's warriors, dense, silent, each man (with the exception of a few inefficiently armed with muskets) bearing no other weapons than the long ox-hide shield on his arm, and in his right hand the fearful short-stabbing assegai. No way of striking at a distance, no way of silencing the enemy's deadly fire until they had him within arm's length of that dreadful spear. History tells, I say, how that brown, silent column advanced that day; how the English, in the fever of desperation, poured their withering volleys, mingled with charges of grape, into that line and tore great gaps in it; and how the warriors closed them with a calmness and steadiness that Europe's best infantry have often failed to show, and pressed forward slowly, silently, without a sound, up to the very muzzles of the guns and then—history tells, too, of the awful end of that gallant British regiment when the Zulu assegai had done its work and had its vengeance. But this is only a little amplification of what the term Zulu means to one who has lived in the South of Africa or has studied a little of its history.

Well, as I was saying, or started to say, it was about this time that rumours began to be current of trouble between the Cape Colony authorities and King Cettiwayo, and no one would have been surprised any day to hear of an open collision, we knew so well the temper of the two parties. For myself, the rumours never bothered me much, first, because I was extremely lazy and my whole nature resisted being worked up over anything; and, secondly, because I did not feel that even in the event of war there was any grave danger to me or my dependents. It is true my place was within easy reach of any wandering band of marauders, but they would have little reason for harming us. There was little, too, here in the way of plunder. And then I had always kept on very good terms with the Undi, when they passed on their way to Cape Town with their guns and ivory and what not. I had even frequently fed them, and housed them over night in the quarters. All this reassured me, but, as I realised afterwards, I left out of my calculation Zulu hate and Zulu vengeance, which, when they are once roused, are—well, they're worth an epic to commemorate them. They stop at nothing this side of "profoundest hell."

For the next week rumours and reports were thick and menacing. People found very little else to talk about. We heard of the mustering of angry tribesmen in the North, then of a regiment being sent from Cape Town with orders to deal severely with anything rebellious. And then the scare took hold of the country people and most of them moved into the protection of the city, while I remained stolidly where I was. But I have only a confused recollection of all that happened at that time. It is always hard to remember what happens before a great event, when one lives through the event itself and is filled with the memory of it.

I never shall forget, however, as long as I live, that night of the 23rd of January, which we afterwards learned was the day following the terrible tragedy of Isanddhlwana. I was sitting in the veranda reading quietly when I heard the sound of

footsteps in quick succession on the garden path. Some one was running hard. I looked up and saw a negro lad making his way towards the house at the very top of his speed. I never saw a face so convulsed with fear. His eyes were literally standing out of their sockets and his mouth was wide open. He reached my side in a moment, but he could not utter a single word for terror. He could only gasp and work his face in agony, and point furiously in the direction from which he had come. I know he must have meant the approach of the Zulus, but my first impulse was to take the news calmly. It was so easy to frighten a boy and there could really be very little to fear.

As I stood there some one stepped up and drew the trembling, paralysed lad into the house, and at that moment I heard a new sound—a dull, penetrating sound. It was the heavy, rhythmical tramp of feet. And following up the origin of the sound with my eyes I saw, just at the turn of the road where it came into view of the house, the gleam of bright head feathers and then a line of swarthy faces looking over the tops of great oblong yellow shields. They were Undi, and that loping trot would bring them close up in a minute or two.

Nevertheless I did not feel any fear; there was no reason. Even when they entered my gate and marched down the length of my garden in a broad column ten-abreast (there were not more than twenty or twenty-five in their party) and tramped rather ruthlessly on my flower-beds,—even then my only thought was impatience to reprimand these clowns spoiling my flowers with stupid marching tactics. I leaped to my feet and shouted in bad Zulu, but as emphatically as I could, that they should "mind where they marched," and be more careful of my property if they wanted any favour of me. Just then one of my negroes ran in front of the column and shouted something at them, waving his arms as if to wave them back. As he stood there in the path of the advancing line, one of the Zulus, a tremendous fellow, stepped forward, in advance of the rank, and like a flash, he struck my servant a blow with his assegai just between the shoulder and the breast. It was a fearful downward stroke, enough to rip the body open to the waist. Down went the poor man like a log and the columns passed over him without a sound. And now along that dark line of faces my eye seemed to see at last the hateful gleam of murder.

I was not dazed; I was not sickened. For the moment a frenzy seized me; all the dormant activity in my nature was roused into maddened life. I rushed to the corner behind the door where I kept my heavy martini rifle loaded and ready for "big game." I caught up the gun and fired into the middle of the brown column, now close upon the house. I could see at once the hole punched in one of the yellow shields (a martini bullet makes nothing of ox-hide) and the shield was lowered and there was the red wound in the throat of the fiend behind the shield, who came on a few paces and then dropped down, first on his knees and then flat forward on his face, while the blood gushed out of his mouth at every gasp.

The big fellow who stood next to him—perhaps his brother—reached the top step of the veranda at two bounds. I clubbed my rifle and struck at him savagely—my blood on fire with frenzy—and he, with ease, it seemed to me, swept back the piece in my face with his heavy shield and beat me to the floor like a ninepin, my head striking hard against the base of the door post.

I was stunned, but not senseless, and I held my breath to feel the brute bending over me and tearing out my heart with a stab of his assegai; when suddenly, out from the open door, a form flashed by me. It

was more like the nervous spring of a hound than the bound of a man; and the next instant I saw two withered hands close over the great, corded neck of the dusky giant above me. And he—he was six feet ten if he was an inch—he went back as if a thunder-bolt had struck him full in the face. Crash! he came down on the broad of his back—the whole porch trembled with the shock; and when I saw his face, over the shoulder of his assailant, it was purple, and the tongue was protruding full length; and I saw the assegai fall from his right hand as the hand opened and the fingers stiffened like chilled wax.

Now I was dazed; I scarcely knew whether I saw or felt. But those black scoundrels behind were on hand at once. They swarmed up the steps and two of them, with one motion, buried their short spears in that form that had its hands fixed in the throat of their companion. I gave a loud groan of agony, as if it was I that had ben stabbed, but I caught my breath the next instant. For I saw my Nathan—yes, it was he; I knew him at once by his long arms and the stoop of his body—I saw him whom I thought to be a poor, withered, decrepit old man, turn and seize the rifle that I had dropped and strike with it—oh, heavens! the lightning speed of that blow! —strike and spring full at the crowd of dusky giants with his dreadful club. Then all was whirling and half confusion, but I saw Nathan strike, as it seemed, everywhere at once. I never would have believed that such strength and speed were ever given to a mortal arm. I saw one man throw up his shield and saw it beaten down—the iron arm of a Zulu beaten down like a child's—and his brains dashed out as if his skull were made of paper. Then all was a whirl once more, but I remember counting five distinct shocks of men falling, which made the floor shake under me.

Then I saw what few men in the world have ever seen. I saw a band of Zulus retreating from battle, skulking away with terror written on their faces—many of them spattered with blood. They kept their faces turned towards the house as if they did not dare to turn their backs on that single enemy. While there on the top step of the porch, with the rifle now twisted out of all shape, grasped by the barrel in the right hand, stood Nathan. His back was turned to me; he was quivering from head to foot, as if with the violence of the passion that had taken hold of him—and out of the depths of him somewhere came a sound, a most peculiar sound which I can only liken to a deep, snarling growl.

And it was then at that moment —so help me, heaven—as I lay here stunned and wounded, that my whole being once more was fired with disgust and loathing for that poor black servant. There may have been some fear mingled with it now; as he stood there in his strange might; but it was mostly fierce, loathing hate. I am absolutely certain that if I had had my revolver in my belt, and energy and strength to draw it, I would have shot him in the back where he stood. Witness it! And yet his own blood that he had shed for me was still warm on the ground. I remember how the mad wish almost found expression in words—that the Zulus would turn back and overpower him and tear him to pieces before my eyes.

But I saw there was little chance of this as I looked beyond to the retreating remnants of my enemies. They were still backing away silently, as if they could not even bear the eye of this dreadful being who stood unmoved glaring at them. Farther and farther they went. They had passed out of the garden gate and reached the road beyond. Then I saw no more, for torpor, whether from exhaustion, or mere reaction, settled heavily upon me and my senses left me.

When I opened my eyes again I

became lazily conscious that I had not stirred from the place where I had fallen. I could look down the length of the garden. There was not a sign of a Zulu now—though lying stark and ghastly about the steps of the veranda were a number of huge forms with marks of fearful wounds upon them. And there on the top step of the porch I saw a form that I knew well. It was Nathan's form. He was no longer standing erect as when I saw him last, facing the cowering band of Zulus; he was lying on one side, not flat, but half supported by his arm. His eyes were only half closed, but as I looked they seemed to be closing still more, as though the same langour that held me were laying hold on him; and beneath him and around him. I could see a great pool of dark-coloured blood. The realisation of things seemed to come home to me, and yet I felt strangely indifferent. I realised that Nathan was badly wounded, that he was bleeding to death; and yet I felt no impulse to extend him aid. I am sure, of course, that the half-insensible state in which I lay took away my energy, and that I can lay much of the blame of my listlessness on that. But, but—well, let it pass!

I had not lain in this state for more than a moment, when, borne to my ears from the road, came once more the sound of the tramp of feet; but my ears could make out at once the difference from the Zulu tread. It had more ring and precision, and if one listened carefully one could catch the peculiar jingling made by a body of men marching with accoutrements.

I was about to cry out as loud as my wasted strength would let me, to notify the household that help was near, when my attention was attracted again to Nathan. He had heard the sound, for his eyes were open wide now and a strange gleam was in them which I had never seen before. I realised keenly the terriffic effort that he made as he knelt upright; and then stooped and seized one end of the twisted and battered rifle near him and then, with another great effort, staggered to his feet and faced away from me toward the path that led in from the garden gate. As he stood there I noticed that strange quivering seize his entire body, and I heard for a moment, though much fainter now, that same deep, muttering growl. But it was only a moment that he stood there. He began almost at once to sway from side to side and I did not reach a hand to hold him; then his legs seemed to give way under him and he sank, rather than fell, down to the floor of the veranda and lay quite still. And I knew, even from where I was from the awkward, rigid sprawl in which he lay, that life had gone out of him.

Redcoats now appeared at the garden gate, and the flash of the sunlight reached my eyes from bayonets and gun barrels. But it didn't affect me much. I had not even strength or energy to stand up and welcome them and thank them. I simply lay here half dozing, half awake; and soon I was conscious of the rumble of a multitude of heels on the porch around me. Two figures bent over me and half lifted me, and I could feel one passing his hands over me gently in examination. Then I heard a voice say, "You're pretty badly used up, though it might easily be worse—a nasty gash in the back of the head, and arm broken and dislocated at the shoulder. But you've certainly left your mark on these copper devils. How in the name of sense you ever managed to mash so many of them single-handed is more than I can possibly guess." Then I heard him mutter something to someone, and a flask was pressed to my lips. I drank some of the liquor, and while I was drinking I heard some one shout rather gruffly, "We can bury them all in one pit over by the fence." This roused me more than the brandy, but it seemed that it was not myself but my reason that took voice in me, and cried out,

as I pointed to one body that I knew by its position, "He is to be buried alone, and mark the place." Then while the surgeon—he whose voice I had heard—was working over me, as he began at once to do, the thought came to me that perhaps I had not made myself clear, so I spoke out once more. "He saved my life," pointing to the body of my old servant.

It brought a vigorous "hush" from the surgeon; then he added that they would understand, and that my duty now was to keep quiet. He worked over me quickly and deftly, bandaged my head, lifted my shoulder back into place with a few twinges, and set the broken arm in splints. Then he called for two men with a stretcher and ordered me to be taken to my room. "He'll be on his feet in a day or two, if I'm not mistaken," were his last words. They carried me there gently, two of my blacks, including Sam, and put me to bed. With another dose of something warming I was soon fast asleep.

The next morning I felt almost as good as new—for what is a broken arm and a mere flesh-wound in the head to a healthy outdoor man? I was even well enough to make them dress me and prop me up on my lounge. But if my bodily state was righting and mending, my mental condition was a sadly disordered one. I never was besieged—cruelly besieged—by such a confused array of mental questions, each one clamorous and persecuting.

My position was such a difficult one to define to myself. Surely, from the events lately transpired, I should be a grateful man. But did I feel any gratitude? Was I then basely ungrateful? Of what precisely *had* I to accuse myself? What had I done? What should I do? What should I feel? Had I been in a reliably sane state of mind for the last six weeks and suffering from no chronic hallucinations of any kind? And then, out of all the questions, as if resolved out of them all uniting them like a great climax chorus, came the question:—What, in the name of all mystery, was the solution of that problem which that poor black fright carried about with him and which lay with him in the grave, but still unsolved? Then came the realisation—however I might grind my teeth and resist it—that it was a relief, a soothing relief, to think that he was dead—dead and under the ground with four feet of heavy clay soil on top of him.

The last voice, however, in my reflections was that of memory which calmly reminded me that he had saved my life. This was a simple fact. I spoke to Sam on the first opportunity and asked him whether the soldiers had obeyed my directions and marked the place where they had buried Nathan. He said that they had, and had made it very plain with a piece of whitened board. I then told him that I was going to make it much plainer with a slab of white stone—marble, if I could—to be set up at the head of the mound; and I gave him orders at once to see about having the stone procured in town by the next two men who went in with the ox-cart. What else, in reason, could I do?

Two days after that the stone that we awaited arrived, and I was sufficiently well to walk down and watch them set it up. The little yellow mound was in sight of my bedroom window. As I passed out my door, Sam met me and held out a letter to me. I knew the writing at a glance. It was Sir Arthur Meredith's. And it startled me, too, and made my hand shake a little with eagerness, for I remembered that my last letter had been to ask him for information about Nathan—mysterious Nathan—who was now lying over there under the clay mound.

But what was it that made me, as my eye glanced over the written page, start as if some one had struck me, and cry aloud—so loud that the

whole house must have heard me, and stamp furiously on the ground, in spite of the twinge it gave my shoulder, and then walk quickly up and down as an outlet for my excitement; then catch up the letter which I had dropped, and read it again as if I could not make sure that my eyes read aright? Never, never shall I forget the shock of that letter—never did a few lines of news so literally upset me.

But here is the letter. I give it in full. It is very short and does not need synopsising:—

"My dear Sherwood:

Your letter reached me on the 15th. It is by the merest chance that it caught me in civilisation, so that I am able to send you back an answer that will reach you promptly. I could not help smiling when I read the inquiry which makes up the body of your letter. So you really have not found out my secret, but have lived so long deceived? You ask about the connections, etc., of Nathan, who has evidently, in spite of bad looks, won a way into your particular favour. Did you not know that for eight weeks you have been housing and employing not a man but a Simian—nothing more nor less than a specimen of anthropoid (Troglodytus Gorilla)—indeed, one of the most remarkable ones I ever happened upon? It is rather a bold joke for a naturalist to play, but you have been uncommonly gullible. You will ask me a number of questions about the execution of the whole affair in detail and they will be more easily answered than explained. I can only say that, in addition to this unusually human appearance, for an ape, Nathan added a high degree of tractability, and this, together with a large expenditure of patience and some skill on my part, accounts for it all. I had to use some rather cruel measures, such as the administration of the searing iron, to remove tell-tale hair. Then Nathan had to be fitted with a skin-tight wig, to give the impression of a crop of approved Ethiopian wool. But it was all comparatively easy. The only real labour, which I made a pastime of, was the training, which took me about two years and a half; and you see what fruit it has borne. This is all. Excuse my deep-laid, practical joke, which you now can enjoy with me. You will find some use, I am sure, in that big country of yours, for poor, old, fallen Nathan, even if it be but to keep him for a curiosity. Good-bye to you. We leave here to-morrow for the Upper Nile. I am always, etc.,

"Arthur Meredith."

This was Meredith's letter. After I had read it over the third time I grew more calm and sank into a large arm-chair, and began to think of all manner of things. The thoughts crowded very thick, one after the other, so that I could hardly get a sight of one at a time.

I heard the noise of voices outside, and I remembered that some of my fellows were at work putting up the stone. This brought me to myself, and I realised, in a half-determined sort of way, that I should go out and put a stop to their work and make them carry the slab away. I even rose with this thought in my mind, and walked to the door. They could easily hear me if I called from the threshold. But as I stood there, with the orders just on my lips, a scene of a few days before came back to me.

I see right before me, on the top step of the porch, an old, withered form lying in a broad pool of blood, and scattered close about are the huge bodies of my would-be murderers. And then, at the sound of feet in the distance, which marked, as he thought, the approach of more of my enemies, I see that form drag itself to its feet, grasp a battered gun-barrel and, in the very act and effort of placing himself between me and the coming danger, fall down dead before my eyes.

I turned and walked back into the house. "They can leave the stone where it is," I muttered, "I will never stir it."

And I never have stirred it. Sometimes (quite often, indeed), I walk down and read the inscription on it. The inscription is this:

Here lies
NATHAN
Who died to save his Master

Surely there is no harm in that, and I have not done wrong in leaving it there.

MARITIME PROVINCIALISMS AND CONTRASTS.

BY F. A. WIGHTMAN

ARTICLE IV.—POLITICAL, JUDICIAL, AND CIVIC PRACTICES

IN British countries government is generally carried on by virtue of legislative, judicial and civic authority, the chief ideals of which are justice, liberty, responsibility and progress. In the organising of new territory the machinery of government seeks to keep pace with development and necessity. Each province or state also develops these adjuncts of civilisation according to special needs and prevailing opinions, in harmony with a general model. Starting at a given point, it is interesting to notice how each community finds a path for itself, differing in detail from other communities as times goes on. Each community will seek to meet its own needs in the best possible way, which, let us hope, is usually the case. Even if it is not, native patriotism generally blinds us to our governmental defects, which is much the same thing. An observation of this affords an interesting study and illustrates the genius of the Anglo-Saxon in the art of government. For examples, we may turn to every state of the American Union and every province of the Canadian Dominion.

Nowhere is this tendency to variation in detail to meet special needs more apparent than in the Maritime Provinces of Canada. These provinces represent the oldest organised parts of the Dominion under responsible government. Moreover, all were at first and for many years, a part of the Province of Nova Scotia. Prince Edward Island first sought and obtained the status of a separate colony or Province, soon to be followed by what is now the Province of New Brunswick. This ever closeness of position and intimacy of relationship with the early oneness of administrative machinery, would naturally be expected to result in legislative and judicial usages, as nearly identical as possible. But nothing could be further from the fact; for while each section has been true to the ideals of British democracy, all have hewn out a path for themselves in the details of which there are many contrasts.

First came the division of the country into counties, some of which have been subsequently sub-divided. These country boundaries, unlike those of the newer parts of Ontario and the West, present the appearance on the map of a crazy quilt, by virtue of their irregularity in size and form. In this respect we observe that the peculiarity of Nova Scotia is different from that of New Brunswick, and both are a result of peculiar physical features of these respective provinces. In Nova Scotia the county divisions are more regular than in New Brunswick. This is explained by the fact that early settlement consisted of a fringe of population around the shore. These early

settlements were divided into convenient blocks with a base line following more or less closely the general backbone of the country. In the case of New Brunswick it was different. The arrangement of the counties in New Brunswick are sometimes spoken of as having benn made with a ruler and a map, rather than from actual surveys. This is very likely true, and despite the peculiar irregularities, a glance at the map will indicate the wisdom of the arrangement, especially as viewed from the standpoint of early settlement. New Brunswick being a province of numerous and heavy rivers, settlement followed these streams far into the interior of the country, while sections of considerable extent between the rivers separated the people by a wilderness barrier. These conditions made it necessary to make some principal river system the centre of a country division. Thus the rivers run through the counties but are never used as their boundaries.

After the counties come their subdivisions. To be true to the English model this would naturally result in an appropriate number of parishes, but this has only been followed with fidelity in the Province of New Brunswick. In that province, the parish idea has been adhered to, not only in name and for ecclesiastical purposes, but as it stands for a definite government unit.

In the early days, before the introduction of civic government, the local business was attended to through the medium of a parish meeting which had control of all parish officers, each parish also having representation in the county quarter sessions held in the shire town. This primitive system was thoroughly representative and was modelled somewhat after the old New England township, with its select-men and township meeting. Later, upon the introduction of a complete system of municipal government, the parish, both in name and fact, survived as the unit of representation in the county council.

In adopting the parish idea and giving it a place of real significance as well as a name in the administration of the country, New Brunswick presents a contrast to the other members of the Maritime group. In Nova Scotia, for instane, there seems to have been an early attempt to introduce the parish idea, as in New Brunswick, and most of the maps still indicate these old parish divisions. In Western Nova Scotia, however, the New Englander term "township" seems to have taken precedence over that of parish, and the early county government was not so uniformly operated through the parish divisions as in New Brunswick. Later, upon the introduction of municipal government in that province, the remaining vestiges of the parish idea were completely swept away so far as name and government were concerned. Municipal government now has its basis in certain units called electoral districts. In a few Nova Scotia counties the further anomaly exists in having two separate municipalities with their consequent separate sets of councillors. This occurs where French and English elements in the population are fairly evenly divided. This also presents a contrast with New Brunswick where, while the counties are larger and the French element more numerous, there has been no thought of dividing any county into two municipalities for race or any other reason, since both elements work together in perfect harmony.

In this respect Prince Erward Island in in contrast to both New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. Like Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, the various counties were early divided into parishes with, it would seem, an idea of being consistent with the British model. But, like Nova Scotia, the parish in name and in fact never seemed to take root and long since it has ceased to exist, except on paper and in an ecclesiastical sense. And,

in contrast to both New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island has no municipal government outside the capital and a few other towns. The business, which in the sister provinces is attended to by the county councils, occupies the attention of the Provincial Legislature in Charlottetown. It may be readily seen, therefore, that in nomenclature and machinery, so far as municipal government is concerned, these provinces present many striking differences.

In matters judicial also, while each province follows the general English procedure, all have some features peculiar to themselves. This is not so apparent in the courts of superior jurisdiction as in the lower tribunals. It may be that these various differences may each be best suited to the local conditions which they serve, though here also New Brunswick seems to have followed the more uniform, if not the more convenient, method. In Prince Edward Island, for example, while each county has its county town, court-house and jail, covering the county there are located at several points a number of other court-houses where regular sessions of court are held, presided over by a judge of the circuit court for the county. Each county has also a stipendiary magistrate, who presides over courts covering the same territory but of a lower jurisdiction. This has the advantage of convenience to those interested in petty litigation as the court travels around the country, thus obviating the necessity of the litigants and witnesses making long journeys to the country seat.

In New Brunswick, on the other hand, though the countries are larger, there is but one court-house in each county, which is always situated in the shire town. To this centre come all the cases under the jurisdiction of the court. This may be a little more inconvenient to the litigants, but it certainly tends to a more dignified court and much better buildings, with probably less expense to the country. It can be seen readily that by this means a circuit judge, by having all cases under his jurisdiction tried in one place in each county, can cover in his circuit a number of counties. The Prince Edward Island system in New Brunswick would greatly multiply the number of judges since the counties are much more numerous. Thus, while the Prince Edward Island system works economically for the litigants, the New Brunswick system is more economical for the country at large.

In Nova Scotia the judicial system conforms more closely to that of New Brunswick than that of Prince Edward Island, though in some respects it seems to be a compromise between the two. For instance, while in Nova Scotia they have not multiplied court-houses as in Prince Edward Island in several counties there are at least two; and two centres rather than one seem to share the honours and fulfil the functions of a county seat. In these respects it will be observed that in judicial practices of the lower courts these different provinces differ in many details.

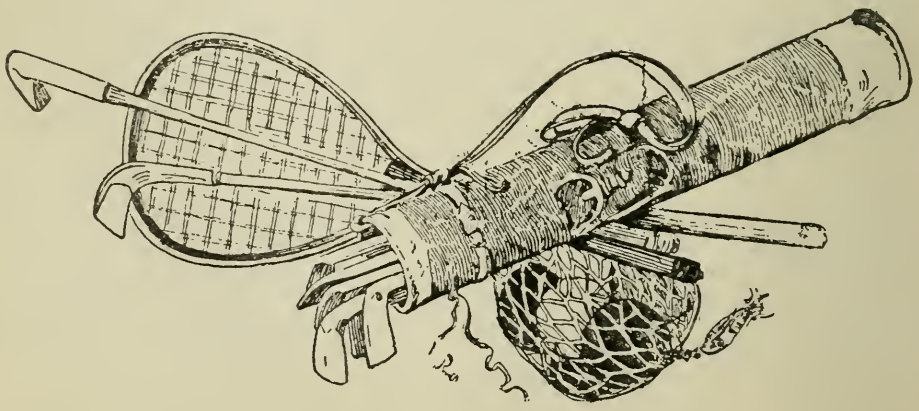
In one respect, however, there is complete uniformity, and this pertains to the administration of justice through the courts of the county magistrates. These fountains of justice that spring up by the wayside perform no mean part in the meting out of just judgments. If, sometimes, a little irregularity creeps in it is generally welcomed, even at the expense of the dignified justice. An instance may be cited. A justice of the peace, in passing sentence upon a litigant convicted of a small debt, after rising to his full height, most solemnly addressed the man, saying: "I find you guilty of four dollars and may God have mercy on your soul." Nevertheless, many conscientious and able men preside over these little courts.

In matters legislative the contrasts are quite as apparent as in the fields

already referred to and indicate the divergent paths these provinces have pursued in the last hundred years. In New Brunswick and Nova Scotia the county is the unit of representation in the local legislature. In Prince Edward Island, however, this is not the case. Here the counties are cut up into "electoral districts," each of which returns two representatives to the local assembly, making thirty in all for the island. Thus, this little province, which is not as large as York county in New Brunswick, has nearly the same number of representatives from her three counties as the sister province has from her fifteen. Their functions, however, include, as already noted, the work done by the county councils on the mainland. Why these electoral districts were not in some way made to conform to the parishes or the lots already in existence we do not pretend to say.

In addition to the matter of representation, we notice another peculiar contrast in the character and number of the legislative chambers. In New Brunswick there is but a single chamber. The second chamber, or provincial senate, as it might be called, some years ago executed the unusual performance of legislating itself out of existence. This, of course, was in accordance with the will of the people and the popular chamber but quite out of harmony with the orthodox creed of politicians. The change has not wrought any ill to the land and it has saved a considerable sum of money. In Nova Scotia, on the other hand, they still retain the two legislative chambers, with no apparent desire for a change. Thus Nova Scotia, while strongly Liberal in politics, is ultra-conservative in political institutions. In Prince Edward Island the Legislature presents the conditions of a compromise between those of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. Here, as in New Brunswick, the second chamber some years ago became extinct through self abolition. The principle, however, is in part retained still in the present single chamber. Half the thirty members are called Assemblymen and the other half Councillors. They are, moreover, elected on a different franchise; the former by universal suffrage, the latter by a property qualification. A Councillor and an Assemblyman are returned from each electoral district, and in some matters the Councillors only are qualified to vote in the legislature.

Next month the concluding article of this series will deal with the flora, fauna, and physical features of the Maritime Provinces.



THE MARITIME GROUP OF UNIVERSITIES

BY W. ARNOT CRAICK

NOWHERE else in Canada, with the possible exception of Lennoxville, does the traditional college spirit find so complete an expression as in the small group of universities set so unostentatiously away in quiet little college towns down by the sea. Almost without exception there is an inspiration in their location and natural environment, an exclusively academic atmosphere about their college halls and a suggestion, almost pathetic in its insistence, of the days of long ago in every nook and corner. This spirit seems to be completely lacking in the larger and more modern and cosmopolitan universities of the west. They are in a sense midway between the collegiate foundations of the old land and their prototypes in the newer parts of Canada.

A modern man of affairs, unblessed with sentiment, might fail to see anything particularly admirable or praiseworthy in the system of higher education provided for the young men and women of the Eastern Provinces. To his practical mind the spectacle of seven comparatively small universities, scattered here and there through Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, several of them struggling for existence, would seem to be quite unnecessary and undesirable. Schemes for amalgamation and centralisation would immediately begin to flit through his mind, and one big interprovincial university would present itself to his fancy as the great desideratum. But it is certainly debatable whether such an achievement as the federation of the maritime universities, were it to mean the obliteration of the old institutions with all their sacred associations, would be a real advantage. Canadian life to-day stands sorely in need of the leavening influence of tradition, and unhappily this is not supplied by the larger and more unwieldy universities of the cities, beset on all sides by the utilitarian spirit of the age.

With the single exception of Dalhousie University, which is situated in the city of Halifax, all the eastern universities are untrammeled by those influences which are bound to flow from close association with city life. Ancient King's College, the oldest chartered university in Canada, stands on high ground on the outskirts of the little town of Windsor and commands a sweeping view of green fields and woods, forest clad hills and fruitful valleys—fit setting indeed for the impressive old college building. Acadia University, perhaps the most charmingly situated of all the colleges, has been built on high ground in the village of Wolfville and overlooks the magnificent panorama of the Cornwallis Valley, the Basin of Minas, with Blomidon height and the range of the North Mountains in the distance. Mount Allison University at Sackville, New Brunswick, is set in fine surroundings, with a wide view over a beautiful country-

THE UNIVERSITY OF KING'S COLLEGE, WINDSOR, NOVA SCOTIA

side. The University of New Brunswick looks down on the wooded streets of the provincial capital, Fredericton, from the crest of College Heights, while the eye is carried far up and down the valley of the St. John River and across to the hills that form its eastern watershed. The University of St. Joseph's College has its location in the Acadian village of Memramcook. And lastly the University of St. Francis Xavier is pleasantly situated in the little college town of Antigonish in Eastern Nova Scotia.

When one contrasts these seats of learning, so quiet, so dignified, with the rushing turbulent and insistent surroundings of city universities, one ceases to wonder why it is that the men of imagination in this country come for the most part from down by the sea. Small these colleges may be and crude in many respects, with inadequate equipment, but they possess one asset at least that is lacking in many colleges—an inspiring natural environment. It may be that this advantage is not appreciated as it should be. Probably very few people realise its significance. But none the less it is of great importance in the life of the student.

The condition which has brought about the establishment of half a dozen universities in place of but one has been the differences in religion. With the exception of the University of New Brunswick and possibly Dalhousie University, the others are all denominational institutions. Mount Allison belongs to the Methodists; King's to the Anglicans; Acadia to the Baptists; and St. Francis Xavier and St. Joseph's to the Roman Catholics. Dalhousie was for a long time Presbyterian, and even yet, while it is nominally undenominational, it is largely attended by men and women of that faith. Only the University of New Brunswick is purely a State institution, receiving support from the Government of the Province. Attempts have been

DALHOUSIE UNIVERSITY, HALIFAX

made to federate the various colleges, but difficulties have invariably arisen, and the desired object has never been consummated. Whether some day it will be achieved remains to be seen, but meanwhile all the universities are going ahead raising endowments, adding to their equipment and otherwise making themselves permanencies.

In commencing any detailed description of the individual units comprising the maritime group of universities, it will always be fitting to deal first with King's College, the oldest, if to-day the smallest, of them all. No one can deny that the antiquity of King's, its traditions, its quaint old college buildings, its beautiful situation combine to render it a place of great charm and interest. Built among graceful elms, on the crest of a rolling hillside, with a wide view over valley and forest and stream, the time-worn facade of the College appeals alike to the heart and the eye. One can well imagine that with but minor changes in the landscape, the scene is much the same as that which presented itself to the eye of a visitor to the College more than a hundred years ago. Time has wrought but few changes in this quiet corner of the Province.

"From its eminence King's College looks over the green King's Meadow and across rolling fields which the French settlers cleared and the thrifty New England farmers cultivated. Far away beyond stand the mountains, blue and misty, still now apparently as densely wooded as in the days when Indians held them as their stronghold and the hunted Acadians sought shelter in their recesses from alien foes. The dykes built by Acadian pioneers still stretch their endless lengths, protecting a vast expanse of meadow from the rushing tides which the Bay of Fundy thrusts with impetuous violence up the red channel of the Avon. The elms which the New Englanders brought and planted, now grown into majestic trees, the statliest and most perfect

THE MAIN BUILDING OF ACADIA UNIVERSITY

of their kind, are seen in all directions. Here and there along the lanes, tall poplars from Lombardy display in their topmost branches a silent Ichabod in memory of the departed people which planted them, and on the meadows, groups of ancient willows, broad in girth and defiant of decay, stand here and there, as they do everywhere, where Acadians broke the soil. Through a beauty which is distinctly of to-day, the whole scene tells of its historic past."

The present College building dates back to 1791, though not in the form it at present assumes. There was little classic grace about the long wooden building with the unbroken front, of which Governor Parr had laid the corner-stone in that year. Later it was "nogged" with stone and brick, and in 1854 the present pitched roof and the Ionic porticoes were added. The building is divided into houses or bays, connected at the rear by a long covered passage-way. The west bay contains the President's apartments, while in the east bay is the commons hall, where the students assemble for their meals. Each house contains one or two lecture-rooms, with a number of suites of rooms for the accommodation of the undergraduates in residence. As one glances into these quaint old studies and bedrooms, the brief abodes of generations of the sons of Nova Scotia, one cannot help but feel how hallowed must be the associations that linger about their walls, for noted names in the annals of the Provinces are to be found in the roll of the alumni.

Attached to the east end of the old building is Hensley Chapel, a fine stone edifice erected in 1877 as a memorial to Canon Hensley and built almost entirely through the liberality of Mr. Edward Dinney. At a short distance from the College stands Convocation Hall, also a stone building, which dates back to 1863, though on account of the soft nature of the material used in its construction it appears to be much older. The Hall, where all College functions take place, occupies the upper floor, while on the ground floor is located King's College Library, one of the most valuable and interesting collections of books in America.

INTER-UNIVERSITY FOOTBALL AT MOUNT ALLISON

The nucleus of this famous library was a gift of fifty pounds made in 1790 by Mr. Lambert, of Boston, followed by contributions of one hundred pounds each by Dr. Croke and Mr. Brymner, of Halifax. In 1799 the governors of the College commissioned John Inglis, later Bishop of Nova Scotia, but then a young man of twenty-two, to go to England to purchase books. He succeeded in interesting many influential persons, and the collection which he brought back, including gifts from the University of Oxford, the trustees of the British Museum, and several private individuals, was probably at that time, with the exception of the library at Laval, the most valuable in British North America. The library now numbers more than 15,000 volumes, among which are many rare titles.

The College grounds also contain the residences of a number of the professors and the Collegiate School, where boys are prepared for matriculation. Not far distant stands Edgehill, a church school for girls, the whole comprising a group of educational institutions, with their appurtenances, which afford opportunities of education of a high order. The College town of Windsor is far enough away to permit of these schools and colleges being a little world unto themselves.

Up to 1854 King's College was a State institution and was under Government control. Its history during this period was chequered, for it was made the subject of bitter controversy between those who wished to maintain it as a purely Church college and those who took broader grounds and would have thrown it open to all. But the Act of Assembly in 1854 severed it from State control and committed its future to the care of the alumni. At present it is struggling along with an inadequate endowment, and there is great need for enlargement and new equipment.

The second of the maritime universities in point of age is the State-owned University of New Brunswick at Fredericton. It was founded and incorporated as the College of New Brunswick in 1800. In 1828 its charter was surrendered and a new Royal Charter was granted by the Crown.

incorporating the institution under the name of King's College. Until 1859 it was conducted under this name, but in that year an Act was passed establishing it again as the University of New Brunswick.

Standing in extensive wooded grounds overlooking the beautiful provincial capital, the University buildings command a wide prospect of hill and dale, river and mountain. The main building is approached by a winding driveway that climbs the hill beneath arching elms and other fine old trees, or else a short-cut, familiarly known as the "rocky road to learning," may be taken that leads the visitor up a woodland path of great natural beauty to its immediate neighbourhood. The building is a substantial and solid structure of stone without any great claim to architectural beauty. It contains the lecture-rooms, convocation hall, museum, library and president's apartments.

IN THE COLLEGE GROUNDS, UNIVERSITY OF NEW BRUNSWICK

A short distance from the main building stands the Engineering Building, a serviceable structure of red brick, the foundation stone of which was laid during the centennial celebration of May, 1900. It was erected with money obtained by grants of the Provincial Government and the city of Fredericton and by subscriptions from friends and former students of the University. It contains on the first floor the engineering, lecture-room, drafting-room, museum and library; on the ground floor the physics lecture-room and laboratory, while in the basement are the electrical, cement and engineering laboratories, work shop, boiler and dynamo rooms. It is well equipped throughout for the purpose for which it was erected.

A third college building is the gymnasium, also a brick structure, standing near the engineering building. It too is well equipped. There is no college residence, and students must find board down in the town.

Dalhousie University, the third of the seven universities of the Provinces, occupies a somewhat anomalous position in that it is neither a State-endowed or State-supported institution nor a denominational foundation. It calls itself a provincial university and, in that it is non-denominational, it may lay some claim to the distinction. Its history has some points of interest. It was founded in 1818 by the Right Honourable George Ramsay, ninth Earl of Dalhousie, from whom it derives its name. The original endowment was obtained from funds collected at the port of Castine, Maine, during its occupation in 1814 by Sir John Sherbrooke, then Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia. In a letter to Lord Bathurst, dated De-

THE MAIN BUILDING OF THE UNIVERSITY OF NEW BRUNSWICK

cember 14, 1817, Lord Dalhousie, with the unanimous consent of the Council, proposed that £9,750 of these funds be devoted to the "founding of a college or Academy on the same plan and principle as that in Edinburgh, open to all occupations and sects of religion. Lord Bathurst replied expressing the Prince Regent's approval, and the college building was begun in 1819. It was completed in 1821, and an Act was passed incorporating the governors, who consisted of the Governor-General of British North America, the Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia, the Bishop, the Chief Justice, the President of the Council, the Treasurer of the Province, the Speaker of the House of Assembly, and the President of the College. In 1822, 1824 and 1826 attempts were made both by the British Government and the Board of Governors to effect a union with King's College, while meanwhile no steps were taken to set the college going. In 1838, however, it at last went into operation. University powers were granted in 1841, but in 1845 the College was again closed, the governors deeming it advisable to allow the funds of the institution to accumulate. Not until 1863 did it once more become an active place of education. In that year it was reorganised under an Act which empowered the board of governors to grant to any body of Christians or any individual or number of individuals, the privilege of nominating a representative to the board and a professor for every chair in the College supported by them to the extent of twelve hundred dollars a year. In consequence of this provision, the Presbyterian Church came into a partial control of the College, which has since been discontinued, leaving Dalhousie to the support of private endowment.

The present building of Dalhousie College was erected in 1887, largely through the munificence of Sir William Young. It is a serviceable structure, but not nearly commodious enough for the growing needs of the College. Accordingly, new property, comprising an estate of forty acres beautifully situated on the North West Arm, has been acquired and plans are now ready for the erection there of a library and a physics and chemistry laboratory. These will be

followed by a new arts building and university residences, leaving the old building for the medical and dental schools.

Dalhousie is the largest of all the maritime universities in that it includes besides the customary faculties of arts and science, faculties of law, medicine and dentistry as well. Its location in Halifax gives it a greater field from which to draw students than the colleges in smaller places. City life, too, appeals to the young people, and, as it is untrammeled by the rules of any church, a greater liberty is accorded them.

Acadia, the Baptist University at Wolfville, comes next in order. Situated in the midst of a beautiful, sloping wooded park, it is ideally placed for the purpose. It dates back to 1838, when it was founded by the Nova Scotia Baptist Education Society. At first it was incorporated as Queen's College, but the name was soon changed to Acadia. In 1851 the power of appointing the governors was transferred to the Baptist Convention of the Maritime Provinces, which now contributes about $4,000 annually to its support. A half-million endowment will soon be complete, which will place the institution on a self-suporting basis. No religious tests are required at Acadia, and over twenty-five per cent. of the students belong to other than the Baptist denomination.

Apart from the College Hall, completed in 1879, which contains the lecture-rooms, library, museum, chapel, assembly hall and executive offices, there is a fine science building in connection with Acadia. This building was erected and equipped through the generosity of Andrew Carnegie, and it is known as the Carnegie Science Hall. It is admirably planned and provides one of the largest and best equipped laboratories in Eastern Canada. There is also a Manual Training Hall and a University Residence where about sixty of the male students can find accommodation, besides a residence for the women students.

Acadia has three faculties—arts and sciences, applied science and theology. It is affiliated with McGill University in medicine, and like the other Nova Scotia colleges has an arrangement with the new Nova Scotia Technical College at Halifax, whereby it provides the first two years of the course at that institution. There are in association with it, collegiate schools for both boys and girls and during the college year the little town of Wolfville is alive with the young people who attend the various institutions, there being no fewer than six hundred students in all departments.

The fifth university, that of St. Francis Xavier at Antigonish, Nova Scotia, is a Roman Catholic foundation dating back to 1855, when it was established as St. Francis Xavier's College. It was chartered in 1866 and endowed with full university powers in 1882. Of recent years it has shown marked expansion. A fine new science hall has just been completed, being one of the handsomest buildings of its kind in the Province. Designed in steel, its walls are of hard red brick with sandstone trimmings. The ornamentation of the building is limited to a simple treatment of brick panels and stone blocks, its general style of architecture being Anglo-Gothic. A handsome chapel has also just been completed, the gift of an old student, J. E. Somers, M.D., LL.D., of Cambridge, Mass. It too is Anglo-Gothic in style, 47 x 95 feet in size, and built of dark red brick and light-coloured Nova Scotia sandstone. It will accommodate five hundred students easily. The main building of the College consists of five wings which have been built at various times during the past thirty years, as the requirements of the institution demanded them.

The sixth of the maritime group, the University of Mount Allison College, is situated at Sackville, New Bruns-

wick, near the interprovincial boundary. Sackville is a genuine college town. The numerous buildings comprising the University and its allied colleges dominate the place and seem to form the centre of its activities. Mount Allison is not outside the town. It is in the midst of it, and while there may be a few industries in the place, it is the college that occupies the position of prominence. It is safe to say that to the tourist, the educational institutions grouped on the hillside above the main street of the town, will present many surprises.

The University itself was the third foundation of what are now a trio of institutions—the Academy for boys, established in 1843; the Ladies' College, started in 1854; and the University, founded in 1863. All three are closely allied and all three have had a like development. Launched as the Mount Allison Wesleyan College, its charter was amended in 1886 and the name changed to the University of Mount Allison College. Although the University is under the auspices of the Methodist Church, as a majority of the Board of Regents are appointed by the General Conference of that body, no denominationl test or requirement is imposed on either teachers or taught.

As one proceeds up the hill, noting the size, number and solidity of the various college buildings, with the pretty homes of the professors in well-kept grounds, and the park-like surroundings of the entire group, one cannot fail to realise that Mount Allison plays an important part in the educational life of the Provinces by the sea. The men's residence built of red stone would do credit to the largest university. It has accommodation for over one hundred and thirty students and it has always a waiting list. Standing four stories high with a frontage of two hundred and twenty feet, it presents a commanding appearance as it overlooks the town. It is equipped with all the modern conveniences and has rooms single or in suites. Close at hand are the athletic grounds. Memorial Hall, also a stone building in the Gothic style, contains the lecture-rooms, the college chapel and the library. Near by is the McClellan Hall of Science. Convocation ceremonies and other events in college life take place in the fine large Charles Fawcett Memorial Hall, erected in 1910 and presented to the University by Mrs. F. Ryan and Mr. Charles Fawcett. Another building of impressive appearance is the Owens Museum of Fine Arts, founded by the late John Owens of St. John, New Brunswick, for the purpose of establishing a gallery or school of art. Of the Ladies' College, which has grown into one of the largest institutions of its kind in Canada, it is not within the scope of the article to deal.

St. Joseph's College at Memramcook dates back to October, 1864, when it was established by Father Camille Lefebvre to provide higher education for the sons of Roman Catholics in New Brunswick. Until 1876 an old academy building was utilised but in that year a $40,000 stone building was erected to accommodate the growing institution. Then in 1885 an ell, originally wooden but later faced with stone, was added. Other buildings have been erected on College Hill, chief of which is Lefebvre Hall, the alumni's memorial to the founder of the university. It was in 1888 that St. Joseph's first conferred degrees on her graduates and not until 1898 that she assumed her present distinctive title of university.

It is significant that the heads of the six maritime universities are all comparatively young men. The new president of Dalhousie, Professor McKenzie, who was appointed to succeed Dr. Forest last July; Dr. Borden, president of Mount Allison University, also a new appointment last year; Dr. C. C. Jones, chancellor of the University of New Brunswick,

who became head of the University in 1905; the Rev. Mr. Powell, who has been principal of King's College since 1910; Dr. G. B. Cutten, president of Acadia since 1910, and Dr. H. P. MacPherson, president of St. Francis Xavier, are all young men af ability and energy, under whose guidance these various institutions will make as much progress as is humanly possible.

Intercourse between the universities is confined to the debating platform. There is a debating league of which six are members, and each year witnesses three debates among them. In sports the University of New Brunswick, Mount Allison and Acadia have leagued together for football and hockey. Apart from this, each college has its own local interests, and as all of them except St. Francis Xavier and St. Joseph's countenance co-education, there are plenty of opportunities for the students to indulge in social pursuits. Organisations both social and literary are numerous and keep up interest during the winter months.

The character and scope of the education to be obtained at any one of the maritime universities is pretty much the same as is to be had at the others. There are faculties of arts in all six. Theology is taught in the sectarian institutions. Law and medicine are confined to Halifax. It is significant that special attention is being paid to science everywhere and the science halls at St. Farncis Xavier, Acadia and New Brunswick would do credit to much larger universities. New Brunswick alone so far has established a faculty of forestry. To enter any further into the curricula of the universities would involve the reader in a mass of detail that would simply confuse the mind.

Some idea of the size of the maritime universities may be derived from a calculation of the number of students registered at each during 1910-1911 as recorded in the respective college calendars. Dalhousie leads with a total of 413 students, 263 of whom are in arts and science, sixty-eight in law, seventy-one in medicine and eleven in dentistry. Next comes the University of St. Francis Xavier with a total of 251, in all courses. The University of New Brunswick records 249, of whom 165 are in arts and science, seventy-four in engineering and sixteen in forestry. Mount Allison shows 243 in arts, engineering and theology. Acadia has 230, of whom 176 are in arts and science, twenty-two in theology, thirty-six in applied science and seventeen in special work, with twenty-three in two courses. Lastly, King's College has forty-four students in all courses. The total is 1,430, or an average of 238 for each college.

The maritime universities owe their continued existence largely to the munificence of their graduates and such church people as take a pride in advancing the interests of their own religious foundations. It needs but little research to find that in all departments of college life the purse of the benefactor has been opened liberally. Buildings preserve the names of their founders. Professorial chairs and undergraduate scholarships are endowed by zealous supporters. Laboratories, libraries, and museums are enriched by the gifts of well-wishers. And in this respect the maritime universities are very human, for they reflect the best life of the Proivnces.

MADAME NANTEL

BY M. G. COOK

FÉLICIE DESCHAMPS, at seventeen, was as charmingly pretty a little French-Canadian girl as one could wish to see, with a pure and flower-like quality of beauty that is very much rarer among that race than gipsy-like colouring or sparkling vivacity and grace. Not that she lacked gaiety; far from it. But she was *dévote*, and was almost sure she had a vocation to be a *religieuse*. From her earliest childhood she had visions of herself in the white robes of a missionary Franciscan, teaching and nursing the heathen and dying a heroic death in some far-away foreign land. She would work herself into an ecstasy of emotion as she knelt in the dimness of the little convent chapel, and she burnt a candle at the shrine of her patron saint.

Religion to the French-Canadian woman of the people is the foundation and meaning of life. Everything else is subordinate to it and is interpreted by its light. This does not necessarily mean interminable prayers, or meticulous observance of Church discipline; for these may be entirely lost sight of when a woman is bearing and bringing up her family and working hard to keep it, but it is an informing spirit, an unfailing support. The affectionate and familiar dependence on the sympathy of Mary the Mother of God the security of her interest in the smallest domestic affairs and of the power of her tender intercession with *le bon Dieu* gives strength to face with courage what would otherwise be intolerable aspects of life. The Church, however poor, represents the source of purity and consolation; the priest, however common and shabby and eager to hurry through the office, is the elect of God, living in the presence of His mysteries; the altar, however crude and tawdry; the music, however harsh, supply the poetry and colour of life, as well as the food of the soul, and keep faith alive. And among no other class is faith so living a thing, or duty so inspiring a motive power, as among the French-Canadian working women.

Madame Robillard, a well-to-do florist, was the aunt of Félicie and had brought her up from infancy. She took no notice whatever of the visions, but spared no pains in teaching her niece all the practical virtues of the French-Canadian housewife, to sew, to buy, to cook, to clean and keep house with a wax-like perfection of neatness, thrift and economy. Apart from this Félicie had the usual convent education of girls of her station in life. She was sincerely religious, and beneath the emotionalism of her class and the quick and thrilling responsiveness of her nature to the outward ceremonies of her faith, were stability of character and a steadfast sense of duty that is seldom found in the woman without religion.

The coming of "P'tit Georges" Nantel, tall, well-set-up, good-looking, one day put the missionary visions to flight and justified Madame Robillard's theory of education. P'tit Georges, with his bright, sentimental eyes, his flashing smile and

his persuasive and caressing voice, quickly convinced Félicie that she had a vocation for love and marriage. Her aunt married her off handsomely, gave her her blessing and a variety of other things and turned her attention with some relief to her own growing up daughters.

Félicie went off to the big city where P'tit George carried on the excellent trade of a bricklayer, and emerging a little from the happy confusion of new clothes and her suddenly acquired dignity of matrimony, began the practice of household virtues instilled by her aunt, in a comfortable little tenement of four rooms. Her content was absolute. At the end of the first year, by industry and good management, the young couple found themselves *au-dessus de leurs affaires,* as Félicie wrote to her aunt, and were able to rent and furnish a house for themselves; and here, a few weeks later, their first child, Marie-Gabrielle-Annociation—called Anna for short —was born. They made a little festivity over the christening, and the days which followed were the supremely happy ones of Félicie's life.

Whether she neglected him for the child, or whether he had always inclined to it, Félicie never knew, it may have been only prosperity, or it may have been inherent weakness asserting itself, for he was a good-natured, easily led creature, but P'tit Georges began to drink a little. Sometimes he would go out in the evenings and would come in smelling of whiskey and a little inclined to be noisily demonstrative and would fling himself on the bed and fall heavily asleep, often without undressing. Félicie was a little anxious and frightened at these times, but her husband would be quite himself again for weeks and she would be reassured.

When their second child was born, P'tit Georges, owing to a strike, had been out of work for some weeks. Félicie struggled out of bed, gave over her children to the care of a neighbour, and went out working by the day. By this, as some might say, she fixed her own doom, for P'tit Georges quickly realised that the support of his family need no longer fall upon him alone, and from that. easily came to feel that occasional contributions from him were all that anyone could expect. They sold some of their furniture and moved into a much poorer and cheaper house, and the slipping down of P'tit Georges became swifter. He was no longer nice to look at, he was careless and haggard and irritable and he complained that the children cried and crowded. He worked at fitful intervals and spent most of his money in drink. Félicie still loved him and did her best for him and prayed that he might give up drink and be as he had been when she married him. She got the priest to make him sign the pledge once, but he broke it, and she took the sin upon her own soul and strove to expiate it for him. They sank down and down and moved from one poor place to another till it seemed as if nothing harder or poorer remained. Félicie supported the family entirely, working early and late, silently and doggedly. Each year brought her the agony of a child, but it never occurred to her to complain. If *le bon Dieu* sent them, well and good, and He took most of them away again with speed. Félicie looked upon these little flowers of angelhood as so many spiritual assets, pure, heavenly beings praying her soul out of purgatory and perhaps expressly sent to be the means of saving the soul of P'tit Georges. He for his part got used to taking the little coffin yearly out to the cemetery and holding it on his knee during the long drive, would wonder rather stupidly at the expensive dispositions of Providence. When he had deposited the little box in the earth he would have a good drink to forget his sorrow. He was known to the neighbours as *un bon pour rien,* but never because of a word dropped by *la*

pauvre Madame Nantel, and they moved so often that no one knew them intimately.

She endured her husband well and still had rare gleams of tenderness for him and would renew her efforts to give him some little comfort or distraction that might keep him from drink and the streets. He was her husband—in the inscrutable providence of *le bon Dieu* a bad one, but still by the divine right of marriage entitled to her faithfulness and care. The thought of divorce does not cross the mind of that class, and at no time occurs to the Catholic, of course—it is a costly luxury for the godless Protestant rich. If P'tit Georges had beaten and injured her so that she could no longer support him, or if he had cruelly ill-used the children, Félicie might, on the advice of a priest, have left him. But he refrained from physical violence, and the brutalities that merely fall on the heart and soul can be borne.

The slow, hardworking, emotionless years passed, and Madame Nantel worked as she breathed, without thinking of any other possible condition of life. All the fresh prettiness of Félicie Deschamps had vanished long ago. The bent and distorted figure was thread-like; her blue eyes were always rimmed with red, not from tears—a long-abandoned luxury—but from sheer exhaustion and years of insufficient sleep; and her scanty hair was combed back from a little lined, colourless face that bore a patient look of resignation to a life too overwhelming for her to understand. She was never ill, or rather she took no notice of any illness or fatigue. At one time she was able to take sewing in at night, or go out to do it, but the amount of other work she had constantly to do had so roughened and stiffened her hands that she could no longer ply a needle, except toilsomely for herself and the children. She went charing at a dollar a day, and was happy when she discovered that there were offices and public buildings where she could get night employment and add to her earnings. Her husband seldom had any work and drank what little he made. When his drunken fits were on him and he was in a half-stupor for days, he grew cunning and would search everywhere for Félicie's savings laid aside for the rent and would pawn anything he could lay his hands on. Once he slipped her wedding ring off as she lay asleep and pawned it. He quailed before her when he came home that night and went with her without a word to redeem it—with her money. One day Anna, the pretty child who had been employed in a factory for a year or two, got "into trouble"; a common enough story, for there is no protection for the very poor and the shop-girls and factory children go to and from their work and run about the streets exposed to unspeakable danger and temptation. Her mother was filled with a horror of despair and self-reproach, though in her life of unending slavery she had no possible means of caring for the souls and guarding the bodies of her children. Anna, barely fifteen years old, the treasure of her one happy year to be brought to this!

The girl herself was bold, sulky and frightened by turns, well started on the path which seems to offer such compensations, but her mother would, by superhuman effort, have kept her and sheltered her, had not P'tit Georges, unexpectedly half-sober, come upon them together at an hour when both were usually working; and, cursing, he demanded an explanation. Their silence roused his brutality and seizing Anna by the arm he flung her into the street with a violence that called the neighbours to doors and windows to fall upon the tragedy with evil tongues. Félicie ran after her stumbling, blinded by an anguish that made her for once unconscious of the neighbours' eyes, and took her to the nuns to be cared for and kept in the reformatory of the convent.

She moved her family away from that neighbourhood at once.

Every vestige of feeling toward her husband had died, except a dull sensation that was really smouldering hatred, but which when she looked at him made her clasp her hands over her breast, believing that she suffered physical pain. She prayed that God would either take her or P'tit Georges from the world, explaining that it had better be P'tit Georges, however, "or who will work for the children."

This prayer was not answered.

She continued to work, chiefly at charing, for him and for the two children who yet remained to her.

One day P'tit Georges who had nearly forgotten his trade, got a job at bricklaying again and stuck to it, sober, for over a month. Félicie was almost beginning to know the sensation of hope again, when one day they brought him in to her on a stretcher, apparently dead. He had pitched on his head from a high scaffolding. She sat up with him night after night and nursed him as untiringly as if she loved him, all the time praying *le bon Dieu* to take him. P'tit Georges recovered partially; he was almost helpless, could not move without assistance, and was mentally like a child a year old, but physically well enough. He was young and might live a long time. The doctor and the neighbours, even the priest, urged Madame Nantel to put him in the home for incurables where he would be well looked after and where she could go and see him constantly, but she obstinately refused. He was her husband, who but she *should* take care of him? It was her duty. She was prevailed upon to put her two little girls into a home, however, and she settled down in one room to devote herself to the helpless invalid who bore the outward semblance of her husband. He was absolutely dependent upon her, and she had to do every office for him as one does for an infant. In the morning she got him up, dressed and fed him and set the room in order before she went off to her day's work. She would put him in a chair near the window, with some odds and ends to play with, the coloured supplement of a Sunday paper, some shells and a string of empty spools, and a bowl of bread and milk to eat if he were hungry. Then she would say to him slowly and gently, "Sit here and watch for me to come back." And she would go to work. He would sit there contentedly all day and would make childish noises of pleasure when she returned.

She felt no emotion whatever towards him; the dull physical sensation of hate was gone, but except for an anxiety to do the best she could for him, she seemed incapable of any feeling. His helplessness did not appeal to any maternal instinct—motherhood itself had been crushed out of her She was a dumb creature, caught in the great machinery of life from which there is no escape and in which, the first struggle of panic over, the victim becomes passive.

She kept very much to herself, and being away all day, had little occasion to know her neighbours. She did not encourage curious or friendly visits and was considered very proud. *Elle est fière, cette femme là,* they said.

One oppressive summer evening Félicie was tempted to go out on her doorstep for a few minutes to breathe the air which even in that narrow street was a relief from the heat of the poor room and a rest after the exhausting work of her day. P'tit Georges, like a fretful child, cried to go out too and she moved his chair to the door and helped him into it. A couple of women were quarrelling and disputing and their voices filled the street, but presently one withdrew and the other, a stout gossip with folded arms stood idly staring at P'tit Georges, hard-eyed and curious, on the lookout to give or take offence. As she eyed them a sudden

recognition took place and she burst into loud laughter.

"Ah, it's Madame Nantel," she cried coarsely. "How is your daughter in the reformatory, madame? And your little bastard grandchild?"

Félicie, to whom the memory of Anna was a hidden, incurable wound, always duly insistent, shrank against the door blindly, and fell without a word. Some neighbours carried her in and tried with rough kindness to revive her. She lay very still, her livid lips moving in a ghastly way that suggested horrible suffering. Presently she opened her eyes and struggled up. It was nothing, she said brusquely, the heat merely. She got rid of the neighbours, got P'tit Georges to bed, and late that night went off and found herself another room far removed from that neighbourhood. She engaged a man she knew with a cart to come and move all her belongings and her husband, and they vanished in the early morning before there were any curious eyes to see.

P'tit Georges lived for seven years, and then one morning Madame Nantel woke up and found that he had died in the night. He lay beside her with his head to one side, his mouth slightly open—the same as yesterday, merely not breathing. He was not moving to look at even, having attained the remote and unimagined dignity of death.

His wife flung up her arms in an effable gesture of freedom. "*Enfin!*" she cried. "*Il est mort. Grâce à Dieu!*"

Her voice was strange in her ears and she was amazed and appalled at the violence of the emotion that swept like a great wave over her soul and body. She was free at last—thanks to God! Free from a hated burden, free to live for herself, free to find and keep and work for her children. Free! Oh, the good God!

It was as if she had suddenly begun to live after years of deadness, as if physical sensation, vigorous and keen, had newly come back to a paralytic. She wept in a passion of relief.

By and by she called in the neighbours, who looked at her emotion with approval and said how much she would miss him. Presently P'tit Georges was put into a pine box and "exposed" with a proper display of candles. People came in and out, discussed the look of the corpse and the behaviour of the widow—which was considered admirable—and prayed perfunctorily for the poor soul in purgatory. Félicie knelt with her beads in her hands and tears of pure joy running down her face devoutly thanking *le bon Dieu* for his goodness.

A few days later she took a place as cook at eight dollars a month. She was forty years old and she looked like an old woman. She very soon was worth more as she grew younger and stronger and got excellent wages. Now at the end of ten years she has saved enough to rent a house and take in boarders. She has even bought a piano, acme of French-Canadian prosperity, for her two daughters who live with her and help her. Anna is dead.

THE GORGON'S HEAD

BY FREDERICK C. CURRY

THE soldier, the priest and the journalist dozed in the shadow of the big Armstrong that frowns over the King's Bastion. And Shamus, known from Esquimalt to Halifax, and wherever else the Royal Canadian Regiment has a few men posted, as a hardened old bachelor—Shamus, of all people, was talking of love.

Father Vaughan had told me that Shamus had once been rather famous for his heart-breakings, and he, on being pressed, pleaded guilty.

"But it was long ago," he said, "I was young and foolish then." He paused, and a peculiar smile played around the corners of his mouth, a smile reminiscent of long-forgotten joys, of conquests hardly won. But presently his mouth hardened again into straight lines as he continued: "I may have been a lady-killer, but I always played fair. As I found a girl, so I left her, and that's more than many can say."

And that was how he came to tell the story, which, for lack of a better name, I have called the "Gorgon's Head."

It was shortly before the war that Jack Rafferty joined the ranks of "K" company. Not that that was his real name, for he had tried to enlist as Smith, but the sergeant, who was old and new the world, suggested that a man whose very speech savoured of Cork should be an Irishman even if he wasn't; and so as Rafferty he made his début in the R.C.R.

According to Shamus, under whose command he had been placed, he stood six feet, four in his socks and was as handsome as the devil. Shamus, by the way, had gathered his idea of the devil chiefly from "Faust."

From the first it was evident that Rafferty had more education than was necessary for a private soldier, and, as he wore an air of being completely above his surroundings, it was small wonder he was left pretty much to his own devices. It was evident that he rankled under this treatment, for he became increasingly morose and irritable. Then one day the inevitable clash came.

Mike Donelly, of number three section, seeking for fresh worlds to conquer and egged on by the others, whose curiosity respecting Rafferty had now reached a stage bordering on the feminine, accused him in that suave, insinuating tone that hints at a fight, of being a cashiered officer, or else of having run away to avoid marrying a girl.

The last guess apparently struck home, for so did Rafferty, and when Donnelly came out of hospital a day or two later, there was a new champion in the room answering to the name of Gentleman Jack and taking no offence.

And so he won a standing in the R.C.R. and a reputation of being a man with a past and the ability to guard it.

The section was satisfied, and he was no longer left out when the boys went down for a time on "settlement night," and in time he was even invited to the non-coms ball. It was

there he met Kitty Cughan. She was the quartermaster-sergeant's daughter and quite easily the belle of the barracks.

Kitty was an old flame of Shamus's and he was wont to describe her as the "sweetest girl in the garrison," but at this time, owing to a little falling out, he was consoling himself by visiting the Brady girls. Meanwhile she was trying to win him back without his knowing it, for though Cughan was a widower and Kitty did pretty much as she pleased, he had let her know, in no uncertain terms, that Corporal O'Connor, otherwise known as Shamus, was the best match in the depot.

So she had guided Shamus through the maze of a set of Lancers and was standing beside him while he mopped his brow and fervently prayed for a chance to slip out for a drink.

Suddenly she caught his arm.

"For heaven's sake, Shamus," she said, "give me the next dance or find me a partner quick. Here comes that Service Corps corporal."

Shamus glanced across the room.

"Why, what's wrong with Jenkins?"

"Nothing, only he walks all over your feet. I've been saying nothing but Ave Marias all evening to avoid him. Hustle now."

So Kitty, being in imminent danger, and Rafferty, being handy, he introduced the tall blonde and slipped out to have his drink.

When he returned he repented bitterly. He was not jealous, but somehow when he saw the lanky Irishman smiling down at the little girl, whom he clasped in his arms as they circled in and out around the hall, he felt that he had not acted for Kitty's good.

"Did you ever see anything like the grip a bit av a girl can hold on a big man? 'Tis Nature's way of equalising things, I suppose. Now this chap used to parade up and down the promenade with half the girls in the garrison sighing out their hearts after him, for 'twas divil a look he'd give them. And then this little slip av a child, as could hardly reach his waist, comes along—'twas a shame, and with none too clean a record as we knew him, and God knows what av a past."

So he watched the two, not from jealousy, fo rhe was unaware of his standing with Cughan, but from an instinctive mistrust of Rafferty.

"There are two things will drive an educated man to enlist," was one of his proverbs; "drink and the devil." And Rafferty, strange to say, didn't drink.

But he was in no way soothed by certain gossip which from time to time reached his ears. For one thing, while all the other girls were content to be seen home at tattoo, Kitty would wait around till Last Post had sounded, when he would slip into barracks, leaving her to go home alone.

So Shamus consulted Father Vaughan.

Now, Father Vaughan was young and, moreover, human; so his first question was as to what chance Shamus would have if pitted against the big champion.

"'Twould be a hard fight," said Shamus, as he looked at his knuckles.

"Are you willing to take the chance?" asked the priest.

"Did I ever avoid one?" answered Shamus. "Besides, there's Kitty."

"You may be too late," and Shamus, clenching his fists, strode down to the married quarters.

"Kitty," he said, "you will be havin' nothing more to do with that Rafferty man, will you—for he's not worth the wink of your eye for all his fine airs."

"Indeed," she replied, "and when I'm needin' your advice, Father O'Connor, I will be askin' it."

He was taken rather aback at her self-control.

"But he has been goin' with you now the past three months."

"And what is that to you? Have

the Brady girls turned you down that you must come courtin' me in this way?''

Shamus winced, but stuck to his guns.

''It's not that, Kitty, even I'm not fit for the likes av you. But every old woman in the depot is talking of you now, and it makes my heart sick to think what 'twill be when the men that know him start.''

But she wouldn't heed, and he strode away, leaving her sobbing her heart out over the gate, for, as he said, ''tis the nature av women to persuade themselves that what they see with their own eyes is not so.''

So he spent the week in anxious waiting and praying that fate would lead Rafferty into his hands before it was too late.

Then, one day while the men were idling away on their cots, Rafferty entered the room in spotless walking-out order. his face as livid as his tunic. Walking right past his own cot to the far end of the room, he shook his fist under Shamus's nose.

''Tis a good thing you have stripes to protect you, Corporal,'' he said, ''but, don't forget, I will square things with you yet, you lying hound.''

''There is no time like the present,'' answered Shamus, as he cooly stripped off jacket and shirt. ''How did you screw up courage to speak to her?''

By this time the room was awake to the fact that a fight was brewing, and the men were crowding around. Rafferty in turn stripped to the waist, revealing on his right forearm a large blotch of tatooing. It stood out now on the flushed skin, a girl's head with loathsome, snaky curls—the Gorgon's head.

Shamus smiled confidently. Rafferty was uneasy. He was uncertain just how barrack-room etiquette stood with regard to combats of this sort. There is a vast difference between even a corporal and a private. But ''man to man'' was the word, and Shamus nodded assent. If he was caught now it would mean the loss of his stripes at the very least; but, then, there was Kitty.

The fight that followed is famous in the history of the company. The first few rounds showed nothing. The two men were merely gauging each other's strength. The fifth round ended in a clinch.

''In a month or two she'll be glad enough to marry Hogan,'' hissed Rafferty, as they forced him back into his corner.

The insult was unmistakable, and after that Shamus fought no longer for himself, but for Kitty Cughan.

The rounds certainly did not lack interest now. Weight was beginning to tell in the corporal's favour, for though Rafferty had the advantage in reach his blows seemed to loose their strength before they thudded on the solid flesh of the little non-com.

Meanwhile the clink of spurs announced the approach of an officer, and before the two men could be forced apart the door was thrown open, revealing the Colonel and the Surgeon.

In another minute Rafferty was being marched off to the guard-room, pending an inquiry, while Shamus was reporting to the sergeant-major, who, knowing the cause of the trouble, wasted no sympathy upon him and administered a lecture on the evil of ''bedevilling with women, anyway.''

A general inspection diverted the Colonel's attention, and Rafferty availed himself of the opportunity to desert.

Then, the twenty-one days being up, he was posted as a deserter, and the company, excepting Shamus, promptly forgot him.

''Yes,'' said Shamus, ''he disappeared as queer as he came, leavin' no one to miss him but Kitty. And she, poor girl, cried her heart out over him, for bad as he was she loved him.''

''And—'' I suggested.

"I was comin' to that. She entered the convent. Father Vaughan brings me word of her yet. As for him, I never wish to hear of him again unless 'tis that he's beyond all schemin'."

For a minute or two he gazed far away, past the distant hills across the river, and then, knocking his pipe on his heel, rose and turned toward the barracks. And as we retraced our way the brazen notes of a bugle came clamouring to our ears.

*

It was some months later that Father Vaughan and I were walking down one of the side streets of old Quebec. The January sun was honeycombing the snowbanks, and from time to time large masses of ice and snow would crash down on the sidewalk from the neighbouring housetops.

We tramped gaily through the slush on the road. Ahead of us strode a tramp just released from the nearby jail. The priest noted the straw hat and thin summer attire of the man and nodded towards him.

"There's civilisation for you! What else can the man do but rob someone and get sent up for the rest of the winter?"

I was about to reply, when our attention was arrested by the peculiar actions of the man we were watching. Looking uneasily from roof to roof he suddenly darted and seized a little child that was playing on the sidewalk. But too late. There was the clutching, tearing sound of rending ice and an avalanche of ice and snow struck man and child.

When we reached the spot the child was sitting up and sobbing, but the man lay horribly still. The priest shook his head anxiously as he pulled aside several large lumps of ice; and, hailing a passing sleigh, we hurried him to the Hospital of the Bleeding Heart.

A hurried examination told us he would probably live till morning, and leaving Father Vaughan with him, I hurried back to the office.

"This is a story for your paper," he said, as he met me at the door next morning, but something in his eyes told me it was not. The house surgeon accompanied us to the bedside and drew the screens around us.

Then the priest, bending, bared the right arm. I was prepared for a surprise, but hardly for what I saw then, for there on the skin, now so white from six months' confinement, was the Gorgon's Head, with its gruesome curls. The voice of the house surgeon called us back to the present.

"He's sinking rapidly," he said.

"Well," said Father Vaughan, "Call Sister Mary Theresa."

The nun entered noiselessly. He said nothing, but somehow I felt this must be Kitty Cughan.

Her eyes swept from one to the other of us and then fell on the bared arm lying so still on the counterpane. She recognised the blotch of tatooing instantly.

"Jack, Jack," she sobbed, and threw herself beside him.

The dying man opened his eyes and gazed in wonderment at the kneeling figure. Then some chord of memory was stirred and he saw, not the sombre habitted nun that knelt by his side, but the gay Kitty Cughan of bye-gone days.

"Kitty, Kitty," he breathed, "I've come back."

And when she raised her head, her face shone as with the happiness and peace that "passeth all understanding."

"Father," she asked, "have I done wrong?"

"No, my child," answered Father Vaughan.

And I closed the door softly and crept away to tell Shamus.

THE DREAM HERD

BY C. LINTERN SIBLEY

THE Empress Jane was dreaming. Thirty years as the chief performing elephant of the Continental Menagerie had not obliterated the memories of a century of freedom. Part of the tremendous energy of her majestic bulk she was dissipating innocuously by rhythmic swaying at her tether; part was seething beneath that hilly forehead of hers, and strange, wild dreams that lifted her out of the man era and carried her back into the Mastadonic Age were hers.

Quiet reigned in the menagerie. There had been two days of travel. There had been the shouting and hammering and struggling of men as the waggon-cages had been run into pace, and the great all-encompassing marquee had been erected. Then the animals had been fed and now, in the brief period that remained before the excitement of the evening performance, quiet settled down upon the menagerie.

Monkeys nodded upon their perches, lions lolled in stately ease, resting camels chewed their cuds. Nearly all the motley collection of denizens of swamp and mountain, jungle and plain, were dozing or sleeping.

But the subdued afternoon light that filtered through the roof of the marquee revealed some of the animals in wakeful moods. A hyena appeared at regular intervals at the bars of his cage. The restless click-click of his claws, as he trotted feverishly around his pen was the only disturbing sound in the stillness, except for an occasional sigh from the camels.

The white head of a polar bear could be seen as it swung to and fro before the bars. Both hyena and bear, however, were preoccupied. One animal alone was on the alert. It was a large Russian wolf. When men were around this animal trotted incessantly about its cage, staring into vacancy. Now it stood perfectly still in its cage, scrutinising with a look of almost human intelligence in its eyes the scene in the menagerie.

While the wolf watched, the elephant dreamed. Her thoughts slipped easily away from her life in captivity. Some sight or sound that day had awakened long-silent memories. No more was she in spirit the docile citizen of a civilised country. Forgotten were the tricks she had learned—tricks the performance of which was like using a steam hammer for driving pins. Forgotten were the marquee, the caged animals, the crowds of gaping sightseers, her own leg shackles.

She lived again her life in a far-off age, amid the strange fauna and the tropical riot of life of the Congo jungles.

Men then were not like the white, masterful men she now knew. They were black and naked and puny and they appeared only occasionally, like troublesome insects, on the outskirts of the great elephant herd to which she belonged. For a hundred years before any man on this continent was born she had roamed the wilds. For a century she was a unit in a herd so

vast that when it travelled in the open it covered the landscape with a billowy sea of monstrous life: a sea whose movement in its swift travels was like the roar of muffled thunder.

Her dreams encompassed some of these great journeys, when the herd, after long periods of contented rest, would be marshalled by its leaders to sweep over plain and through forests in a vast, devastating host. They brought back to her, too, the loves and hates of the herd life; the damp earth smell and mysterious gloom of the jungle; the joy of bathing in the silent forest pools; the beating sun of the plains; the terrific tropic storms, when the leaders of the herd, steaming in the hissing rain, threw back to the thunder the challenge of their trumpeting.

Thus, with her eyes closed, she swayed and dreamed. And the wolf, standing like a statue in its cage, watched her—watched the camels and tigers and lions, the polar bear and all the animals of the ill-assorted household. Not a movement escaped those watchful eyes.

Presently the wolf turned its head and looked intently at the door at the far end of the amphitheatre. The door opened. The manager and two negroes entered. Instantly there was a stir among the animals. The wolf began running backwards and forwards, gazing into vacancy. Monkeys chattered quietly. A sacred Brahmin cow lying next to the camels got up, twisted its tail on its back and stretched.

The negroes were trying to get an engagement at the menagerie.

"And I tell you, boss," said one of them, "when we finish up with a war dance the people nearly go crazy, they clap so much."

"Well, off with your clothes and lets see what you can do," said the manager. "Perhaps I'll try you out for a week. And any way I can't offer you more than five dollars a week each and your grub."

The negroes threw off every stitch of their clothing, stuck up a target and began to give an exhibition of assegai-throwing. Then they did a war-dance, indulging in gyrations, contortions and yelling that woke the whole menagerie to irritated life.

The Empress Jane stopped her swaying. She began to fret at her tether and to blow sharp blasts of air from her trunk. A lion roared, parrots screamed. A warmer and more acrid smell filled the marquee.

The manager, sitting on a box and smoking, calmly watched the excited negroes.

All at once the Empress Jane stopped her fretful tramp. With tail and trunk rigid, and her little eyes red and fiery, she stared at the yelling, gyrating negroes as though fascinated.

The manager did not see the strange behaviour of the great animal. If he had he would not have known that the sight of these naked, yelling negroes carried the memory of the beast back to a great elephant hunt that took place seventy years before in the Congo, when a horde of yelling, naked black men stampeded the herd, drove a portion into a corral, killed her baby and took her captive.

The veneer of civilisation and of discipline dropped from the Empress Jane. Once more she was a terrified and raging captive in the corral. Once more she saw the hosts of jabbering black men who were always too swift and too cunning for her.

But now two of them were near her. Two of them she might catch.

With a mighty lunge she tore the great iron peg to which she was leg-shackled from the ground. A couple of swift strides and she had seized one of the writhing black figures in her trunk, swung it on high and dashed it to the ground.

The manager ran up to her, yelling in the stern, compelling voice with which he had many times cowed refractory animals.

She seized him in her trunk and flung him with a crash against the bars of the polar bear's cage. He fell, a limp heap, to the ground.

Meanwhile the other black man had escaped under a cage and into the open.

The elephant turned to the insensible negro on the ground, trampled the last faint sparks of life out of him, then hurled him among the screaming camels.

Lifting her trunk on high she trumpeted her triumph to the herd of her dreams.

The whole menagerie was now in a fever of excitement. To the trumpeting of the elephant was added the roar of the lions, the terrifying howl of the wolves, the incessant, appalling scream of a jaguar, the ear-splitting screeches of the parrots and cockatoos, with the minor accompaniments of snarls and growls from scores of savage throats.

Some of the attendants came running in to see the cause of the uproar. One glance at the trumpeting elephant, running around the circle of the menagerie, her trunk in the air and the chain of her shackles dragging behind her, was enough. They rushed forth calling for Leopold, the elephant's keeper—the man under whose sway the great beast was as docile as a child.

Leopold came running across the ground.

"What's wrong?" he cried.

"It's the big elephant! She's gone crazy!"

Leopold hastened into the meangerie. At that moment the elephant, still raging around the circle of the cages, caught sight of the limp form of the manager, lying under the bear's cage. With trunk outstretched, she rushed forward to seize the body.

"Jane!"

The man's voice, pronouncing that single word, broke through the hubbub clear as a bugle note.

The elephant stopped dead and turned. There was a moment's lull. "What's the matter, old girl?"

Ears and trunk dropped at once. She stood looking uncertainly at her keeper.

"What's the matter, old girl?"

The kindly voice of her keeper brought her back abruptly from the wild dream-world in which she had been raging. The old vision of the great herd fighting off the puny, naked black men faded away once more to a memory.

And with the fading of that memory the great beast poignantly realised her long-borne loneliness—realised somehow that she would never see the great herd, the tropical jungle or the vast plains any more.

She looked at her keeper, whom she really loved—the one friend she had had in all the long years of her solitary exile. Then she ran forward to him, put her trunk in his arms, and listened to soothing talk that none but he and she understood. He mopped tears from the great creature's eyes with his coat sleeve, led her back submissive as a lamb to her stall, and once more secured her to her tether.

Though the negro had been crushed out of life like an insect, his was the only death that the Empress Jane had caused. The manager of the menagerie, whom she had hurled with a crash against the polar bear's cage, was only stunned.

The manager limped into the menagerie the next morning. Down at the far end he saw the elephant quietly feeding on hay, while Leopold, her keeper, leaning back against one of her forelegs, was smoking his pipe.

"Come away from that she-devil," called the manager. "I don't want another dead mean on my hands."

"She's all right," said Leopold. "Guess she must have had some old score to pay off on that nigger. Elephants have got long memories, and how do we know what he might have done to her? She wouldn't hurt

anybody who didn't hurt her."

"Oh, she wouldn't, wouldn't she?" sneered the manager. "What did she do to me? She'd have smashed me to jelly if you hadn't come in and talked medicine-man talk to her. Half a dozen of the men here can witness to that, so its no good denying it. You might as well stop wasting that good hay on her. I'm going to have her killed."

"Killed!" ejaculated Leopold, aghast.

"Yes, killed," said the manager, "and what's more, I'm not going to waste any time about it either."

Leopold, with dull eyes, watched the Empress Jane as she neatly rolled up a whisp of hay in her trunk and tossed it into her mouth.

"You're joking," he said.

"Look here," said the manager, "don't waste any time arguing, or else there may be another murder done by that heap of wickedness."

"But man, she's worth a fortune in herself!" retorted Leopold.

"Yes, and suppose she went mad again when the menagerie was full of people. What about that?"

"She won't."

"That's true, for she won't have the chance. I don't like the idea of shooting her," continued the manager. "We might bungle the job. Which is the best way to kill her?"

"By all the saints," said Leopold, tears of rage in his eyes. "if any man touches that elephant I'll—I'll—"

He did not finish the sentence, but turned to the elephant and began to brush some imaginary specks of dirt from her hide with his coat sleeve.

Half an hour afterwards the manager returned with a veterinary surgeon.

"Sure you got enough stuff to do the job well?" he asked.

"Know anything about cyanide of potassium?" returned the veterinary.

"No."

"Well, one grain on the tip of a man's tongue and it's good-bye man. I'll put enough in this one apple to kill three hundred men."

Leopold, who had been with the beast all the time, came forward .

"You still mean to kill her?" he asked.

"You bet I do," said the manager.

"Well," said Leopold with a sigh, "for the love of heaven get it over quickly. Don't let her suffer. Give her enough to kill her without a struggle."

"There's enough in this apple to kill three hundred men," repeated the veterinary.

"Put in enough to kill six hundred," said Leopold.

"But, man—" expostulated the veterinary.

Leopold rounded on him with something of the elephant's fury of the day before.

"Put it in!" he hissed between his teeth.

The veterinary did as he was bid.

"Now give me the apple," said Leopold. "There ain't going to be no bungling on this job."

The veterinary handed him the apple.

Leopold looked at it, fascinated. He turned it over and over in his hands.

"I'd almost as soon take it myself," he said. He put the apple in his pocket. "Come here, Jane," he said to the elephant. The animal ambled out to him.

The manager ran back into the doorway, dragging the veterinary after him. "Do you mean to say you haven't had that she-devil chained up?" he shouted at the keeper.

Leopold's lips curled with scorn as he looked at his employer.

"Here, Jane," he said, "come and show them what a man-eater you are."

Leopold flung himself full length into the embrace of the animal's trunk. She lifted him high in the air, then gently deposited him on the sawdust of the ring, and placed her

forefoot with womanly lightness on his chest.

It was a trick with which man and animal had thrilled crowds of spectators hundreds of times.

The manager and veterinary watched it now with something akin to horror.

Leopold got up. "That's the kind of a murderer she is," he said contemptuously.

"Chain her up and get it over." said the manager.

Without a word Leopold led her back into the stall. He tethered her by every foot. He passed chains around her forelegs and hind legs, locking the chains together, so that the animal, in her death agony, might not break loose and wreak havoc in the menagerie.

"Got any more apples?" asked Leopold.

"Yes."

"Give me two good ones, and put another dose in the third."

Leopold gave the two good apples to the Empress Jane. She took them quickly and tossed them into her cavernous mouth.

He fumbled in his pocket for the poisoned one. He took it out and looked at it. Then he looked at the elephant. She held out her trunk for the apple. Leopold held it out to her, then half pulled back. He braced himself and held it out again.

"Here, Jane, old girl!"

A swoop of her trunk and she had it. It was gone in a gulp. Leopold gave her the second poisoned apple. She took it as readily as the first.

Leopold drew back. The animal looked at him steadily. She looked carefully at the others, one by one.

Then she rattled her chains, and suddenly flinging her trunk into the air blew a blast.

The Empress Jane often did this, and neither man nor animal took any notice. But now, by some strange telepathy, every animal in the menagerie knew what it meant.

The bears growled deeply, the lions roared, the monkeys chattered and shrieked, the leopards cried, the jaguar began its terrible screaming.

The elephant trumpeted, and every animal replied to whatever she said.

She half closed her eyes. For a moment she stood as still as a statue. Then her eyes opened widely, and she trumpeted again. There was a new note, unmistakably of pain.

Leopold rushed into a neighbouring stall and fiercely began to mix a bran mash.

"Hand over some more of that stuff!" he yelled to the veterinary. "Give me enough for a thousand men!"

A quantity was passed to him. He slammed it into the mash, mixed it furiously, and carried it out and laid it before the elephant.

The Empress Jane was sick. She knew that she got mash when she was sick. So with swift doublings of her trunk she swept in the mash.

And then she began to die. Her eyes began to glaze. She swayed in a dizzy way, then fell. She rose immediately, only to fall again.

She made the air quake with her terrific trumpeting. She jumped and pulled and shook her huge body with such tremendous energy that she smashed the chains which bound her, sending the links flying in all directions. Then she pitched forward on her head.

Once more she rose to her feet. Her huge bulk swayed on sagging knees—swayed with quick, half-conscious recoveries, like a man nodding to sleep. Then she went down. Her curving trunk was helplessly outflung, and remained where it fell, motionless. Her half open eyes no longer sparkled. They were dull.

A deathly hush fell on the menagerie. For man and beast were awed by the majesty of Death, as Death laid an icy finger on the spirit that had animated the Empress Jane's huge bulk for over two centuries and caused it to vanish, evanescent as its dreams.

OXFORD FOR A DAY

BY ARCHIBALD MACMECHAN

THE traveller might have visited Oxford a hundred times and never met with such a combination of delights.

Imprimis, it was the sweet of the year. Spring is lovely anywhere, but spring in England—spring in the green and flowery meads of Oxford under a sun as bright as ever shines in Canada—is a theme for the painter and the musician. It demands Turners and Beethoven symphonies. Mere words cannot do it justice. In the second place, the stranger was taken into the inner sanctuary. He might have had a plate and a pillow at the historic "Mitre"; he might have lodged with sedate, coeval friends; he might, such virtue resides in a letter of introduction, have trained with the majestic dons and sat at the high table on the dais. Merely to find oneself in Oxford was a boon; any one of those three possibilities would have been sugar as a sauce to honey; but the kind fates had still a better gift in store for the Canadian errant. For twenty-four blessed hours he was to live as an undergraduate, sleep within the sacred precincts of a college, assist at an Oxford breakfast, and dine in hall, as did Mr. Verdant Green, Mr. Thomas Brown, and a host of less famous heroes. The shadow on the dial was to go backward many degrees. The visitor was to renew his youth amid as care-free a community as is known this side of Utopia. One must have passed the fortieth milestone to appreciate the compliment of being treated as an equal by one-and-twenty. But such a programme of pleasure had been arranged for his preceptor by an old pupil, representing his province at this famous university as Rhodes Scholar.

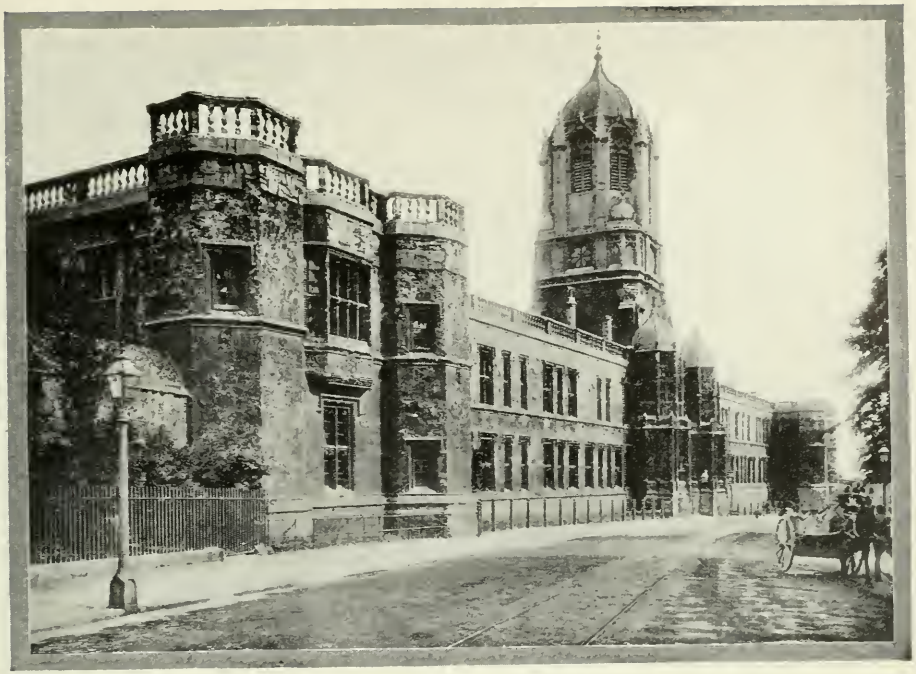
Only a glimpse of "that sweet city with her dreaming towers" swimming in a tender haze above a sea of leafy green was vouchsafed by the train before it stopped at the station: and guest and host shook hands. Oxford had done marvels for our young Canadian. Eight months of hard labour at the oar had straightened his back and broadened his chest, and put a new look in his eyes and begotten a new confidence in his manner. Rowing is not only the most strenuous form of athletics: it ranks with the fine arts. In practice, it reaches out into the sphere of mind, of morals, of philosophy, of religion. Volumes of exposition and an acre of diagrams might not make this clear, but the results in the rowing man may be noted by the most casual observer. Our Canadian was justly proud of his place in the college boat, and of having helped to raise an ancient institution of learning some three athletic degrees in the esteem of young Oxford.

One is hardly prepared for the first sight of an Oxford quadrangle. Descriptions and even pictures fail lamentably to give the right impression. In Canada the only cloistered communities are jails. At Oxford these learned communities, called colleges, present the same idea of defence. They are fortresses and they

"THE BROAD," OXFORD

are palaces. The portal is massive and stately, fit to resist an angry mob better than the Bastille. From the noisy modern street, with its cabs and electric lights, one passes in a single stride into a strange spacious room of loveliness and peace. The ceiling is the sky: the facades of massive gray mansions are the walls: the floor is a green velvet lawn, rolled and shaven and watered for centuries to bring it to perfection. The tender harmonies of gray and green would be enough in themselves: but the whole colour-scheme was set aflame by the flower-broidered path which cut the square court into two equal halves. Crimson-lake geraniums were the incendiaries. Clamant against the emerald grass in the low westering light, their shrill, sweet, insistent fairy voices woo you to look and love them. Such is an ordinary quad. It is with beauty of such potency compassing them round that the favoured youth of Oxford eat and sleep, and work and pray.

A meal in an Oxford Man's rooms is quite unlike any form of hospitality which a collegian in Canada can offer to a friend. The Oxonian's suite of rooms is as private as one's own house; and much more ample than many a city flat. In such surroundings, lunch or breakfast takes on a degree of intimacy and cosiness with which no meal in a union restaurant can for a moment compare. Then the "scout" is a wonderful Oxford institution, the mainstay of the whole system. This trusty henchman is a sort of father superior and general provider in ordinary to the student, and combines the virtues of a club waiter, a ship's steward, and a first-class housemaid. On him depends the Oxonian's whole scheme of domestic comfort. Besides a hundred other duties, he gets the meal ready on the student's own table, with the student's own linen and plate, fetching the eatables from hidden reser-



TYPICAL OF OXFORD

voirs, serves it and clears away with promptness and despatch. Luncheon was a delightful little feast. Lucullus would have approved the salmon cutlets, the cold chicken, the salad, the gooseberry tart. Though things of the past, "How sweet their memory still!" They live in the grateful recollections of the discriminating gastronome. Not only beauty, but modest luxury waits on the lucky footsteps of the Oxford man. But the best part of the banquet were the honest young faces round the board, the straight talk and the ready laughter.

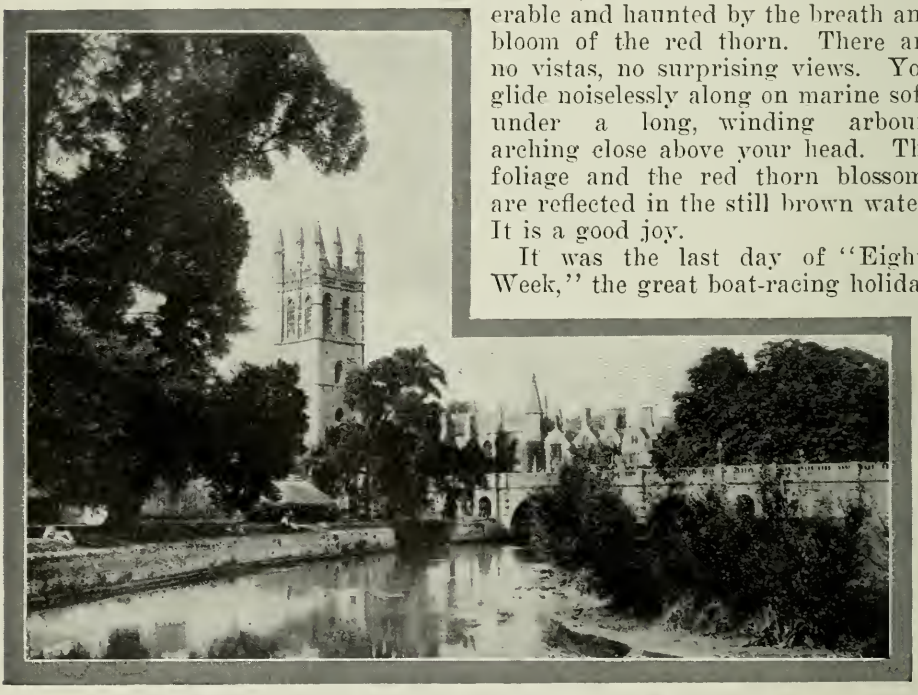
After lunch came the visitor's introduction to the river and his first experience of punting, another Oxford institution. The way to the river led through the famous Christ Church meadows, which are simply a magnificent park rich in ancient trees and ample spaces. In one field an active crowd of small, white-flannelled boys were diligently practising cricket. A broad road was thronged with young men and ladies in gala attire all tending riverwards. Every step of the way revealed some new and lovely combination of Oxford architecture and vernal greenery, which must be admired; but the river bank was reached at last. It was lined with the college barges. Now, a barge is Cleopatra's galley fitted as a modern gymnasium, dressing-room, or a house-boat with an awning over the deck. Each is decorated with the arms of the college to which it belongs. These feudal English are fond of heraldic decoration; they emblazon even locomotive engines and gas-lamps, and the result is distinctly pleasing.

A punt may be defined as a very lady-like little scow, made of good materials, and finished like a violin. The passengers sit or recline amidships, with broad, easy cushions between them and the floor, and substantial back-boards against which to

lean. Few arm-chairs are more comfortable. For ease, the punt surpasses the St. Lawrence skiff and compares with the Venetian gondola. The motive power is supplied by a youth, who stands on the bow or stern —the terms are convertible—on a gentle incline furnished with cleats to give a secure foothold, and shoves the craft along by means of a long pole tipped with a short, blunt metal fork. To punt well, to propel and guide such a long-bodied boat through narrow, crowded waters with the minimum of collisions demands no slight skill and the exertion of all the muscles of the body. Our gondolier was a fair, slim straight-backed youth and a master of his craft; but the navigation was difficult, and his polite protests that the work was easy were contradicted by the heightening of his colour and the beads of moisture on his brow. Punting has the Oxford note of luxury (for the passenger) combined with strenuosity (for the punter). Oxonian wit is also well displayed in the titles chosen for the craft. "The Chaperone," "Tetragonos" (in Greek lettering) and "Toujours La Politesse" were among those noted.

Punting is a kind of boating well adapted to the shallow waters of the Isis and the Cherwell, about which so much poetry has been written. To the unprejudiced colonial eye these famous streams appear no more imposing than irrigation ditches. The Cher (pronounced Char) is walled all along one side with stone, like a canal. In the Thousand Islands, the Muskoka Lakes, Georgian Bay, the Rideau, there are countless channels of water more romantic and charming. The enormous difference in scale is always at the back of the mind to dwarf the the English landscape. But the Cher, like England, has its special attractions. It is small, it is narrow, it soon comes to an end, but it is overhung by thick green boughs innumerable and haunted by the breath and bloom of the red thorn. There are no vistas, no surprising views. You glide noiselessly along on marine sofa under a long, winding arbour, arching close above your head. The foliage and the red thorn blossoms are reflected in the still brown water. It is a good joy.

It was the last day of "Eights Week," the great boat-racing holiday



MAGDALEN COLLEGE, OXFORD

THE QUADRANGLE OF MAGDALEN COLLEGE, OXFORD

of Oxford, the culmination of long months of toil and keen competition. The final races were to be rowed that afternoon, at four, at five, and at six. The punt was moored beside the bank and the crew escorted the guest to the college barge, which had the prow of a trireme and the stem of an old three-decker. The college flag flew from a tall staff and the college cognizance, an eagle, gules displayed, decorated the boat. Over the roof was spread a broad awning for the convenience of the many ladies. To venture a hesitating criticism on their appearance must not be construed a breach of hospitality: for, as Falstaff demanded indignantly, "Is not the truth the truth?" It is mighty and must prevail. Our Canadian girls need not fear comparison with their English cousins either in looks or in the fashion of their raiment. A regatta on the North West Arm, at Lachine or Toronto, will show at least as decorative a feminine background as the classic banks of Isis at Oxford.

"Bump" racing, like punting, has grown out of local conditions, the impossibility of many eight-oared shells competing in a narrow river. While two boats may race in a winding piece of water, a hundred yards in width, it is plain that ten or twenty cannot, at least, not in the old fashion of line abreast, to use the navy term; but they can be raced in the formation of line ahead, that is in one long string. For the start they are placed in line with equal intervals between each two. Though a goal is fixed, the object is not which boat shall reach it first. Any boat which can overtake the next ahead secures a "bump," and moves up a place in the grand procession towards the head of the river; the "bumped" boat drops out, and the "bumper" may, if wind and muscle do not fail, press on to overtake the next ahead. It must at all hazards avoid the disgrace of being overtaken by the boat behind. All boats

A RACING SCENE ON THE ISIS AT OXFORD

have, therefore, the same chance: honour and fame rise from precisely the same conditions. You must avoid a "bump" from the boat behind and you must "bump" the boat ahead. The crew are spurred on by the sight of the boat overtaking them and the coxswain by the sight of the boat they wish to overtake. Skill in steering is demanded, for the "bump" is an actual collision and may be evaded by a deft hand at the tiller-ropes at the critical moment. The severity of the exercise may be easily understood. As the rowing men will tell you, "You have to row as hard as you can, and then, row harder." Still, rowing is the king of Oxford sports; the ambition of every normal undergraduate is a place in the college boat, while a "Blue" receives almost divine honours. There is never any lack of recruits for the toils and privations of the long campaign, for the battles and the doubtful laurels at the end. Perhaps the youthful instinct which puts athletics before scholarship is right, after all. We can live quite happily without learning, but not without strong bodies.

There was no long wait for the four o'clock race. Far up the river, out of sight of the eager spectators on the crowded barges and along the bank, the boats had started promptly, and soon the first appeared round the bend on the glimmering stretch of water. Eight manikins on a narrow pointed stick working eight matches madly to and fro is the appearance. The reality is eight tense youths straining every resource of muscle, nerve, will, courage, in a fever of excitement to drag an obstinate, leaden oar through mire. They labour in a nightmare that has no end; but they dare not relax for a single instant. If, at the end, they fall over their oars from sheer exhaustion, they get no sympathy. *Isis* coldly jeers at their "gallery faints." The boats sweep in a gorgeous procession

A COMMINGLING OF PUNTS ON THE ISIS AT OXFORD

The house-boats across the river belong to various colleges

past the barges. In "our boat," the Canadian is working manfully at "four," but all in vain. No "bump" is achieved, though, on the other hand, none has been sustained. "Our" place is better than it was, and it is secure for another year.

Tennyson tells how he heard the "measured pulse of racing oars," on revisiting his old university. It must have been at a practice and not at a race. Then he could hardly have heard himself think, much less the oars; for one of the unwritten laws that govern the undergraduate's life and are much more scrupulously observed than the statutes, decrees that if you do not row, it is your duty to afford your college boat aid and comfort by accompanying it with all the clamour you can possibly make. So parallel to each boat, a crowd of ingenuous youths in "shorts" and sweaters, race along the towing-path, shouting, cheering, blowing discordant tin horns, swinging great clacking wooden rattles, firing blank from heavy revolvers. The net result, as Carlyle would say, is rather fine. As soon as the last shell passes, the river is covered thick with swarms of row-boats, punts, canoes in endless variety. In one punt two tall fellahin stood up and worked their poles together with the effect of an undiscovered carving in the temple of Karnak. In another, a well-dressed African negro squired three white women. Oxford is cosmopolitan and hospitable. The eights paddle back from the winning-post, each racing machine to its own floating garage, and the crews plunge into the river, clothes and all, and swim about like so many ducks. There is tea to be had in the college pavilion on the other bank of the river, and the passage is made in a rude, rough-hewn, antique tub like that in which Charon ferries the souls across the river of oblivion. Soon the Canadian joined the party to receive congratula-

ORIEL COLLEGE, OXFORD

tions and condolences along with his tea. He had done his best and had no reason to be ashamed of the result.

For the five o'clock race, it was resolved to concentrate upon an important strategical point on the river bank known as the "Greener," near which bumps often took place. This was a sharp bend in the river involving fine steering and careful handling. It was at some distance away from the barge and required water transport to reach it. The party had barely arrived on the ground when the boats came tearing along, and there, under our very eyes, three bumps took place in as many minutes. It was all over before we realised what had happened, like a flight in a toboggan. All you saw was momentary confusion, a little splashing of oars, as one boat overhauled another: and the unlucky "bumpee" fell out of the race. The programme was being punctually performed; the visitor had been invited to see bumps, and lo! he saw them—beyond doubt. The third race was also witnessed from the barge in a heavy shower. It was uneventful. Then, after a stroll home by a new way showing fresh delights, came the great ceremony of dinner in hall and breaking training.

The scene was a spacious, high-vaulted, dimly lighted room hung with portraits of departed academic worthies. It suggested a church devoted to the solemn ritual of dining. At the door was a small mob of busy scouts, mediating between the hall and the kitchen. There was a brief conference, and for a moment some doubt reigned in the visitor's breast as to his destination, and then—oh, joy!—he was given a place with the crew at their own special table. Round another, on the dais at the farther end of the hall, sat a congregation of solemn gentlemen in evening dress, the dons. One, at least, was a scholar of world-wide

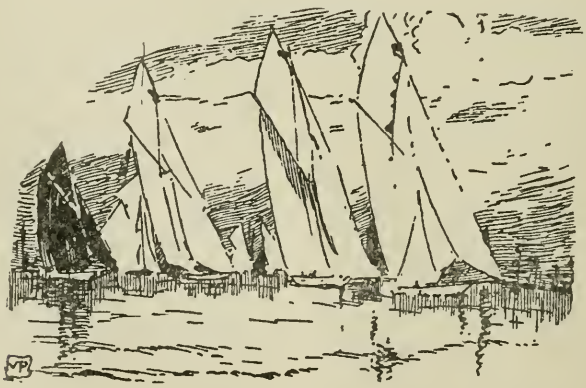
reputation. By all the rules, the traveller should have had his place with them and dined in state, both dull and dignified, but Lady Fortune intervened graciously on his behalf and set him among these happy children on their high festival of breaking training. This evening they held their saturnalia.

Explanations are in order. Rowing is not only a fine art and a high science, but the most laborious form of athletics the wit of man ever devised. For months before these trials of skill, pluck and endurance on the river to-day, those youths had submitted of their own free-will to an iron discipline, unparalleled outside of a jail or a monastery. Rigid abstinence from the most humble luxuries, prescribed hours and food, were part of an unchanging routine. Their apprenticeship to the long art of rowing was painful, as they were exercised in one form of boat after another and slowly promoted from one difficulty to another more exacting. All winter, rain or shine, every afternoon saw these modern galley-slaves toiling terribly on the river. The rain soaked them and the snow chilled. Every evening saw them spent, stiff, sore with blisters not to be mentioned. It was not only in their bodies that they suffered. Their spirits had been seared and scarified by a merciless bully called a coxswain. The coxswain continues unimpaired the fearsome tradition of the flogging "rogue" captain in the ancient navy. He cannot have his hapless crew seized up at the gangway every morning and given the dozens he thinks they deserve; but he can lash them with his tongue. And he does. The coxswain's specialty is studied insult. He probes the soul of every member of the crew to discover just what nerve will react most energetically to what stimulus of personal affront. He proceeds on the assumption that men in the last stage of exhaustion can be goaded by personalities, imprecations and contempt to still further exertions, and he is justified by the results. He is a sort of Christian Scientist, believing firmly in the dominance of mind over matter, though his language is not always Christian. A typical remark of a coxswain is, "You're all rowing badly, but seven"—seven brightens up—"and he's rowing d——d badly." A coxswain is always feared; he may be respected. I doubt if he is ever loved. For eight months these boys had endured all these hardships. Now, their trials were over; they had moved the college boat up three places, so ancient custom accorded them a certain license. A better dinner was provided for them than for the others. For the first time in eight months they might wet their whistles with that mild, luxurious and artful beverage which Calverley so nobly celebrates in immortal verse. It was served, by the way, in massive silver beakers. If they were somewhat noisy and drank one another's healths with hearty emphasis, if bits of crust took to themselves wings and flew from table to table, it would be a very stern Puritan who would frown on such innocent manifestations of delight. As Mr. Pecksniff once feelingly remarked, "It's a poor heart that never rejoices."

That crew were certainly entitled to their rejoicing. Their training had been severe. Even the unusual viands and the juice of John Barleycorn could not bring colour into those lean, white faces. But all their troubles were forgotten. The courses succeeded one another in a perfect whirlwind of chaff and talk and laughter. The captain pledged the individual members of the crew and they returned the compliment. They poured libations in honour of the stranger guest, who bears willing testimony to the frank charm of their hospitality. That board was the merriest under which he ever put his legs. The smiling scouts attended to their wishes, and the other tables

shouted across at the heroes of the hour. Suddenly they were alone in the hall, even the dons had marched out in majestic procession, accompanied by not too respectful shouts, and the mirthful feast was over all too soon.

The celebration was continued in the coxswain's rooms, whither the traveller was specially invited and made welcome. One young man was busy at the piano and the big Rhodes scholar from Chicago was picking at his mandoline. The sound of music and dancing is always a fillip to the spirits. Several couples were waltzing joyously; and, as the night was warm, they coost their duddies to the wark, like the witches in *Tam o' Shanter;* in other words, removed their coats, and linket at it in their decorous sarks. It is not to be denied that there were refreshments of a liquid nature, or that the general expansiveness might not have been so marked without them. The traveller was accommodated, as the saying is, with a glass of something good to take, and retired to a window seat, whence he could view at his ease the cheerful scene. One courteous youth after another sought out the visitor in his seclusion and chatted with him very agreeably. These care-free, happy children are all finished men of the world. Among other subjects of discussion was the West Coast of Africa and Mary Kingsley; the second part was borne by a prospective young missionary. The music and the dancing went on as before, and sometimes a group would gather round the piano to sing. They were tuneful, pleasant songs on the universal theme of undergraduates, the aberrations of their pastors and masters. It is depressing to reflect that the whole education of ingenuous youth should be always intrusted to the mentally afflicted. It was a very pleasant evening, and it came to an end all too soon. The visitor found himself once more in the great silent quadrangle, lovelier than ever in the clear floods of moonlight. All round the lights were out in the windows. Heavy shadows marked the southward walls, while the walls opposite stood out as clear as by day. The great portal was securely closed. The green turf and the vivid blossoms took on a softer beauty. The absolute quiet was as balm. It was very hard to say good-night and leave all that beauty for the sake of sleep. The morning and the evening were one day, complete and precious.



TO THE BITTER END

BY ASHBY FORD

IT was my first meeting with Professor Dallas that I expressed a wish to call on him at his laboratory.

"Come by all means, if you care about it," he said. "I am usually free after four o'clock, but don't expect too much. Remember a laboratory is generally the most uninteresting of places to anyone but an expert—it is just a workshop, where we slowly turn out results. Sometimes the results startle the general public, but the routine of work by which they are got is seldom sensational."

I had, however, a lively curiosity to see the "workshop" where research had been done which made Dallas the greatest living authority on obscure poisons and their detection. Thus it came about that I found myself, a few days later, in the little room which he used as his office.

The Professor rose from before his desk as I came in.

"Glad to see you, you came pat to the moment. I have just finished a troublesome bit of writing, and now I am at liberty.

"Oh," as I involuntarily glanced towards the papers, "a very interesting matter—report on a poisoning case. The usual stupid thing—as much white arsenic given to one man as would kill a regiment. A child could have detected the poison; but the work had to be turned over to me. Reputation of the expert witness counts with a jury, you know. I don't like the work, though it is well paid; it is never interesting. One has to take these cases when they are offered. 'Assist the police in the performance of their duty,' you know."

"But surely," I said, " in a long experience like yours, you must have come across some interesting cases."

"Very few. The average poisoner is a fool, working with tools of which he knows nothing. It is generally easy enough to show that a certain poison has been administered. There the chemist's part ends. The police may be puzzled to know who administered it, and why; but that is a separate question. There was one case though"—he paused—"that was never found out. I know all about it now, but I was more puzzled than anyone at the time. The case attracted very little attention. There would have been trouble enough, had the whole story been known as I knew it later. It led to a very pretty little research for me, too. Look at this," he added, beckoning me into an adjoining room, and taking from one of the locked cupboards a sealed specimen bottle containing a small brown object.

"It looks like a piece of licorice root," I said.

"Precisely; but I should hardly recommend you to eat it on the strength of appearances. My story turns on that root. Have a smoke while I tell you."

"It is more than ten years ago that I was surprised by a young Chinese calling upon me here with a request that I admit him as a special student in one of my classes. I found him a bright young fellow, speaking excel-

lent English, and already possessing a knowledge of chemistry that fully qualified him to gain advantage from the course of study to which he was seeking admission. I was attracted by him at once, in spite of a prejudice against the Orientals, which is as strong amongst the people of the West, as is the distaste felt by those same Orientals for ourselves.

"His name, as he told me, was Liu Yu Chi. After watching him at work for a week or so, I found my first good impression confirmed. He was bright by nature, and painstaking as well. He was, as I afterwards learned, decidedly older than the students around him; but this showed much more in his manner and thoughtful habits than in his face.

"As my interest increased, so did my curiosity, and I indulged this so far as to take every opportunity of talking to him, with the intention of drawing him out. In this I was far from successful. On general subjects he could and sometimes would talk, and showed a very well balanced mind; but as soon as the conversation took a personal turn, or drifted towards Chinese affairs, he shut up like a clam.

"This was provoking, since I was not merely curious about his personal affairs. He was the first Chinese student, indeed the first educated Chinese of any kind, that I had ever met, and I was anxious to learn what I could of Far Eastern politics as seen through Orinetal eyes.

"He was not, however, destined to be my only Chinese acquaintance. Only two or three months after his arrival, another young Celestial appeared upon the scene, bringing a letter of introduction from an old friend of my college days, from whom I had not heard for years, and who, I now recollected, had disappeared into the interior of China as a medical missionary. The letter was dated from a town on the Yangtse river, and informed me that the bearer, Mr. Ma Ho Shan, was the son of a prominent official, lately in charge of the district where the writer lived. He was being sent abroad to study, and had asked the writer to give him such foreign introductions as might be of service.

"Of course, I expressed my willingness to do anything for Mr. Ma that lay in my power, and I inquired as to his plans. These, he said, were far from being definite, except that he wished in the first instance to improve his knowledge of English. He also desired to become a student under me. I at first objected on the grounds of his insufficient preparation. He showed such keen disappointment, however, that I relented at last, and admitted him to an elementary class, in consideration of the special circumstances. I soon saw that his frankness and easy temper had won the good will of his fellow students, as indeed it won my own. He constantly wore his native costume, which formed at first the subject of many jokes, and even ill-natured remarks; but the latter he ignored, and as to the former, he joined in, and often originated them. Then, too, he evidently had money to spend, and spent it liberally.

"Only one of the students seemed to hold carefully aloof from him, and that the one whom I should have expected to become his closest friend—Liu Yu Chi. Being interested in both these young fellows, I watched them carefully, and soon felt satisfied that it was more than formal Chinese manners that kept them apart, and that Liu was steadily repelling every advance made to him by Ma. Like a meddling fool I must needs interfere, and did so, in the first place, by inviting both to a bachelor dinner at which I should have no other guests.

"They arrived almost simultaneously on the appointed evening. They vied in treating me with a deference which seemed so exaggerated as to be embarrassing: I could not even move from my chair with-

out both springing at once to their feet, and remaining respectfully erect till I was seated once more. They refused to smoke, and when I pressed (for I knew both to be habitual smokers) they explained that they could not, for it would be the height of ill manners, in Chinese etiquette, for a scholar to smoke in his teacher's presence. Against this elaborate show of politeness I protested, in vain at first, but with gradually increasing success, pointing out that we were not in China and that in this country our code of manners was less formal, though, do what I could, it seemed impossible to break down the bars which Liu had set up against Ma Ho Shan. During the meal, my conversational powers were taxed to the utmost, and no sooner had we risen from the table than both began to take their leave. Here again, it appeared, I was running contrary to Chinese custom in trying to detain them. I prevailed on them once more to copy our manners, explaining that I should be disappointed if they left so soon. Conversation had gradually become more easy, and at last I ventured to hint my surprise that these two fellow-countrymen were not on more intimate terms.

"'Mr. Liu does not trust me,' said Ma Ho Shan, 'I do not know why.'

"Liu Yu Chi was silent for a moment, then suddenly burst out: 'Trust, or not trust, is nothing; what does it matter to me? I shall never set foot in China again. But how can I, of all men, make friends with the son of a Chinese official? My parents would rise up to curse me.'

"Ma smiled: 'There you are wrong,' he said. 'You may be a Revolutionary, Mr. Liu, but perhaps you are not the only one in the room. Son of a Chinese official! What of that? Why, three in ten out of the official class are professed enemies of the Dynasty, when they dare to confess it, and the other seven are more serious enemies still; for their corruption makes the people hate the Emperor whom they represent. They work into our hands daily—*Our* hands, understand—for I am ——; and here followed several words in Chinese, which of course I did not understand. An instant change came over Liu's manner. 'It seems too good to be true,' he said. 'Then you are indeed my 'elder brother.'"

"'Excuse us, professor,' said Ma, 'for talking in this way, but you have done me a greater service than you know in thus bringing Mr. Liu and me together.'

"'Yes, indeed, that is so. It is my fault that I did not understand long ago,' said Liu.

"I felt naturally much gratified and turned the talk into other channels. When at last my guests departed, I saw that my little dinner, which had threatened to be such a failure, seemed instead to be a triumph, although I was still rather in the dark as to how the change had been brought about.

"The next day I noted that an epoch had been marked in the history of these two. They generally talked together in Chinese, but when speaking in English invariably addressed each other as 'brother.' To me they showed a most likely gratitude, at least as far as such feeling could peep through their habitual veil of utter deference.

'This happy state of affairs had lasted about a month, when I noticed that both Ma and Liu were absent the afternoon Ma Ho Shan presented himself before me, a picture of grief incarnate.

"'Why, Mr. Ma. what is the matter?' I asked.

"'Dreadful news! Dreadful!' he replied: 'Liu Chi died last night. *Ai Ya! Ai Ya!* My brother! They say he was poisoned. *Ai Ya!* and I was with him only a little while before. He cannot have done it! But my poor brother is dead. *Ai Ya! Ai Ya! Ai Ya!*'

I expressed my concern, and at the same time tried to hearten up Ma,

though with poor success; and indeed when he left me, I felt in need of some cheering myself, for I had looked forward to a really brilliant future for Liu Yu Chi. My connection with the matter was not, however, to end here.

"That night I was informed by telephone that an autopsy was to be held next day. I was asked to attend if possible, since my services might be afterwards required as analyst; in that case it would be advantageous that I should see the body at every stage of the examination.

"Poison was only vaguely suspected; but I felt myself bound to give every aid I could, so made a point of being present. The doctor who had been first called was also there. He told us that late at night the dead man's landlady had been awakened by noises in her lodger's room, and on going to inquire the cause had found that he was violently sick and apparently in great pain; he groaned loudly but could not speak. Much alarmed, she sent for the doctor, who on his arrival found the patient quiet, breathing heavily, the pupils of his eyes widely dilated and showing signs of narcotic poisoning. Before anything could be done, death had supervened. No poison was to be found in the room; in fact nothing that could be eaten or drunk, except water, and a half empty pot of tea. From the latter he had been drinking with his friend Ma Ho Shan.

"The appearance of the internal organs certainly pointed to death by poisoning; the only question was, what poison would produce these effects? The stomach, when opened, showed all the appearances that one would expect after an excessively large dose of arsenic, being not only in an inflamed state but even displaying the minutely whitish spots that often characterise that condition. The brain, on the contrary, showed signs the very reverse of what was expected on such a hypothesis; its vessels were congested in the extreme, as if some narcotic like morphine had been administered.

"Clearly it was a case where my help was needed to settle the question, and on leaving I carried away the principal organs in sealed jars and deposited them in my private laboratory here. With them I also deposited the pot of tea found in Liu's room at the time of his death, which had been carefully preserved by the doctor who was first called to the case.

"All these things were locked in a cupboard, the windows were fastened with the patent fasteners you see, and the door locked with a lock of which I only have the key. These precautions are usually taken by me in such cases to prevent the possibility of anyone tampering with my material, either by accident or design.

"I confess that I approached my task with some degree of confidence. It seemed obvious that arsenic had been administered, whatever other poison, if any, might have been used in addition. With my experience, I felt pretty sure of solving that remaining question, even though it might be a difficult one.

"At the outset I found that I was wrong. Not a trace of arsenic was to be detected in any of the organs, not even a trace of morphine.

"Meanwhile, the inquest had commenced. The doctor's evidence was substantially what I have already told you. Ma Ho Shan stated that he had spent the evening with his friend, that after dinner they had sat smoking, talking, and drinking tea till they parted for the night. Both had drunk largely from the same pot (the one produced) refilling it from time to time, as is the Chinese habit, with hot water, which they boiled over an alcohol lamp.

"Liu Yu Chi was in good spirits. There seemed no motive either for suicide or murder. My evidence was not yet ready, and the inquest was adjourned.

"Meanwhile I examined the tea left in the pot—and found nothing. It was a medium quality of Chinese tea, mixed with dried jasmine flowers by way of flavouring, as is usual in China. Preparations made from it had not the least bad effect when administered to small animals. The most careful examination of the organs failed to show the presence of any poison, known or unknown.

"The problem seemed beyond my power to solve; but for a few days I felt more hopeful. I succeeded in getting from the liver a small quantity of a substance which was certainly new to my experience, and which should not, as I supposed, be present in a healthy organ. Tests, however, showed that whatever this substance might be, it was certainly not a poison.

"At last I had to acknowledge defeat, and reported that no poison could be found. Privately, I was highly dissatisfied. I was convinced that a poison had been administered, although it was one that had baffled me. My consolation was that any other toxicologist would have been equally puzzled. The inquest concluded by the jury returning a verdict of death from natural causes.

"All this time Ma Ho Shan had shown a marked natural interest in the case. He questioned me closely, and I confided to him my extreme chagrin at the outcome of the case.

"He, however, took a different view, declaring his belief that his friend had died from some obscure disease. He added that he had occasionally heard of such a one at home, though acknowledging that Chinese doctors were so incompetent and inexact in their statements and diagnoses that no great weight could attach to these accounts. Our common interest in this case had tended to draw us into more intimate relations than before.

"I was pleased to note that Ma's English was improving fast; and he took, I thought, a marked interest in his chemical studies. It was a disappointment, therefore, when he came to me only a few days after the inquest and announced that it was necessary for him to leave for China at once. His father was seriously ill; therefore he must hasten to him. I said good-bye with regret, for I had formed a good opinion of the young man.

"Later on I received a short note from Shanghai announcing his arrival and intimating that his father had recovered, but that he would not return, as his relations had obtained for him a good official appointment. He also expressed a hope (to my great amusement) that his future career might be such that I should have no cause to be ashamed of my pupil, whilst he would endeavour by his success to make my name 'as celebrated in China as it is in your own country.'

"It was a whole year before I heard from him again, and that letter you can see, for I have it here.

'Respected Teacher:

'You know that in our Chinese custom we should give reverence to our teachers as to our parents. I have made a fault by deceiving you and causing you to be troubled. This was bad of me, and I want to do it no more. Instead I want to do something to give you pleasure.

'First, I must tell you the truth why I went to your Honourable Country.

'Liu Ki Hsiang was a rich merchant in Shanghai. He was a bad man—a member of the T'ien Ti Hui, which foreigners call the Triad Society. Some men had made a plot against our Emperor and his family. Liu Ki Hsiang helped them.

'He was found out and executed. In the Ta Ch'ing Li it is said that if a man plots against the Emperor nine generations of his family may be executed—himself, four generations before him, and four generations after him.

'The home of Liu Ki Hsiang was at Tong Tien in the magistracy of Tan Yang. The officer at Tan Yang sent all the Liu family to Peking, but Liu Yu Chi, the son of Liu Ki Hsiang escaped. Then the officer at Tan Yang was disgraced, and my father was put in his place, and told to catch Liu Yu Chi. If he did so he would be promoted.

'He found that Liu Yu Chi, who had been a student in your Honourable Country before, had gone back there. He

still had money, because his father had owned land and houses in Hong Kong, which our Government could not take.

'We knew that your Government would not send back Liu Yu Chi because he had perhaps not known about how bad a man his father was.

'I followed him so that I might kill him, for my father hoped to be promoted. At first Liu disliked me, for he knew that my father was an official, but he did not know that he was magistrate.

'I told him that I was a member of the T'ien Ti Hui. I could deceive him, because all that is secret about this society has been found out by the English police in Hong Kong and is published in a book. I killed Liu Yu Chi by putting poison in his tea. I put it in the night he died, and then I let him drink it.

'It was wrong of me to deceive my teacher; but if I had not done this thing, I could not have done the service to my father, who has now been promoted and is a Prefect.

'Now I gave you a great trouble to find what the poison was, and so I have got some, and am sending it to you. I learned about it from the barbarians in Yunan when I lived there. Only a few Chinese know of it.

'There is a tree in Yunan which the barbarians call in Chinese Tuh Shu. When a little of its root is put in hot water the water becomes a poison, but in a few hours it becomes different and will hurt no one.

'Now, my dear teacher, I know that you are always studying new things, so I send you some of this root, because I think it will give you a pleasure to see it and know about it. Perhaps, then you will forgive me for having done wrong to you.

'Your respectful scholar,

'H. S. Ma.' ''

"Rather amazing letter," I said, after reading it through. "What did you do about it?"

"What could I do? To make the matter public might have led to international complications, and could certainly benefit nobody. I accepted my present with a good grace, and the last remains of it you have just now had in your hand. I investigated it, and found the poisonous properties to be due to an alkaloid which I named 'tuhrine.' Just as Ma writes, it is extracted from the root by hot water, but in the course of a few hours it is completely oxidised to a harmless substance, which is also formed when it is in contact with the body tissues. I worked out the chemical side of the question, and now we specialists know all that is worth knowing about it; for I also supplied material to Dr. Gordon, and between us we studied its action on the body also.

"I doubt if anyone could use tuhrine for a criminal purpose and escape detection to-day.

"Did I ever hear of Ma again? No. He was evidently quite right from his own point of view, but he seemed hardly the sort of acquaintance that I wanted to cultivate, after all. Sometimes I have wondered what my frend the missionary would think if he knew the extraordinary use to which his letter of introduction had been put."

THE GREAT BASSANO DAM

BY ROBERT RANDOLPH JOHNSON

IT is not unfair to say that the dam made Bassano. And, as an offset to that, Bassano gave its name to the dam. What is Bassano? And where? It is the *pièce de résistance* of dealers in real estate—a mushroom town. For many years it reposed along the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway, untroubled and almost unknown. It had but little that would cause it to grow into a town, and the bare, rolling prairie, which surrounded it and which now grows excellent wheat and oats, had passed from the neglect of reservation Indians to the quickening elixir of irrigation. Irrigation, then, is the secret. The dam caused the town, but the need of irrigation caused the dam, a dam that is one of the greatest in the world.

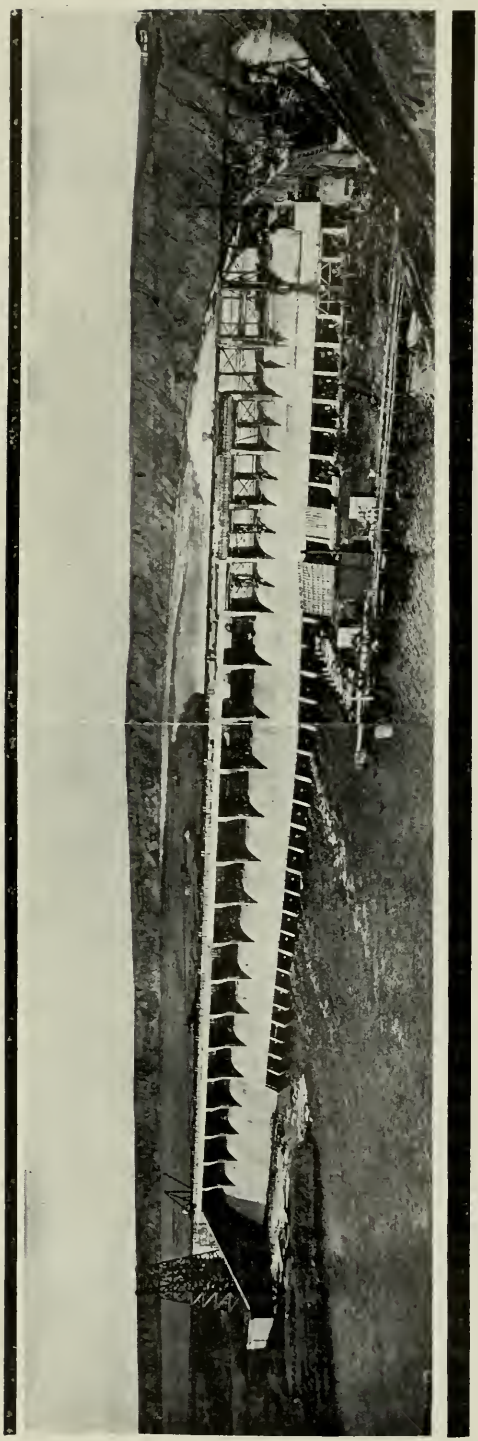
Before we locate the dam we must locate Bassano. Bassano can be found easily enough about eighty miles east of Calgary, but it is hard to distinguish it, as you pass, from many another prairie town. For it exposes to first view all the earmarks common to towns of this class: the main street parallel with the railway, the inevitable livery stable, the land agent's office, a few bucks and squaws on the station platform and in the street, many chances for profitable investment, and all the buoyancy and precipitancy that are characteristic of the West.

Three miles southwest of this prairie town, at a low pass through the rim of the Bow River Valley, at the Horseshoe Bend, the great Bassano dam is located. We call this dam great, because it is more than a mile long and it can supply water enough to irrigate almost half a million acres. The Dukhwan weir, which dams for a similar purpose the Betwa River, near Jhanzi, India, is almost a mile long, and yet it supplies water capable of irrigating only about 38,000 acres.

The Bassano dam performs two functions. It raises the level of the water at the intake, thus enabling the system to command a much larger area of land than it would otherwise be able to command, and it reduces the quantity of material to be removed from the main canal heading at the dam. In other words, the higher the dam, the fewer the loads to be taken out of the canal that takes the water away to the irrigation ditches; or the more earth taken out of the canal, the lower would be the height of the dam.

From a scenic point of view, the spot is majestically picturesque. The river makes a sudden bend in the form of a horseshoe, thereby giving a splendid opportunity to build this immense dam and direct the current of water so as to better serve man's requirements.

The amount of excavating and filling-in has been enormous. In order to appreciate the extent of the work, it is necessary to understand that the south or right bank of the river has a gravel beach rising gradually until it forms a tongue between the two legs of the horseshoe. This tongue has a broad flat top several



CONCRETE SECTION OF THE DAM AT BASSANO

hundred feet in width and rises gradually to the general prairie elevation. The general elevation of the surface of this tongue near the river is about twenty-five feet above the bed of the stream.

On this tongue an earth dam has been constructed, to which the spillway structure (river-bed section) has been joined.

The earthen embankment has a maximum height of about forty-five feet, a total length of about 7,000 feet, and at its highest point is 350 feet in width at the base. It will contain about one million cubic yards of earth. The foundation consists of a deposit of river silt over coarse gravel and boulders, which in turn overlies dense blue clay. The structure itself contains more than 40,000 cubic yards of concrete and 2,500,000 pounds of reinforcing steel.

The spillway proper is a reinforced concrete structure of the so-called Ambursen type, consisting of a heavy floor built upon the bed of the river, with suitable cut-off walls at its upstream and downstream edges, and upon this floor parallel buttresses of substantially triangular outline, having a slope on the upstream edge of about forty-five degrees, have been erected. Upon brackets or haunches projecting from the faces of the buttresses and parallel to the upstream edges there are cast concrete slabs forming a deck, terminating at the top of the buttresses in a curvet crest and passing down over the downstream edge of the buttresses in the form of an apron suitably curved to correspond as nearly as possible to the path of the over-fall flood waters. In front of the dam the floor is carried downstream a distance of about ninety feet, forming a tumbling hearth.

In general, the cross section of the spillway is what is known as the Ogee section; it consists of the downstream face of the dam, be-

THE ENTRANCE TO THE CANAL FROM THE DAM

tween the crest and the floor, being constructed in the form of a reverse curve, the lower edge of this curve being tangent to the floor of the structure, so that the overfalling nappe is led down the face of the dam and turned into a horizontal direction tangental to the river bed, with the least possible disturbance, while passing over the face of the structure. The spillway is founded on a deposit of sand, gravel and boulders, overlying a thick stratum of stiff blue clay. At the upper and downstream edges of the structure, as well as at the centre, heavy cut-off walls are being carried down into the clay and well bonded to the body of the carpet.

The spillway is 720 feet long between abutments, with a maximum height of forty feet to the overflow crest, above which eleven feet of water will be retained by emergency gates.

The canal headgates will form an integral part of the spillway structure at its northerly end. They will consist of five openings each of twenty feet, controlled by "Stoney" sluices.

These gates will control the discharge through a main canal of seventy feet bed width, carrying eleven feet of water, and designed to discharge 3,000 cubic feet every second.

The material excavated from the first 13,000 feet of the canal, amounting to about one million yards, is now being transported across the river, over a double track pile trestle bridge, and placed in the earth embankment already described.

At a point about five miles from the canal's intake, an earth dam, 1,280 feet long, of thirty-five feet maximum height, and containing 80,000 cubic yards, is built across the valley, thus forming a tail pool into which the main canal will discharge and from which the branch canals will be fed. From this pool two canals head—the north branch and the east branch. The north branch is the smaller of the two, and it serves the country lying north and

TRESTLE BRIDGE JUST ABOVE THE DAM UNDER CONSTRUCTION

THE BASSANO DAM UNDER CONSTRUCTION

Earth to the extent of millions of square yards was carried across the river from the excavations in the Irrigation Canal, and then dumped down to form the earthen extension of the dam

THE IRRIGATION CANAL ABOVE THE BASSANO DAM

Showing a trainload of earth heading for the river. The earth excavated in making the canal is used in building the dam

west of Mat-zi-win Creek, which is the name applied to this valley. This canal is about thirty feet bed width, carrying about six and a half feet of water. After crossing the railway line, the location of this canal follows the west flank of a deep depression known as Crawling Valley to a point about eight miles north of its intake, where it will cross the valley by a siphon or flume and then run northerly. It will have numerous branches, and will become smaller as the distributaries are thrown off, finally tailing out at the Red Deer River.

The east branch, like the north branch, heads out in the tail pool of the main canal. Its size at the outlet is about seventy feet bed width, carrying 9.3 feet of water. Its general course is south-east, and serves the rest of the country not served by the north branch.

Near Lathom the first branch will take off, crossing the railway and watering a large area between the two forks of the Mat-zi-win Creek. This branch is known as the Spring Hill Canal, and is about thirty-five feet bed width, carrying seven feet of water. The east branch continues south-easterly, reaching the height of land at the head of Antelope Creek. At this point it again forks, the south-easterly branch being known as the Bow Slope Canal, which is about seventeen feet bed width, carrying five feet of water, and serves all the land on the Bow River slope.

There are various branch canals and ditches, making a total of 2,500 miles which can be supplied with water from the main canal at the dam.

The building of the dam has caused the establishment on the bank of the river, close by, of a self-contained community composed of the workmen and their families. Houses have been erected, and there are a

church and a schoolhouse. Many of the householders have planted flowers at the front and in other ways made an effort to have these temporary homes as attractive as possible. The houses are lighted by electricity generated at the dam. While the work has been carried on under various contracts, the whole undertaking has been under the general supervision of Mr. A. S. Dawson, chief engineer of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company's Irrigation Department.

BEAUTY

By ARTHUR STRINGER

MOURN nevermore for Beauty. Sigh no more
Above the tender rose that it must pass.
Lament no more that flowery loveliness
Seems but the prey of Time.

Fear not for this,
Since all these fragile things survive and live.
The nightingale still through the hills of Thrace
Makes music to the moon, though long ago
Their temples and their tombs have passed away.
On crumbling walls and ramparts, once the pride
Of unremembered empires, still return
Spring's asphodels as frail as flakes of snow.

Fear not for such as these, since they, in truth,
Outlive the unguarded granite and its graves.
All beauty has its worth. It is enshrined
In armour stronger than cuirassing steel.
It bears a majesty that makes Death meek.
And robs him of his sting. We hate to bruise
The slender bird, or trample on the rose,
Or soil the snowy-winged anemone.
We ne'er would kill one lightest Doric note
That links us with the childhood of the world.
Ay, loath we are to rend the quiet wings
Of rainbow-coloured moths.

When fragile gifts
Are touched with loveliness we treasure them.
The marble that in Milos once was made
A dream of tender beauty has not died
Through all the centuries: and lovely things
No succour need, and nothing good or bad
More obdurately battles through the dust
Of Time and Death than earth's frail loveliness!

THE EVOLUTION OF MUNICIPAL GOVERNMENT

BY VINCENT BASEVI

PEOPLES in all parts of the civilised world are beginning to realise that cities consist of men and women, and that streets, watermains and sewers are necessary but secondary considerations. During the last half century, what may be termed municipal thought has undergone remarkable evolution. Fifty years ago local governments were occupied in giving more or less attention to roads and to the installation of waterworks. If the wealthier districts of a town were served with sewers, the administration was deemed satisfactory. Then came thoughts of health. Efforts were made, and are still being made, to supply pure, drinkable water in every house. Attention was given to the surfaces of roads as dust became recognised as a danger to health. In addition, efforts have been made in most large cities to connect all buildings with the drainage system. While still in the midst of this second phase of municipal thought, we are advancing one step further. All civilised communities now appreciate the effects of upbringing and surroundings on human beings. Attention is being turned to the housing problem, to the development of social centres, and to the provision of other means calculated to develop high ideals of citizenship.

This progress is a perfectly natural gradation commensurate with the enlargement of industrial centres. Village government called for little more than the provision of a well and the preservation of order. Big cities required more complicated services. In the place of wells, extensive waterworks had to be established. Increased traffic called for better roads. To protect foot-passengers, sidewalks had to be made. Then drainage became necessary. But still village ideas prevailed. Each local authority attended to problems similar to those of a village, but on a larger scale. Then came a faint realisation of the importance of the human factor. Epidemics of typhoid were traced to polluted water. High death rate was attributed to unhealthful living conditions. Subconsciously local governments began to realise that they were, in a measure, responsible for the lives of citizens under their jurisdiction.

Then followed the phase through which we are now passing. Good drinking water is to be available for all, and not only for those who can afford to have ornamental carbon filters in their houses. Roads must be paved so as to reduce danger from dust. Garbage must be kept in covered receptacles and disposed of as rapidly as possible. Drainage must connect with every house. Public services are being constructed so as to stamp out, so far as possible, all breeding grounds of disease. This means that there is a vast

accumulation of arrears of work in all large towns. For such problems required attention when Babylon was built.

However, there is satisfaction in the thought that we have recognised the importance of the health of the community, that we are building cities with due regard for sanitation, and that now we are groping towards still greater problems. Now that drainage, pure water and good roads are admitted necessities, these can be left in the hands of competent staffs of engineers. Such questions should not occupy more time at the meetings of local governing bodies than is necessary to regulate the ordinary financial requirements of each.

In some respects civic administration is more important than national government. It matters little what are the foreign relations of a people or what are its trade conditions, if at the heart there is a cankerous growth nutured on unhealthful living conditions, vicious surroundings and lack of high ideals. No nation can be really great unless it is raising citizens sound in body and mind: men and women fit to play their various parts in life. The main duty of municipal governments is to see that under their jurisdictions conditions obtain helpful to the best development of manhood and womanhood, and conducive to high ideals of citizenship.

First among the new problems is that of housing artisans and other small wage-earners. No man is immune from the effects of surroundings. Slum life produces men and women who are physically and mentally unfit for any sustained effort for their own support. They are unemployables and from the ranks of these are recruited criminals, lawbreakers and persons of loose habits. These constitute a heavy burden on the state. Therefore, from the point of view of sound economy, as well as from that of developing good citizenship, all slums should be cleaned up, and good accommodation at low rentals should be provided, even if this entails some apparent loss to the community. It is to the interest of the nation that every man shall have a chance to bring up his family under healthful and encouraging conditions. Garden suburbs and model tenements, built on healthful lines and kept under strict control, must replace all slums. For the slum is the breeding ground of half the troubles of a nation.

Before leaving this branch of the subject, I will deal briefly with the rooming-house problem. This disastrously evil system is peculiar to the American continent. In all European countries, the young man or woman who goes to a city to earn a living takes lodgings at a house where bedroom and sitting-room are supplied. The landlady cooks for her lodger and waits on him. Here we have some attempt to supply a substitute for home life. But throughout the continent of North America, there is no such comfort for the worker who has no relatives in the city. A dismal bedroom is rented in a rooming-house. All meals have to be eaten in cheap restaurants. What chance has a worker living under these conditions to cultivate feelings of good citizenship or high ideals of life. Such conditions are absolutely soul-destroying. They inflict a maximum of loneliness on an appreciable number of office workers in every city in Canada. And loneliness is responsible for many failures and much misery. Those who now live in rooming-houses will be the fathers and mothers of the next generation. What is being ground into their minds now will be passed on to their children. The rooming-house system would seem to be specially devised to deteriorate the great class of office and store clerks which constitutes some of the best material in the country.

A room in which to sleep, a restaurant at which to feed and the public saloon or poolroom as the common meeting-ground; this is all that certain cities have to offer young men who are doing necessary work. The case of the girl is even harder and more dangerous. Hope added to the buoyancy of youth staves off many failures. But the custom is responsible for much needless suffering and misery, and is the cause of many a ruined life.

Residence clubs would seem to provide the natural solution to this problem. An annual fee of five dollars should give a member use of the public rooms. These would be a restaurant, library, writing-room, recreation room, gymnasium and visitors' room. Then, for a small weekly payment, the member could rent a bedroom on the premises. Meals would be supplied in the restaurant on contract—so many meals for a dollar—as is done in many public cafés. At such a place the stranger in the city would secure board and lodging, recreation and opportunities for social intercourse for the same amount as is now paid for discomfort and loneliness in a rooming-house. Such clubs are needed for girl workers more than for men, the additional protection given being of great value.

Man is naturally a gregarious animal. The isolation of life in a city is unnatural and is brought about by lack of suitable meeting grounds. America leads in the movement to make public schools into centres where the residents of each neighbourhood may meet in the evenings for instruction, social intercourse and recreation. But though American cities lead, they have not gone very far in this direction. Every public school represents a large amount of the people's capital and this outlay is being wasted when a school is used only for a few hours each day during term time. The schools belong to the people and should be used in such a manner that the people may derive the maximum of benefit from them. For the cost of additional janitor services, every school of the continent could be made to serve a double purpose and both these purposes are of the utmost importance to the nations. Good citizenship cannot be acquired by sitting at home. A man must mix with his fellow creatures before he can claim to be a useful member of society. He must learn to appreciate the strength of some and to condone the weakness of others, to sympathise with the unfortunate and to help the needy. In other words, for some hours every day the mind of the nation should be turned from thoughts of dollars to more important subjects.

In every city there are thousands of men and women whose minds are being starved and their development stunted for want of social intercourse and for the opportunity to give and receive human sympathy. The social centre is not a new fad or a fanciful experiment. It is absolutely a national necessity. No one disputes the need for open air playgrounds. Yet the weather is not always fine and warm. Having conceded the playground, in order to be logical, we must establish the social centre.

This leads to the consideration of another aspect of city life which demands attention from governing bodies. To what extent is a council or commission responsible for the amusements provided? Up to the present, the Canadian city has been content to keep a more or less watchful eye on vaudeville theatres and moving picture shows. Little is being done by municipalities to provide clean, elevating entertainment for the public. In Germany this is regarded as one of the duties of a municipality. Quite small towns have their theatres where grand opera is given all the year round by stock companies, and where prices are not adjusted to reserve the house

for any particular class. Canadian cities would be ill-advised to follow slavishly the example of Germany. It would be useless to force on the public a perennial round of grand operas. German cities give the people what they desire and Canadian cities should do likewise. If municipalities were to provide clean, wholesome entertainments at low charges, undesirable performances would be driven out of business. The public likes good music and good acting. It patronises undesirable entertainments for want of alternatives at prices it can afford to pay.

Let us assume that public taste in a particular city favours ragtime music, vaudeville performances and moving pictures. A wise government would provide band performances with programmes arranged to supply ragtime music, with some airs from light operas introduced. Verdi, Gounod and Leoncavallo could be used to pave the way for the cultivation of better taste. Vaudeville performances under municipal control could be made cheap, entertaining and, at the same time, be kept free from all vulgarity. Perhaps the best of all work could be done by establishing moving picture shows under civic control. The amazing popularity of this form of entertainment would give governing bodies golden opportunities to effect good.

To make these purely educational would be to court failure. In the first place, the theatre should be comfortable and well-ventilated. Then films should be selected to amuse, to entertain and occasionally to instruct. Only suggestive pictures should be banned. By degrees the public would demand better class performances. It would lose taste for the cheaper kinds of buffoonery and would ask for more satisfying fare. Still the moving picture show ought to be retained as a vehicle for amusement. If it were turned into a means for imparting instruction or were conducted with the avowed intention of educating public taste, patronage would be transferred to other and perhaps less desirable performances. Man requires more than food, sleep and shelter. He needs relaxation and entertainment. Therefore the wise municipality of the future will take care that wholesome amusement shall be more easily accessible than unmoral and debasing performances.

Wealthy people can surround themselves with all that makes life seem beautiful. Gardens, lawns, well cared for and carefully laid out, galleries of valuable pictures, libraries containing priceless collections of books and examples of graceful statuary; these can be acquired by the rich. But the advantages of such surroundings can be placed also at the service of the poor. Every city should strive to be lovely in order to be lovable. Tree-lined boulevards ornamented with statutary, fine open squares, beautiful parks and stately buildings will have their effect on the character of citizens. Public art galleries and libraries can be of the greatest value, though these seldom wield as much good influence as might be expected from them. An art gallery established for the public should be managed to suit the public taste. Good pictures of a character likely to give pleasure to the least cultivated should predominate. Then special rooms might be reserved for the works of particular schools which might tend to raise the artistic taste of the public. But it is of paramount importance that an art gallery established for the benefit of the public shall be conducted so that the ordinary man may feel welcome and so arranged that he may find beauty within his comprehension.

Most of the public libraries can show excellent collections of books and should prove equal to satisfying the requirements of all kinds and

conditions of men. But here again there is need for atmosphere which shall make the ordinary man feel welcome. The impudence of a supercilious clerk may keep many a man from taking advantage of his public library. The clerk who conducts himself as a civic official installed in the library to order the public about, to reprove, snub and discourage questioning, is the wrong man for the place. Men with tact, patience and sympathy will have to be found for clerkships in public libraries before these institutions can realise their full possibilities. We want to tempt all men to read and study and not only to provide facilities for those who are determined to learn.

With public parks, playgrounds, art galleries and libraries the ordinary citizen can enjoy good influences which in past years have been exclusive privileges of the wealthy. Every citizen can be made to feel that his home town is a place desirable; a city to work for and to be proud of, a real home which he will leave with regret and to which he will want to return when away. This is the spirit from which good citizenship is evolved.

All these new problems are crowding in on the other ones and helping to produce confusion in some cities. Experiments are being made with different forms of government in order to unravel the tangle. The latest of these is the commission. Until problems relating purely to public works have been solved and the lines of solution standardised as far as possible, commission government is not likely to be given trial. But so soon as we are ready to leave details of works to municipal engineers, commision government will have to give place to councils elected every two or three years, and it is doubtful if the members of these councils will be paid for their services. While questions relating to public services predominate, the need is for administrators with business acumen. But the time is not far distant when all such problems will be left in the hands of permanent staffs. Then the human factor problems will come to the front, and to solve these, cities will need the services of men with imagination and sympathy. The real work of city building will begin, and with it will come a demand for the services of leading thinkers in every town. The problems of future municipal politics cannot be left in the hands of unimaginative ruminating animals from the lower ranks of ward politicians, nor are they of such a nature as to be treated to the best advantage by highly paid commissioners. The problems involve the training and development of individual character and thus of the character of cities and nations.

The men who can abolish slum life, beautify their cities and provide facilities for healthful recreation and wholesome amusement for all, will be eradicating crime and abolishing all the influences which tend to produce unemployables and persons of loose character. The ideal community will never be evolved, but there is no reason why, in a modern city, crime, vice and suffering should not be reduced almost to a negligible quantity. Poverty comes where there is no incentive to work. Crime flourishes where there are no examples of the benefits of decent living. Nearly all the troubles to which cities are heirs find their roots in the squalid slums and overcrowded districts.

The solution of these problems will require the services of great statesmen. There are no subjects now being discussed by the parliaments of the world half so important to each nation as the questions arising from living conditions in large cities. These are the chief economic troubles which will have to be settled. Those who undertake the task cannot hope to live to see its completion. Many years of patient toil will be needed to evolve character from the back

lanes and by-ways of great cities, to abolish entirely the slum, and to set up in its place the garden suburb, the model tenement and the co-partnership village. The men who undertake this work should be more honoured by their fellow citizens than those who sit in parliaments to discuss, more or less amiably, the monotonous round of national business. And when such honour is accorded to local administrators, the leading thinkers in each town will be found in the councils.

A SONG OF POPPIES

BY VIRNA SHEARD

I LOVE red poppies! Imperial red poppies!
Sun-worshippers are they;
Gladly as trees live through a hundred summers
They live one little day.

I love red poppies! Impassioned scarlet poppies!
Ever their strange perfume
Seems like an essence brewed by fairy people
From an immortal bloom.

I love red poppies! Red, silken, swaying poppies!
Deep in their hearts they keep
A magic cure for woe—a draught of Lethe—
A lotus-gift of sleep.

I love red poppies! Soft silver-stemmed, red poppies.
That from the rain and sun
Gather a balm to heal some earth-born sorrow,
When their glad day is done.

THE END OF THE STORY

BY DONALD MACDONALD

THE fourth mate, the ship's cook and the yogi sat under an awning on a strip of sandy coast and talked of the sea which had been the cause of half their trouble. At their backs, supporting the awning, stood a meagerly furnished shack, their temporary home. A little to one side, beyond the water's farthest reach, ranged six graves, parallel to the sea and partly shaded by a row of scraggly palms.

Less than a week before a ship had gone down in a storm off the Bahama banks. The mate, the cook and the wise man had escaped in a boat, to be picked up later by a fishing schooner and landed at a Florida town. There had been a fourth sailor, but he had died of the dreaded blue plague soon after reaching port. So his companions had been hurried to the pest house, where they now were, with a hospital orderly who had volunteered to remain by them during the period of incubation and attend them in case they were stricken with the terrible disease.

The mate and the cook were men of only average intelligence, but the yogi had been a person of distinction in the tropical village from which he came. He was a man of intellectual attainments and had shipped in the humble capacity of captain's servant in order to see the world and add to his store of knowledge.

The sun had gone down in the stunted scrub oaks, and the air grew chill. The three men moved inside the shack and drew up to the table where the orderly sat reading. He closed his book presently and questioned them concerning the world as they had seen it. As the evening wore on they began telling stories to relieve the tedium of their confinement. When it came the mate's turn he said:

"This is the story I heard in Mozambique in the drinking-house of Louis, the old Frenchman. It was told by a Dutch trader in pearls, and concerns the kingdom of Ecbahambra on the east coast of Africa. Perhaps it will interest you.

"The king of Ecbahambra is said to be a progressive and broad-minded man, whose highest aim in life is to lift his people out of their semi-barbarous condition. He has instituted many reforms, but perhaps his most worthy act was the suppression of the opium vice.

"Chinese merchants in great junks used to call at Ecbahambra to trade with the natives, and it was they who introduced the smoking of opium. The vice spread so rapidly that it threatened to demoralise the whole tribe, and the king saw that he must adopt drastic measures to crush it. So, after much thought, he decreed that every person found guilty of using the drug should die. After one or two exceptions the habit was checked, although many people still smoked in secret.

"Now the king had three wives, after the custom of his country, who were known as the great queen, the middle queen, and the little queen. The great queen was the favourite

with the monarch. She had been given to him by a neighbouring ruler and was the most beautiful and most hated woman in the country. The other queens hated her because of her beauty. The chief men of the kingdom hated her because of her influence with the king.

"So she lived a miserable life, tormented by her enemies and the victim of innumerable intrigues to overthrow her. The lesser queens set their maids to watch her and the chief men placed spies in the royal household to report everything which she did. They all hoped to detect her in some wrong-doing and thus accomplish her downfall.

"Unknown to the king the great queen became a victim of the opium habit. Even after he issued his edict of death she continued in the use of the drug. In time knowledge of her vice came to the middle and the little queen. They talked the matter over in private and resolved to tell the chief men what they had heard concerning their rival, because they dared not accuse her openly to their royal husband."

The fourth mate paused abruptly in his story and the other men looked up in wonder. They saw a blue pallor over his face, his eyes rolled in their sockets and he half fell across the table. When they raised his head he was already unconscious, and in half an hour he was dead. Thus quickly does the blue plague strike down its victim.

The orderly telephoned to the town officials, who directed him to dig a grave and bury the corpse at once. So the two remaining sailors and the attendant turned up the loose sand under the palms and when the body was cold covered it from sight.

The next day the two sailors hardly spoke a word. The sudden leave-taking of their comrade, and fears for their own safety, cast a terrible gloom over their minds. When the orderly could endure the silence no longer he remarked: "It's too bad the mate didn't finish his story. It promised to be interesting. I wonder if the great queen was executed."

Whereupon the ship's cook said sadly: "I have heard the story, and will finish it for you. It was told in the little wine shop kept by the Irishman, Burke, at the Port of the Two Seas."

"Good," said the orderly. "To tell the truth, I became quite interested in the queen's fate."

"The chief men," began the cook, "after hearing of the great queen's disobedience, went to the ruler and asked, 'Has not the king decreed that every person who smokes opium shall be beheaded?'

"'Even so,' replied the king.

"'Are the royal laws enforced against the poor and the weak alone?' they demanded.

"'They are to be executed against all alike, with favour to none,' answered the monarch.

"'Then why is it,' asked the chief men triumphantly, 'that the great queen is permitted to smoke and go unpunished?'

"When the king heard this he was speechless with fear. He dismissed the chief men with a wave of his hand, sent for his beautiful wife and asked if it was true what the people said about her. She kissed his foot in token of submission to his will and said that she could not deny it.

"Of course, the king was anxious to save his favourite queen, because he loved her and because he knew that her death would cause strife with the neighbouring chieftain, whose daughter she was. But, being a just king, he could not set aside his law, even to spare the queen and save his country from war.

"Hoping to find a way out of the difficulty he called together his five councillors and asked them if it were possible to save the queen. He was willing to make any sacrifice if only she might live. The councillors considered the matter gravely for a whole day and then decided that the

law could not be revoked even to save the chief queen.

"But the king was a man of great resource. He called the two priests of the palace temple and asked them to extricate him from his position. It happened that one of the priests hated the great queen because she had such power over the monarch and he longed to see her removed even by death. The other loved the king and resolved that his favourite wife should not be executed.

"The priests arbitrated disputes and foretold future events by examining the entrails of a freshly slain bullock. So each killed a young bull in the light of the new moon and studied the entrails till the sun rose. The one who hated the queen reported that the signs read in the entrails pointed to her death. But the priest who loved the king said that the omens were favourable to the queen."

Unnoticed by the orderly, who was deeply interested in the story, the cook's voice had grown weaker and weaker till it finally died away in a groan. His arms fell to his knees, his pipe dropped from his lips, and the blue pallor crept over his face. The attendant sprang to his side and administered his most powerful medicines. But the cook never spoke again. In a few moments he ceased breathing, his features relaxed from their horrible grimace, and he was still.

The orderly immediately telephoned his death to the town and then took the yogi outside to scoop out the second grave. When the cook was buried beside the fourth mate under the palms the orderly and the remaining sailor returned to the shack and sat solemny through the night.

After they had breakfasted and drunk a little wine to cheer them, the orderly said, "I'm sorry the cook didn't finish the story. Now I shall never know the end, and I am much interested in the fate of the queen."

The yogi looked up and answered quietly, "I, too, have heard the story and will finish it for you. The first mate told it to the captain one night while we lay at anchor in Delagoa Bay."

"Good," said the orderly relieved. Then a great doubt suddenly filled his mind. "But you may die like the others before you reach the end, so make the story short."

"I promise to finish it," said the yogi seriously.

"Very well, then. Go ahead."

So the wise man began: "The king was now in a worse quandary than ever. Never before had the priests differed in their readings of the entrails. If he accepted the favourable omen, and discarded the other, the people would say that he had spared the queen because he loved her. Yet he could not bring himself to order the execution. Being a very determined man, however, he would not yield while one hope remained.

"On the Mount of the Moon, the highest peak in Ecbahambra, lives a hermit, a very holy man, who worships the Queen of Night. He eats no flesh and spends the hours between sunrise and sunset in prayer. In former years his word was greater than the king's, and even now it is held in reverence. The king, in his extremity, thought of the hermit and resolved to seek his help.

"The whole court made a three-days' journey to the summit of the mountain and the monarch begged the holy man to intervene in behalf of the beautiful queen. The hermit listened to the king's trouble, thought on the matter for two nights, and finally said, 'On the day following the full of the moon go to the temple gardens and watch the sacred white elephant. If he sneezes three times between sunrise and sunset, the great queen may live.'

"The sacred white elephant," explained the yogi, "is worshipped by the people of Ecbahambra as if he were a god. He is kept in the temple garden day and night, chained to a huge pillar of stone. Once a month,

when the moon is full, he decides great questions of state by the drooping of an eyelid or the swish of his tail.

"The king and his retinue journeyed back to the capital and waited till the time of the full moon. On the following day a great crowd of people had gathered in the gardens to witness the final test of the king.

"About an hour after the sun appeared the elephant rose from his knees, lifted his trunk high in the air, and sneezed so loudly that the children cried out in fear. The king, who was watching from a pavilion, was delighted, and sent word immediately to his favourite spouse that she was one-third saved.

"Then the people waited in silence. Noon passed and the white elephant had not sneezed again. The king, greatly worried, hastened to the palace to consult the chief queen. Now the queen was a person of even greater resource than her husband. When she heard that the sacred elephant had sneezed only once, and saw that the day was half spent, she said, 'Prepare some new hay from the sweet grass which grows in the river bottoms, sprinkle it full of snuff, and give it to the elephant.'

"So the king ordered his servants to cut a bundle of the sweet-smelling grass and they hastened to obey him. While it was still wet he sprinkled snuff on it unseen by the court officials, and offered it to the elephant. The great beast had scarcely begun to eat it when he suddenly lifted his trunk and before he could rise to his feet sneezed so terribly that his breath fell on the people like rain. The king laughed loudly and sent word to his waiting wife that she was two-thirds saved.

"But after that the elephant refused to eat the hay.

"They watched all that afternoon. Once the elephant rose from his knees, stretched out his trunk as if to sneeze, and sank down again without making a sound. Twice he did this and the king was very angry. He would have ordered his soldiers to spear the beast, but he feared the people.

"At last the sun rested on the top of a low hill in the west and began to disappear. Only a few moments of the day remained. The elephant had sneezed twice and the king was beside himself with rage. He walked up and down before the elephant muttering savage threats—"

The orderly, who was now wholly engrossed in the story and watched every word as it came from the yogi's lips, saw the old man's mouth contorted in a hideous grin. An instant later the fatal blue pallor suffused his face and his whole body began to tremble. The attendant sprang up and treated him as he had treated the fourth mate and the ship's cook. While he forced stimulants between the rigid jaws he shrieked to the dying man, "Wait a minute, wait. You can't die till you finish the story. Remember your promise. Did the elephant sneeze again?" But his frantic appeals fell on unheeding ears. The last sailor was dead and the story was still unfinished.

The yogi buried, the orderly was compelled to remain in the pest house until the period of incubation for the disease had passed. As no symptoms of the plague developed, he was soon back at his work in the hospital. But he was greatly changed. Living alone in the shack that had witnessed the death of the three sailors he had brooded over the story left uncompleted by the fourth mate, the ship's cook and the yogi, and agonised over the fate of the great queen till his mind had become morbidly affected. His friends could not diagnose his malady, but thought that he was suffering from melancholia brought on by his horrible death watch.

During his absence from the hospital a new nurse had been received. It was her custom once a week to give amateur demonstrations in spiritualism for the entertainment of the

other nurses and the internes. One evening the orderly attended a seance out of curiosity. The nurse placed his hands on a slate and told him to think of a question. But the poor fellow, his thoughts ever brooding on the fate of the African queen, disregarded her instructions. After a while the nurse lifted his hands, turned over the slate, and said playfully, "Let's see what's written." This is what they read:

"The sun had sunk so low behind the hill that the eye could gaze on it without watering, when the elephant rose from his knees, stretched out his trunk to its full length, and sneezed for the third time."

And thus the yogi fulfilled his promise.

IN AN AUTUMN GARDEN

BY ISABEL ECLESTONE MACKAY

TO-NIGHT the air discloses
Souls of a million roses,
And ghosts of hyacinths that died too soon;
From Pan's safe-hidden altar
Dim wraiths of incense falter
In waving spiral, making sweet the moon!

Aroused from fragrant covers,
The vows of vanished lovers
Take voice in whisperings that rise and pass;
Where the crisped leaves are lying
A tremendous, low sighing
Breathes like a startled spirit o'er the grass.

Ah, Love! in some far garden,
In Arcady or Arden,
We two were lovers! Hush—remember not
The years in which I've missed you;
For, yesterday, I kissed you
Beneath this haunted moon! Have you forgot?

CHURCH AND STAGE

BY BRIAN BELLASIS

"A MAN is known by the company he keeps," and to a certain extent the old-fashioned London cabby became known according to the "fares" he carried. Cabs are used by all sorts and conditions of men, and cabmen in general come into contact with a pretty varied assortment of people. An old and experienced cabby has, perhaps, a wider knowledge and better judgment of human nature than any other being in the world. But, for all that, cabmen fall into a groove. Certain cabs and certain cabmen come to be used almost exclusively by certain classes of people, and the cabby's outlook on the world is influenced accordingly.

There was a certain member of the Green Lawn Club—the little cab-shelter on the Embankment—the driver of a four-wheeler, who was known by the title of 'Oly William. The reason for this name puzzled me not a little, for he was a gentleman with as florid a vocabulary as any in the Club, while he was inclined to be even more than ordinarily intemperate.

At first I thought the name a mere sarcastic paradox, until one morning about four o'clock, I found 'Oly William almost foaming at the mouth in a frenzied discussion of the doctrine of predestination with Juggins, who was an avowed agnostic.

Later, when I saw 'Oly William on the rank, light broke upon me. He and his horse were slumbering peacefully at that "stand for hackney carriages" adjacent to the Whitefield Tabernacle at the top of Tottenham Court Road. A little adroit following up of this clue at the Club put me in possession of 'Oly William's history. He had used that "rank" from time immemorial and had carried practically every famous nonconformist preacher who had ever drawn crowds to the Tabernacle. He expressed to me his firm conviction that no clergyman of any creed could even see his cab without hailing it and being driven somewhere.

"'Course, me bein' up there right in a religious 'ot-bed, as you may say, it's only natural as I should git a good few parsons. But some 'ow it don't seem to matter what part of London I'm in, there's always a parson croppin' up to wave 'is humbreller at me. 'Bout thirty year ago, when I fust started, I got sick and tired of it, but it wasn't no use. I 'ad to give in, and now I 'ardly like to take a fare 'oo 'asn't got a white tie and a black pancake 'at.

"When I ain't up at Whitefield's I uses the Strand by Exeter 'All, or takes a pitch by the City Temple. But it don't matter where I am. If I'm down Whitechapel way, I get a bloomin' chief Rabbi. If I'm up at 'Ammersith, I pick up a brace of Greek Patriarchs. Why, larst week, when I was goin' 'ome to the mews, I picked up a Chinaman in White'all 'oo, I 'eard afterwards, was some sort of priest at the Embassy in Portland Place. On'y becos I 'appened to be laid up at the time, I missed takin' Dowie from 'is place in Euston Road—time the crowd broke the winders of the keb and nearly 'ad the old boy out.

"I've drove Spurgeon and R. J. Campbell and Cardinal Newman and Torrey and Alexander, and as for bishops!—well, if you looks in the keb you'll see 'ow the front of the cushion's all wore out through rubbin' again the buttons on their gaiters. If I wos to go to Frawnce and drive a fiakker, the fust fare I'd get would be the Pope 'isself.

"So, you see, sir, 'ow I couldn't 'elp gittin' a sort of knowledge of religion and such matters, till it's become a sort of 'obby wiv me. Why, about ten years ago I even bought four vollums of sermons orf a barrer in Farrin'don Road, and I've pretty near finished readin' of them now. 'Fact, religion wiv me's a kind of 'abit. I even find it 'ard to get the old 'orse past a street corner preacher or a Salvation Army meetin' e's that interested."

The Bishop of London was not in favour with 'Oly William, owing to the fact that he patronised 'busses and the underground; indeed, he disapproved of modern ecclesiastics in general.

"I don't know wot things is comin' to wiv curicks and bishops travellin' in 'ansom kebs—it ain't respectable. Nothink under four wheels was considered dignified enough when I started." And he would shake his head mournfully over the decay of religious ideals.

William's connection with the "cloth" was never envied. Curates and old ladies are reputed to entertain the ridiculous idea that a man may get dangerously intoxicated on any sum over one penny, and certain bishops are credited with an almost uncanny knowledge of what is the exact legal fare between almost any points in London.

A good connection with the stage was looked upon in a very different light. Many members of the Club, especially those with a taste for night work, hardly carried any but actors and actresses and "blokes from the 'alls"—before the days when a sixty h.p. car had become requisite and necessary to any self-respecting music-hall "artiste." The trade was profitable to a tactful man.

"There's Tree, f'r instance," said Curly, the debonair driver of a spick and span hansom. "'E 'ardly ever waits for change if you treat 'im proper. Say "'ome, sir?' when he gits in, and when 'e gits out try and say a bit about 'avin' seen the show from the gods and bein' sorry you won't be able to drive 'im tomorrer night 'cause you can't keep from goin' again Then its, "'Ere's a suvrin, my man, bring your sweet-'eart wiv you.'"

This was before the great Beerbohm became "Sir 'Erbert."

"There's 'ardly any of 'em but likes bein' reckernised. I mind the fust time as I ever drove Tree. I was noo to London and 'ardly knoo and faces, and when a bloke 'ailed me in the 'Aymarket and gets in sayin' "'Ome,' very dignified, I was that took aback that I just drove on up towards Piccadilly wonderin' what to do next."

"When we got to the Circus, I leant over and lifted up the trap. 'E was lollin' over in the corner lookin' 'arf asleep. '*Where* did you say, sir?' I says. "'Ome,' 'e grunts out, very fierce at bein' disturbed; and there was I not knowin' wevver 'e lived in Park Lane or Tootin' Bec Common."

"Top of Regent Street I raised the trap again for I was gittin' desprit. 'Where *is* your 'ome, sir?' I says timid like. 'E didn't flare up and roar at me like what I expected; 'e was lookin' sort of quiet and dreamy and 'e just looks up wiv 'is eyes 'arf shut and 'e says, 'Why?' 'e says, 'Why should I tell a perfect stranger the whereabouts of my beautiful 'ome?' 'Strewth, I nearly fell orf of me dickey, and I've never rightly know wevver 'e was 'avin' a game wiv me all the time.

"Well, there's actors and there's actors," said Juggins reflectively,

"and you never know your luck. Sometimes its suvrins and 'arf suvrins and sometimes—well, larst night I took a party of six all the way to Bedford Park and all they could raise between 'em was one and thrippence in coppers and a gun-metal matchbox wiv a nimitation turkwas in it. There ain't such a lot in actors."

Still, for all Juggins's scorn of The Profession I shall never forget his behaviour one sad morning seven years ago.

The Club was nearly full. Nine or ten pipes contributed to the acrid blue fog in the little shelter, and Corkey was singing cheerfully in his little kitchen to a spluttering accompaniment of sausages. Ginger George was relating a scandal in high life on which he had obtained sidelights through the trap in the roof of his hansom while carrying a couple from Regent Street to Park Lane, and the members were punctuating his narrative with marks of appreciation by beating with cawfy mugs on the narrow table in front of them. I had seldom seen the little cluster of cabmen in better form.

Then, about three o'clock, Juggins entered. He said nothing, but there was that in his face which broke off Ginger George's story in the middle of a sentence. Corkey in his kitchen noticed the sudden silence and his whistling ceased as Juggins raised the flapped table and squeezed into a seat.

"Sir 'Enery gorn at last," he said simply, and Battersea Bob, whose hat was upon his head, removed it quickly. "Died in 'arness. 'E'd just finished doin' Becket when 'e keeled over and croaked be'ind the scenes. I'd took a bloke dahn to Fleet Street, and the night gateman at the D'ily M'il give me the noos. We'll never see 'is like, mates. If ever there was a actor 'oo was a gentleman it was sir 'Enry Irving, Gawd knows what the stage'll do wivout 'im."

There were no more stories that morning and every man's pipe was knocked out and put away. The older cabmen spoke of the dead actor almost with awe. Only two or three of them, it seemed, had seen him act, but nearly all had driven him and spoke of his kindliness and generosity.

"Time my wife 'ad 'er fust twins," said Battersea Bob, "'E bloomin' well saved 'er life. Noticed I was lookin' worried-like, and made me take 'im raand to our kip. Sent me orf to the 'ospital for a trained nuss and went aht and got port wine and saw 'er pulled through when the doctor 'ad given 'er up. . . . And nah 'e's gorn.

"Many and many's the times I've took 'im to the Lyceum in the old days. Always 'arf a suvrin no matter where I'd picked 'im up. Rahnd the corner in the Strand or up by 'is 'ouse at 'Ammersmith, it was always 'arf a suvrin just the same—or a suvrin if 'e 'adn't 'arf a thick 'un on 'im. But I'd a drove 'im for nothink and prahd to do it—Gawd bless 'im."

When I left, an hour later, a proposal was on foot to raise a monster subscription, and, I if remember rightly, there was a very fine wreath from London cabmen at Sir Henry's funeral.

There was one cabman who specialised in lawyers, but he, unfortunately, I never met, though I heard rumours of his choice anecdotes of various legal lights and Sir 'Enery 'Awkins in particular—since he was a popular favourite, regarded with a sort of fearful affection.

But these "classified clienteles" arose chiefly by accident or fate. Salt Water Jim was the only member of the Club who, by his own confession, deliberately specialised in one class of fare.

"When I follered the sea I came in contrack wiv a lot of foriners," he explained, "so when I took to steerin' a 'orse and keb I laid myself out to get forin' fares what I knoo I

could please through knowin' their 'abits.

"I ain't a privileged kebman"—a cabman, that is, with the name of a station blazoned on his cab and the privilege of standing in the courtyard of a station—"but I works round Euston and Waterloo and 'ere at Charing Cross and nearly always I picks up Americans and foriners or Colonials like you, sir. You see, I've brought my 'ead into the business. When I sees a Namerican I says, 'Want a 'ack, Colonel? Only twelve cents a mile!" or 'On'y fifty cents to the 'Otel Cecil!' and when I think a gent's a Australian I says 'My oath!' loud enough for 'im to 'ear, or if 'e's a Canadian I says, 'Oh, hell! Holy Mike!' to the 'orse. That fetches 'em nearly every time. There ain't nothink more attractive in a forin land than to 'ear someone usin' the 'omely expressions of your own country. . . . I know a bit of French and Spanish too, and when a Frenchy 'ears me call the 'orse a *sacre cochon d'enfer* its like a breath of 'ome to 'im and 'e 'ops into the keb as grateful for a friendly word as if I was 'is brother. . . ."

I glanced at my watch and turned to get my hat, but spun round again indignantly as a hoarse voice bellowed in my ear:

"Twenty-three for youse. So you're goin' to beat it, you bone-headed mutt?"

Salt Water Jim was regarding me with a proud smile: "I thought that 'ud please you," he said amiably. "Regular 'omelike, ain't it?"

A faint "Oh, you kiddo!" followed me into the gray dawn.

QUEEN O' THE MAY

BY ETHEL HAMILTON-HUNTER

THE sun was setting.

The Sheriff's officer paused before he entered the tiny cottage. He was unlike most officials in that he possessed a kindly heart.

The little, old woman, sitting in the semi-darkness, crooned audibly, her poor withered hands crossed upon her tattered shawl.

"Mabbe t' da', mabbe to-morro'. Oh, sad be the hour that sees the widda left without a home. . . . Thirty year since I staked the wee bit o' fence an' railed the pond at the end o' the field. . . . I mind the da' well. . . . Thirty—"

"Evening, mother."

Out of the darkness emerged the shrunken figure.

"Same t' you."

"You know my business?"

"Aye! Be it to-morro'—whin?"

"To-night. There is no alternative."

"Thank ye kindly. I'll be ready whin—hush! ! !"

The patient hopelessness of her accent struck him.

"Have you no kindred, mother, no one to help you when the years have left you weak and lone?"

She did not answer him for a moment.

Then he noticed she had pushed a chair towards him, dusting it with her withered palm, and motioned him to sit down.

Outside a green country stretched for miles and miles beneath a pink-gray sky.

Not a human being could be seen. Lonely mountains faced the west; lonely boglands spread to meet the east.

Down the vale the thatched roof of a cottage rose above the sloping pasture. Above, upon the hillside, a group of cattle rested.

"Hush!" said the old woman again, shading her eyes as she looked toward the horizon. "Hush, say no word—she is comin' home."

She leaned forward in a listening attitude and called clearly:

"Babeen! Babeen! Babeen! Acushla Babeen! ! !" And as if in answer to her cry, far away the faint jingle of bells resounded.

The Sheriff's officer drew out his pipe. He saw discretion was the better part of valour. Duty must be fulfilled, but in the meanwhile he saw no objection to a smoke and a chat; also he was interested in the bells.

"I hear their jingle, mother." His voice almost contained a challenge.

"Aye! aye! they be a long way off, but I know that she is comin'," and the old woman smiled sweetly.

"She has been away two days now. Everything is ready, even the ass. I was only waitin' for her, sir. Deary me! I love every inch of the wee place, an' I have struggled harrd to kape it, but I can't. . . . There now, thim few tears is nothin'. . . . I niver was wan for cryin'. But me little home. . . . Thirty year we come here, me auld man an' me, afther bein' marrit be Father Connellen. I was no slip of a colleen thin; but I was a tidy, honest woman, an' Jem was all that, an' gude an' kind as well. We worrked early an'

late. Glory be to God, thim was happy days. . . . Thin little Babeen came. . . . Quare name, sir. Jem heard it at the big house where he worrked yander. The poor Master! Sure his death, an' the break op af the family was our ruin. . . . Well, sir, she was a wee bonny bit o' beauty, with her fair hair an' big blue eyes, they luke sorriful like now, sir, but they was full of laughter then.

"Jem an' me was clane daft about her, she was so terrble cute. One af th' ladies up yander taught her booke-larnin, an' she could read an' write beautiful. Poor Miss Molly! God rest her soul! She was very fond of Babeen. . . . I mind the da' well she came over and tauld me all about the grand fete they was goin' to have. There was to be a big tent full of children actin' and singin'. . . . We want Babeen most particular says she to me, to dress up, says she, as Queen o' the May. . . . Excuse the tears, sir. Poor little colleen! Poor little colleen!"

The old voice brake. The wrinkled hands were clenched with anguish.

"We thought it was splendid, sir, to see her all dressed in white with a wreath of flowers in her hair, poor child, poor child!"

She was crying now, her tears falling upon the dirty apron that fain would have wiped them away.

"Aye, aye, sir; surely this is a sorriful life. . . . I watched her full af life run across the fields, a little book of verses in her hand. Ah, sir! she was niver to come back the same. I kept thinkin' af her all day, longin' for her, and whin I seen her cross the stile in the evening', me poor hearrt jumped with joy. I saw her runnin' like one mad. . . . Mad, sir, did I say? Aye, whin our poor darlin' cum home she was quite, quite mad. . . . How did it happen? Well, I'll tell ye. At the end of the wood there's a small cottage. Old Mahony and his son lived there. The son was a wee bit daft, but no wan thought he would ever do any harrm. Well, sir, Babeen, as far as we know, stopped to speak to him. There must have been a rid poker in the fire, for it seems out he run. . . . Our poor little lass got away; t'orror or God, sir, kept her runnin'. Some min hearred a scrame and caught the poor daft man. But Babeen—hush! For here she be? 'Tis a rale sad sight; she thinks she's a colleen still an' Queen o' the May; an' she keeps on singin' the verses she learrnt wid Miss Molly. . . . The bells, sir? Ah! 'twor my own thought. Whin she wanders aff I can find her easy; they're fastened to her dress. . . . Babeen! Babeen! Babeen! Acushla Babeen! ! !"

The Sheriff's officer drew in his feet (they reached almost to the door) and leaned forward. A figure was passing up the littl e path and a voice was singing:

"I'll sleep so sound all night, mother,
that I shall never wake,
If ye do not call me loud whin the da'
begins to break;
But I must gather knots o' flowers, an'
buds an' garlands gay,
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother,
I'm to be Queen o' the May."

"Babeen! Babeen!" the old woman called again, holding out her arms, but still the voice kept on singing:

"He thought I was a ghost, mother, for
I was all in white,
An' I ran by him widout spaking', like
a flash o' light.
They call me cruel-hearrted, but I care
not what they say,
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother,
I'm to be Queen o' the May."

"Auchla! Acushla! Have ye cum?"

The Sheriff's officer rose and bowed respectfully.

A tall, pale-faced woman had entered and stood watching him, it seemed, with eyes filled with deep, calm scorn.

Nothing wild, nothing strange marked her except a tattered piece of white veiling about her head.

She carried a wreath of flowers in her hand, and when the old woman

asked her to shake hands with the gentleman she did so as artlessly as a little child.

"You were singing," he said; "'tis a pretty song."

"It be the Queen's song," she said, raising her head proudly, with all the dignity of a monarch.

The old woman rose slowly and, taking her daughter's hand led her towards a low chair.

"Sit down, Acushla," she said gently, "we are goin' out you an' me, an' mabbe ye be tired. . . . I'll jist go round for the ass, sir. Everything is in the cart. The wee sticks o' furniture, I guve to Patsy Hooligan. Me brother John will share what he has with us. He lives over yon hill. It won't take us long to get there. Hungry? No, I don't think so, sir. I put food in her pocket, an' she ates berries as well . . . . Thank ye, thank ye, I mind only for *her*. . . . Whoa, Neddie! stop aten now an' cum along."

Long shadows stretched beneath the trees.

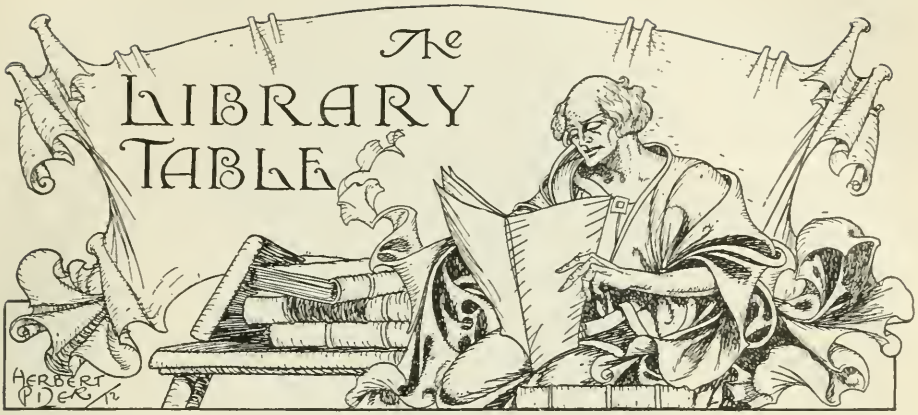
It was almost dark when the little cart and its occupants moved off.

Above the stillness echoed the jumble of wheels. Once or twice the jingle of bells sounded.

The man stood and listened—

"The night winds cum an' go, mother,
upon the meadow grass,
An' the happy stars above them seem to
brighten as they pass;
There will not be a drrop o' rain the
whole o' the livelong day,
An' I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother.
I'm to be——"

He could hear no more. Only a distant jumbling sound.



ONE would think almost that Arcadia has been found at last in "The Happy Garden," which is the delightful production, in book form, of Mary Ansell, and apparently her work as well in the form of the real garden which she describes. This author gives one a new view of gardening, and one reads her book with a feeling that here after all is the great art. Of gardeners and gardening she observes:

"They can carry out without really grasping the significance of what they are doing, and often grumble until the scheme is carried out. If it succeeds, they forget the designer, as the actor forgets the dramatist and the musician the composer. If it fails, they do not conceal their rejoicing. . . .

"Half a garden is almost worse than none. Really, to create a garden, it is necessary a fling ambition, social pleasures, to reduce natural responsibilities to a minimum, and, if you are a man, to retire on a certain income. If you are a woman, then marry an artist, an author, or a clergyman, and make it clear to him that your garden is to be the central idea of both your lives, stipulate for an adequate allowance to meet the temptations of the autumn catalogues, select your friends, discard your acquaintances, and set to work.

"Such a programme sounds monstrously selfish, but, indeed, gardening is a very serious business, as serious as literature, or stocks and shares, and much more serious than most of the professions, and it has the blessing that no money can be made out of it. In other arts there is the dreadful necessity of pleasing the publisher or the picturedealer. . . ."

The book is splendidly illustrated. (Toronto: Cassell & Company).

*

OF the making of doggerel there seems to be no end—in Canada. It is actually a lean month when we have no opportunity to remark the publication of some set of bad verses that pass amongst the author's friends and then fade into oblivion. But the most astounding collection of all, with one or two exceptions, is "Canadian Heart Songs," by Charles Wesley McCrossan. The introductory stanza sets the pace:

"God save our Empire King!
We his dominions sing,
God save our King!
Ever united we,
With England o'er the sea,
For his supremacy,
God save our King!"

There is no chance of the King being saved if we continue in serious form such pretence at poetry as this. But even that is far from the worst. We find in this book many small patriotic outbursts of which "Canada, our Native Land" is a good example:

"O Canada! Our native land thou art!
We sing of thee and gladness fills our heart.
Thou art a child of Britain's throne, an empire vast and free.
We'll fight for king, and native land, and glorious liberty!
God bless our land!
God save our King!
Thou God of battles, we Thy praises sing.
Thou God of battles, we Thy praises sing."

The last stanza of the contribution immediately preceding this effusion shows that in the author's estimation the Deity is a many-sided being, because, instead of the "God of Battles" he is here referred to as

"The Wonderful, the Counsellor, the Ever-Mighty God
Who, manifest in Jesus Christ man's sin-cursed road hath trod,
The Everlasting Father and the Prince of peace divine, ..."

Many of our so-called poets pour out a regular deluge of this sort of irresponsible verbiage, and the only things they seem to study are the variations they play upon sentiments of reverence and patriotism that are, though conventional, ancient and lamentably commonplace. And, what is worse still, the book sells well, so we are told, and many persons buy it thinking they are getting literature of a high order. Doubtless the author means well, but apparently he has not waited to think about consistency. "We'll fight for King and native land and glorious liberty!" he shouts in one breath, and with the next he exclaims:

"I've studied England as she is; have seen her with my eyes;
Had glimpses of her poverty—a terrible surprise!
I've seen her working millions, paid but scarce a living wage;
Seen greed and pride and hunger filling men with hate and rage.

"'Tis not the German Emperor that England needs to fear;
But foes within, like caste, and greed, and poverty, and beer.
These caused the revolution that once soaked poor France in blood.
They're rampant now in England, like a surging, seething flood."

In another effort this author asks,

"O Canada, fair Canada!
Shall not thine Empire look on thee
As on one who's reached maturity?
Wilt thou not, as a child full grown,
Fight side by side with Britain's throne,
Flesh of her flesh, bone of her bone,
By land and sea, with force thine own?"

The word "throne" may be in rhyme with "grown" and "bone," but it is a long time since we have seen a throne fighting or even a British sovereign going out to battle. Stuff like this should not be printed, because it has no merit as verse and but little reason as prose. Loyalty and patriotism are good things in their own way, but why will our poets and our not even "near" poets keep on harping on the old, played-out strains of war and fighting and the God of Battles? Theirs is a decadent sentiment, but it dies hard. Why do they keep it alive? Why do the publishers help them? (Toronto: William Briggs.)

*

NO writer whose work we have encountered of late seems to equal Leonard Merrick in giving the impression that he writes about himself. We find this to be so in many of his short stories—"The Man Who Understood Women," for instance—but it is "Cynthia" especially that we have in mind. Undoubtedly Mr. Merrick, in this book at least, has let in some of his own personal experience; for it is the story of a young novelist, or rather the wife of a young novelist—*Cynthia*. *Cynthia*, one would infer at the outset, is a light-headed creature, while the young husband, the author, is a clever writer who has been fascinated by the girl's freshness and naïveté. *Cynthia* is "a daughter of the Philistines," and as such, at the outset at least, one is induced to pity her. But as the story develops the pity goes over to the young author, who after all for downright unselfishness and elevation of character is put to shame by the young

MR. LEONARD MERRICK

An English writer whose books are now being widely read in America

wife whom he has inwardly deplored as a burden upon his opportunities. Many wives have passed lives of absolute devotion to their husbands and their homes, while the husbands in the full bloom of egotism have considered themselves martyrs. "Cynthia" exposes such a situation. The book is written in Mr. Merrick's clever style and characteristic humour and is withal a serious consideration of a phase of domestic infelicity that is only too common nowadays. The tale entitled "The Man Who Understood Women" gives title to a volume of short stories by Mr. Merrick. As readers of this author know, Mr. Merrick himself is regarded as one who understands women, and reviewers acknowledge that he does. They give him a higher place in this branch of knowledge than Solomon was willing to take, but the inaptness of the application of this story may, after all, apply to Mr. Merrick. At any rate, in the story the young author who is credited with so profound a knowledge of women shows in the end that there was one woman whom he did not understand at all—the very one of all others whom he should have understood. But this story is very different from the one entitled "The Suicides in the Rue Sombre," a title that smacks of Poe. However, the story itself might have been written by Daudet. Left to the mercy of many writers, its amusing situations would become grotesque. Even at its worst there is a comic side to the picture of two men coming to the same deserted house to hang themselves—one because he could no longer bear to live with his wife, the other because the woman he loved was married—to his companion of the rope. This is an extremely amusing story. (Toronto: McClelland and Goodchild.)

*

WOMEN'S Position in the Laws of the Nations" is a book that has appeared at the instance of the

International Council of Women. It has sprung from a desire to furnish a real and convincing foundation for the advancement of woman suffrage. Women have again and again based their demand for the right to vote upon the fact that their special interests in legislation will receive proper consideration only when they themselves are in a position to take part in the framing of the laws which influence their lives and fates. The book of the International Council will give emphasis to this claim. It contains sections which treat of the legal position of women in comparison with that of man in twenty countries. The work has been edited by the President of the Committee of the International Council of Women on the Legal Position of Women, Madame D'Abbadie d'Arrast. Complete sections have been written by people who were entrusted with the work by their respective national councils. Numerous women lawyers have collaborated and have furnished interesting treatises. The individual sections are written in German, French, and English They treat of law with regard to the family, property and the state. The contents of these sections show in fact that the hypothesis under which the work was begun was entirely correct. Laws are quoted from all lands where women are treated worse than men, and where there are in many cases too evident injustices, which are only to be explained on the supposition that the men who framed these laws could not understand the interests of women or the effects of these laws upon the female portion of the people. Only in a few countries, such as Norway, has the woman as mother equal authority with the father. In most countries the married woman is prejudiced in the property rights and is limited in the disposal of her property. In many countries the penal laws contain clauses which treat women much more harshly than men. For example, Frau Jellinck, in the German section, shows very conclusively that besides laws which expressly provide a worse treatment for women there are many laws which, while not expressly directed against women, are interpreted against her. There are also laws which, although according to their wording they treat man and woman alike, or even seem to favour woman, yet often prejudice her cause in their operation. This state of affairs is illustrated by a wealth of examples. Only in a few countries is the equality of man and woman recognised by public law.

Fortunately we learn through this book that in many places the woman's movement has been able to accomplish so much that important changes have been brought about. The efforts of women in this direction and the results of their efforts are treated by most of the authors. This part of the work in particular will be an encouragement and support to the women in making their claims, for it will show them that the laws which one often looks upon as necessary and unalterable are already elsewhere overcome, and the book will certainly be useful to the modern women's movements in more than one direction. It will arouse women to work for the betterment of their position in all departments of the law, but it must above all convince the women themselves, as also other intelligent people, that only when the women collaborate in the framing of the laws and can themselves vote upon them can the female sex be freed from an unworthy and unjust position. The clear statement and the positive and reliable treatment of the points of law is the best argument for the ability of women to treat points of law and decree with intelligence and skill. (Toronto: The National Council of Women.)

*

MR. SAMUEL G. BLYTHE is the author of two little books of humour—"Cutting it out," which is an

account of his taking to the "water-waggon," and "The Fun of Getting Thin." In the latter he says:

"A fat man is a joke; and a fat woman is two jokes—one on herself and the other on her husband. Half the comedy in the world is predicated on the paunch. At that, the human race is divided into but two classes—fat people who are trying to get thin and thin people who are trying to get fat. Fat, the doctor says is fatal. I move to amend by striking out the last two letters of the indictment."

(Chicago: Forbes and Company.)

*

APART from the ornamentation on the front cover, the volume of verse entitled "The Light of Genius," by Leslie Grant Scott, is an admirable example of printing, arranging and binding. Unfortunately the verses themselves do not give out much of the light of genius. (Toronto: William Briggs.)

*

FIRES and fire insurance make an unusual background for a novel, and yet that is what we find in "White Ashes," a study in modern progress which must be regarded as one of the strongest essays in fiction of the season. The book is the result of the joint authorship of two writers, Sidney R. Kennedy and Alden C. Noble. It has to do with two rival fire insurance companies and succeeds in being a fine exposition of present-day methods in business that must be "got." There are many dramatic moments, especially towards the end, when a great conflagration sweeps Boston and burns away some of the entangled threads of the story. (Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.)

*

THE second volume of "Canada To-day," the annual publication of the "Canada" Newspaper Company, contains a great amount of pictorial interest and general information about the Dominion, especially of events that took place during 1911. There are upwards of 400 illustrations, some of them double-page in size. (London: Stanley Paul and Company.)

*

ON the one side Italian skies, music and dancing, on the other the black forests of Germany, with boar hunting and flashing of spears and, throughout, the struggle of heredity against environment, with heredity to the fore—such is the setting and theme of William Stearns Davis's new novel, "The Friar of Wittenberg." Mr. Davis has chosen the warlike times of Martin Luther, and the book rings with historical incidents. It gives the reader glimpses of that part of the world formerly ruled by the Pope, and its astonishment, anger and final uprising when Luther threw down the gauntlet against Papal sway. The Count of Palaestro, in Italy, is the Lord of Regenstein in Germany. He is banished from his luxury and boon companions of the Papal court, from his beloved Marianna Forli and the Bohemianism of his Venetian palace, having been wrongly accused of endeavouring to murder the Archbishop of Barri. He goes to his German estates. This brings about the struggle of his northern nature against his southern, his meeting of Martin Luther and the Lady Isla, who, naturally enough, becomes the heroine of the story. He joins forces with Luther, and the rest of the book gives the struggle against circumstances and the Pope, with plenty of adventure and romance. (Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.)

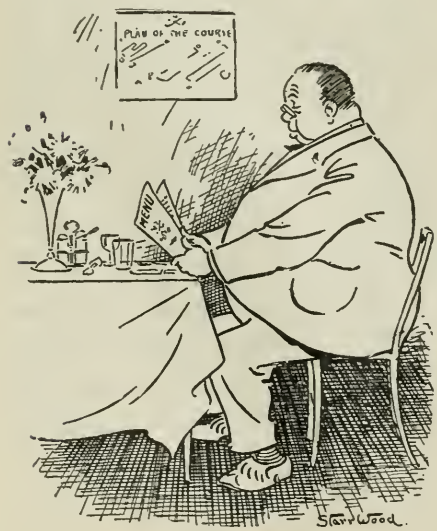
Baiting Her

"What are you cutting out of the paper?"

"About a California man securing a divorce because his wife went through his pockets."

"What are you going to do with it?"

"Put it in my pocket."—*Boston Transcript.*



GOLFING TERM

"A Round before Lunch."—*The Snark's Summer Annual*

A Deep One

"Gosh all hemlock!" exclaimed the first farmer; "ain't yer struck water yet? How deep hev ye gone?"

"'Bout a hundred feet," replied the other placidly.

"An' ain't ye discouraged?"

"O! I dunno. I can't say I ain't gittin' a long well."—*Catholic Standard and Times.*

*

The Prodigal's Sin

A young New Haven man, returning home from a health trip to Colorado, told his father about buying a silver mine for $3,000. "I knew they'd rope you in!" exclaimed the old man. "So you were ass enough to buy a humbug mine?"

"Yes; but I didn't lose anything. I formed a company and sold half the stock to a Connecticut man for $7,000."

"Y-you did," gasped the old man as he turned white. "I'll bet I'm the one who bought it."

"I know you are," coolly observed the young man as he crossed his legs and tried to appear at home.—*Argonaut.*

ANNIE (after the ceremony). "I mustn't call you 'Miss' now, Ma'am, 'cos you're 'Ma'am now, Miss."—*Punch*

DIFFERENT

Daughter—"Since it is your wish, dear parents, that I should marry the rich old brewer, I consent, although he is seventy years old."

Mother—"But he is only sixty."

Daughter—"Sixty! Tell him to ask me in ten years."—*Meggendorfer Blaetter.*

*

WONDERFUL

Dubbleigh—"Your little dog barked at me but stopped when I looked him in the eye. Do you suppose he noticed my presence of mind?"

Miss Keen—"Possibly. They say animals often see things that human beings cannot."—*Boston Transcript.*

*

ANOTHER MATTER

Mother—"There now, don't whip Johnny. You know the Bible says: 'Let not the sun descend upon your wrath.'"

Father—"That's all right; but it doesn't say not to let your wrath descend upon the son."—*Boston Transcript.*

NEVER AGAIN

"This portrait doesn't resemble me at all!"

"Pardon me, madam, but I once made a portrait of a lady that resembled her."—*Fliegende Blaetter.*

*

NOT WHAT HE MEANT

Suitor—"I hope by nomination to the curatorship of the museum of antiquities will induce you to trust your daughter to my care.—*Meggendorfer Blaetter.*

*

HER OPPORTUNITY

Young Husband—"What a glorious day! I could dare anything, face anything, on a day like this!

Wife—"Come on down to the milliner's!"—*Fliegende Blaetter.*

*

HIS ONLY CHANCE.

Poet (raising his glass)—"A glorious fluid! A whole poem is contained in it."

Skeptical Friend—"Then in heaven's name swallow it down quick."—*Meggendorfer Blaetter.*

A Ready Giver

"I approach you in a worthy cause, Mr. Titewad. We want to raise $100,000—a prominent philanthropist offers to contribute a quarter of it."

"Oh, well," said Mr. Titewad, hastily, "I don't mind giving another quarter, Can you change a half?"—*Housekeeper.*

*

The Old-Fashioned Way

The fact that corporal punishment is discouraged in the public schools of Chicago is what led Bobby's teacher to address this note to the boy's mother:

Dear Madam: I regret very much to have to tell you that your son, Robert, idles away his time, is disobedient, quarrelsome and disturbs the pupils who are trying to study their lessons. He needs a good whipping, and I strongly recommend that you give him one.

Yours truly,
Miss Blank.

To this Bobby's mother responded as follows:

Dear Miss Blank: Lick him yourself. I ain't mad at him.

Yours truly,
Mrs. Dash.

—*The Youth's Companion.*

Affectionate

Scads—"Blinks is a lucky old dog; his wife fairly worships him!"

Stacks—"Yes; but she carries it too far sometimes. I was out there to dinner unexpectedly the other day, and she served up a burnt offering."—*Judge.*

*

Thanks to the Trunk

Billy Maclean owns The *Toronto World* and a seat in the Canadian Parliament. Mr. Maclean has a reputation for attacking the railroads for their shortcomings.

A couple of switchmen came out of the yard in Toronto and walked toward a neighbouring quenchery. Outside the bar sat a man with a wooden leg, half an arm and part of an ear.

The switchmen looked him over and knew he belonged or had belonged to their guild.

"Have a beer?" asked one.

"Sure!" replied the mutilated man.

"Where'd you get them?" asked the second switchman, indicating the man's various amputations.

"I got them the same way Billy Maclean got his seat in Parliament—jumping on the Grand Trunk."—*The Saturday Evening Post.*

Proud Owner. "I got him from Jimmy Casey. He gave him to me for nothin'."

Friend. Oh! he did, did he? Well, ye got stung."—*Harper's Magazine*

From the Painting by John Lavery in the Canadian National Gallery

THE STRIPED SHAWL

THE

CANADIAN MAGAZINE

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THE MYSTERY OF EDWARD BLAKE

BY W. S. WALLACE

IT is not yet a year since the newspapers announced the death of Edward Blake, and in their usual opportune manner printed in many columns the story of his life. What here follows is not an attempt to rival these obituaries, or to dispute the judgments displayed in them. It is merely an attempt to point out that, although a number of years have elapsed since Edward Blake quitted the rostrum of public life, and fully twenty years since he mingled in Canadian politics, there are many passages in his career which still await an explanation; and the secret of his comparative ill-success in Canadian public life has yet to be unearthed.

Mr. Blake entered political life in Canada in 1867, just after Confederation. Few men have ever begun a political career under a more brilliant and auspicious star. The son of Vice-Chancellor Blake, the associate of Baldwin and Lafontaine in the struggle for full responsible government, Mr. Blake bore a name which was already famous. Although still a young man of thirty-four years of age, he had already acquired the reputation of being the foremost equity lawyer in Upper Canada, and the most effective cross-examiner. His income from his professional practice, he avowed in the elections of 1867, was greater than the combined salaries of the Prime Minister of Ontario and all his colleagues. It was rumoured, and apparently not without foundation, that he had set himself to accumulate a fortune of $100,000 before he ventured to pay his addresses to the goddess of politics, and it was assumed in 1867 that he had achieved his ambition. Such, in fact, was his position at the bar that he felt constrained in 1866 to decline the Chancellorship of Ontario.

It is small wonder that the accession of such a man was welcomed by the Reformers of 1867 with enthusiasm. The followers of George Brown were not strong in the first elections which took place under the British North America Act, and Edward Blake proved for them a tower of strength. He ran not only for the local Legislature of Ontario, but also for the Dominion House of Commons (for those were the days of dual representation), and although in the elections even the redoubtable George

Brown went down to defeat, Edward Blake carried both his constituencies. The way in which he threw himself into the contest was amusingly depicted by *The Daily Leader*. "Mr. Blake," said *The Leader*, "is a man of business and infinite ambition. He publishes an address to the electors of South Bruce in the morning, declaring himself a candidate for the representation of that riding in the local Legislature, and on the same day jumps into his yacht and sets out for West Durham with the intention of wooing the electors of that riding, for the sake of their dowry in the shape of a seat in the House of Commons. . . . We expect to hear that West Durham was startled from its propriety on the arrival of the political wooer in his yacht. Accustomed to the severe simplicity of farmer Munroe, we very much fear that the yacht, the eye-glass, and a high style of convention eloquence will be too much for it." The fears of *The Leader* were ill-founded, and Mr. Blake's double victory was almost the only consolation in the elections which the Reformers received.

When the first Parliament of Ontario assembled there were those among the Reformers in the House who insisted that Mr. Blake should lead the opposition to John Sandfield Macdonald's "patent combination." Mr. Blake, however, had had no experience of parliamentary affairs, and he induced the party to appoint as leader of the Opposition Mr. Archibald McKellar, one of the old guard in the House. But so rapid was Mr. Blake's initiation into the mysteries of parliamentary life, and so adroit became his command of parliamentary tactics, that after three sessions Mr. McKellar insisted on his assuming the leadership of the party; and the feeling of the party was so strongly in his favour that Mr. Blake was impelled to accept the position. The result amply justified the change. This is not the place to tell the story of how Edward Blake drove John Sandfield Macdonald from power: but no one who studies that most interesting passage in Canadian politics can fail to admire the skill and vigour with which the Reform leader pressed home the attack. Sandfield Macdonald was one of the oldest and shrewdest of Canadian politicians, and he was supported by the advice and assistance of Sir John Macdonald, yet he was outmanœuvred and outgeneralled at every turn by the young chancery lawyer who had begun his apprenticeship in politics only three years before. The dawn of 1872 saw Edward Blake Prime Minister of Ontario.

Those four years from 1867 to 1871 represent the high-water mark of Mr. Blake's achievement. They constitute a record which he never again equalled. No sooner had he driven Sandfield Macdonald from power than he gave the first evidence of the disregard, even the distaste, for the prizes of political life which marked his whole career. It was with difficulty that he was persuaded to head the new administration; and even when he did accept the responsibility of forming a cabinet, he refused to accept a portfolio, and served merely as President of the Council, without salary. Once the new ministers were installed in their departments, however, he went off to England for his health, and on his return in the autumn of 1872 he resigned the Premiership of Ontario in order to devote himself exclusively to Dominion politics. Doubtless it seemed to him that in the federal arena his abilities would have a larger scope: and certainly he bestrode the narrow world of provincial politics like a colossus. But even on these grounds it is difficult to understand the cavalier manner in which he cast aside the honours which the people of Ontario had placed upon him.

Nor was his course in the Dominion House more comprehensible. There were those there whose claims to leadership were greater than his. When Sir John Macdonald's star was eclipsed in 1873 by the Pacific Scan-

THE HONOURABLE EDWARD BLAKE

From a Cartoon in "Grip," October 18, 1884

dal, Mr. Blake, in spite of the support of a large wing of the Liberal party, was compelled to give precedence to the stone-mason who was Prime Minister of Canada from 1873 to 1878. It is difficult to believe that Mr. Blake was actuated in his course by jealousy; although nothing is more certain than that complete confidence did not exist between him and Mr. Mackenzie At any rate, his support of the Mackenzie administration was intermittent and perfunctory. In 1873 he entered the administration as a minister without portfolio, but in 1874 he withdrew and took up a position which savoured of independence, if not of hostility to the Government. This was the occasion of his deliverance of the famous Aurora speech, in which he virtually placed himself at the head of the new "Canada First" movement. He founded, together with the Camerons of London, a new newspaper named *The Liberal*, which, during the five months of its existence, kept up a rapid cross-fire with the official organ of the Government, *The Globe*. The nationalists of "Canada First" hailed the accession of Mr. Blake to their ranks with delight, but their pleasure was short-lived. For shortly after *The Liberal* had suspended publication, Mr. Blake, acting apparently under the influence of pressure which had been brought to bear upon him, returned to the party fold, and in the spring of 1875 became Minister of Justice in the Mackenzie administration. Great was the disappointment of the "Canada First" men. There were those among them who did not hesitate to murmur:

"Just for a handful of silver he left us,
Just for a ribbon to stick on his coat."

And undoubtedly Mr. Blake's recantation did him no good. It disappointed those who had hailed him as the apostle of a new political evangel: and it did not entirely conciliate those whom he had appeared to oppose. Why he was betrayed into such a vacillating and inconstant course is one of the mysteries which have yet to be explained.

Canada has had no greater Minister of Justice than Mr. Blake; his period of office was packed with significance for the constitutional history of the Dominion and the Empire. But although he applied himself unreservedly to the duties of his office, he did not throw himself unsparingly into politics; and although when he resigned from the administration of justice in 1877 he became President of the Council, he retained that position for a few months only, and early in 1878 he retired from the Cabinet altogether. During the elections which took place in 1878 and which ended so disastrously for the Mackenzie Government, Mr. Blake was absent from the country. The key to Mr. Blake's course from 1873 to 1878 is partly to be found in his health, which was not of the best, and partly in the lack of harmony between himself and Mr. Mackenzie, but a full explanation of his course will probably not be forthcoming until the *histoire intime* of Dominion politics under the Mackenzie régime has been written.

When, in the spring of 1880, Mr. Mackenzie, owing to failing health and insubordination among his followers, resigned the leadership of the Opposition, all eyes turned to Mr. Blake. Men remembered how in 1871 he had unhorsed John Sandfield Macdonald, and he seemed the most likely person to retrieve the shattered fortunes of the Liberal party. Once again, however, Mr. Blake showed himself reluctant to assume the responsibilities of leadership, and it was only when he was appealed to by the party managers that he consented to accept the position. He led the Liberal party through the wilderness of two general elections, that of 1882 and that of 1887. In the first of these it was confidently expected by the Liberals that Edward Blake would defeat Sir John Macdonald as he had defeated John Sandfield Macdonald

THE HONOURABLE EDWARD BLAKE

From a photograph taken in 1892

ten years before; and it was with something of a shock that they found Sir John come back from the polls with a scarcely impaired majority. Nor did Mr. Blake produce any greater impression on the Conservative phalanx in 1887. Discouraged by repeated failure, he resigned from the leadership of the party soon after the elections; and in 1891 he did not seek re-election to the House. At these latter elections he found himself out of harmony with the Liberal policy of unrestricted reciprocity with the United States, and he not only held himself aloof from the election campaign, but wrote a letter after the election condemning the Liberal policy. In 1892, he entered Imperial politics by accepting a seat in the House of Commons at Westminster as the member for South Longford. In the House he allied himself with the Irish Nationalists and continued to fight the battles of Home Rule for Ireland until within a few years of his death. But he never took in the Imperial House the position to which his abilities entitled him, and he does not seem to have been rated

at his true value even by the Irish party in whose ranks he fought. In view of his gigantic abilities, Mr. Blake's ineffectiveness both as leader of the Opposition in the Dominion House of Commons and as member for South Longford in the House of Commons at Westminster is difficult to understand.

There were not wanting those in Canada during the later years of his life who said that Mr. Blake had been a failure. "From that day to this," wrote a Canadian journalist to him in an open letter before the elections of 1887, "you have played your old game of doing nothing. You have occasionally spoken a few of what Fluellen was wont to call 'brave 'orts,' but they have been *vox et praeterea nihil*. You have been full of promise, but there has been no performance. . . . Like Thurio, you have an exchequer of words, and, I think, no other treasure, to give your followers. You coin phrases and cut philological capers with some agility, but when the time comes for action you 'stand at gaze, like Joshua's moon in Ajalon.'" Duration of tenure of office is no criterion of statesmanship, but it is remarkable that with the possible exception of Charles James Fox, no English statesman of equal standing and reputation has spent fewer of his days in public office than Edward Blake.

There are some obvious reasons which may be offered for this comparative ill-success. For many years Mr. Blake's health was not of the best. Moreover, he was lacking in certain qualities which are essential to the politician. He had no humour, only a rather mordant wit. He had none of the warm humanity that distinguished his great foeman, Sir John Macdonald. His "repulsive nod" made enemies rather than friends; he was not able to conciliate the goodwill of the backwoodsmen in the House or the voters in the polling-booths. Like most people who lack in humour, he was hypersensitive to criticism. "For a successful minister," says the younger Pitt, in one of Landor's *Imaginary Conversations*, "three things are requisite on occasion: to speak like an honest man, to act like a dishonest one, and to be indifferent which you are called." Edward Blake could speak like an honest man, none better; but he could not act like a dishonest man, and he could not be indifferent which he was called. The politician's box of tricks he deemed beneath him, and the very consciousness of rectitude made him impatient of abuse. A man of the type of Sir John Macdonald was much better fitted in those days to rule the Canadian people.

But when all this has been said, there yet remains much to be explained. Whence arose, for instance, Mr. Blake's unwillingness to cut and hew with the party axemen? Why did he stand for so long with one foot in the party and the other out of it? Why did he dissociate himself from the official party in so marked a manner in 1874 and again in 1891? Why did he abandon provincial politics for federal and federal for imperial? Why was he always so loath to accept the duties and responsibilities of public office? These and a dozen other questions might be asked, and beg for an answer. They constitute the mystery of Edward Blake.

MISS KATHLENE MACDONELL.

A successful Canadian Actress

MISS BIRDIE LUTTRELL.

A successful Canadian Actress

MEMORY PICTURES

By L. M. MONTGOMERY

A WIDE spring meadow in a rosy dawn
Bedropt with virgin buds; an orient sky
Fleeced with a dappled cloud but half withdrawn;
A mad wind blowing by,
O'er slopes of rippling grass and glens apart;
A brackened path to a wild woodland place;
A limpid pool with a fair, laughing face
Mirrored within its heart.

An ancient garden brimmed with summer sun
Upon a still and slumberous afternoon;
Old walks and pleasaunces with shadows spun
Where honeyed odours swoon;
A velvet turf with blossoms garlanded;
A hedge of Mary-lilies white and tall;
And, shining out against a lichened wall,
A stately golden head.

An autumn hilltop in the sunset hue;
Pine boughs uptossed against the crystal west;
And girdled with the twilight dim and blue,
A valley peace-possessed;
A high-sprung heaven stained with colours rare,
A sheen of moonrise on the sea afar,
And, bright and soft as any glimmering star,
Eyes holy as a prayer.

THE INVISIBLE NUN

BY W. SHAW SPARROW

"WE shall be comfortable here till midnight," said Kellaw, as we settled ourselves in a large bay-window of the long gallery. He spoke in awed tones.

"What comfort after midnight?" I asked.

"None." His manner was suddenly abrupt and impatient.

"Well, then, Kellaw, we have about twenty minutes of enjoyment, and I wish to make the most of it. At present I don't believe in ghosts."

"Lucky for you! My family has lived with one here in this Jacobean long gallery since the Commonwealth times."

"What happened then?" I demanded, and our eyes met across the narrow table in our bay-window.

"Heaven knows! A tragedy of some kind, but that is all I can tell you. He spoke uneasily, and then switched on another bulb of electric light.

"You might tell me what you know about it," I suggested rather nervously, for at that moment the hoot of an owl came to us from above the chimney-stacks.

"There's a family legend," said he, "but you'd not make head nor tail of it. However, here's the story. The Kellaws, under Cromwell, were fanatics, red-hot Puritans, and the owner of this old Hall, Patrick Kellaw, was a ruthless savage. His cruelties were notorious. He had a determined hatred for his eldest daughter Kate, partly because she went over to the papists, and partly because she fell in love with a Royalist, Sir Charles Carew. This man Carew died of fever in 1640, when the king advanced from York to Berwick with his ragged army; and poor Kate took her sorrow so much to heart that she went mad. She dressed herself up as a nun, and wandered about this house at all hours of the day and night chanting prayers. Patrick Kellaw tried to lock her up in her own room; but some servant or other always opened the door, and this rebellion in his own household enraged the savage fool. Servant after servant was sent away, till at last only four persons remained in the Hall; an old cook, Patrick himself, poor mad Kate, and the son and heir, Rupert, a lad of ten, who never left his father's side. One morning it was rumoured that Kate had run away, and the whole country-side went out for days in aimless and useless pursuit, led always by Patrick Kellaw, who swore that his tenants and neighbours were leagued against him and were determined to hide his daughter. After the search was given up Patrick joined the Cromwellian army, and was shot through the head at Marston Moor. Rupert was brought up by a maiden aunt in London, and this old place was in the hands of caretakers for about twelve years. Poor Kate was forgotten meantime."

"And the ghost?" I asked. "When was it first seen?"

"It has never been seen. It is *heard*. Rupert heard it the evening of his arrival here, for I have among the family papers a letter that he wrote to his *fiancée*, Mary Lilburne. But Rupert and his wife don't interest me at all. It is Kate that sticks

in my mind; she seems very near to me, and I have a very real and curious affection for her. Can you understand that?"

"Perfectly," I answered.

"It happened so long ago," he continued, "and yet it seems but yesterday."

"*What* happened?" I asked quickly. "Have you any guess?"

"I feel—yes, I feel that she was killed, murdered somehow, any how," he replied, looking towards the window. "And yet I've nothing to go upon."

"You think about her too much perhaps," I suggested in a low voice.

"I began to think of her when I was a small boy, and now I wouldn't get rid of that habit if I could. Sometimes I awake suddenly in the night, and believe I hear a voice outside my door chanting the *Libera me, Domine.* Then the voice goes downstairs, and presently it comes to me in faint, sweet tones from the great hall. That voice, d'you understand, is my Ophelia—"

Was he mad? Yet something in his tone as he said the last words turned me cold.

"The big clock will strike in a minute," he went on quickly; "the boom of it from the great hall is heard here quite distinctly."

We turned towards the long gallery and listened.

"There it is!" I whispered.

"That clock was made for Patrick Kellaw." My friend spoke with a vehemence that showed how much he hated Patrick.

"What shall we do now?" I asked, rising from my chair.

"We'll go into the gallery. I'll stand at one side, and you at the other, facing me. It's well to have company."

We chose a position in the middle of the gallery. Between us was a polished floor about eighteen feet wide; and to the right and left of us the gallery stretched in a dim perspective for more than forty yards. The walls, panelled in oak, were hung her and there with old portraits in black frames; and from the ceiling of modelled plaster hung little pendants of electric light just strong enough to illumine everything vaguely.

"A time and place for conspirators!" I suggested.

Tom Kellaw frowned. "Patrick Kellaw hangs behind you!" he exclaimed harshly, and I jumped around to the panelled wall, startled and dismayed. A portrait met my eyes. It represented a clean-shaven face, with a long, thin mouth, slanting eyes set very wide apart, a broad nose having very large, round nostrils, iron-gray hair closely cropped, and a chin angular and ruthless.

"Hush! Here it is!"

Kellaw's words came in the silence almost like a pistol-shot. In an instant I turned about and looked at my friend.

"You hear it?" he asked, pointing down the gallery.

I listened, and at once distant footfalls were heard, very soft and even-stepped, as if some one walked lightly and thoughtfully They came nearer and nearer, till at last I could detect the rustling of a dress of some heavy and soft material.

The footfalls passed between us and went on and on; but all at once they became hurried, and a wail of song broke upon the ear, and the words of a Latin prayer trembled in the soprano of a girl's voice. How long it lasted I do not know, but the voice grew fainter and fainter till at a feeling that the prayer was still chanted in some hidden retreat unknown to us.

For a moment I leaned against the wall-panelling with my eyes shut, and a wish not to open them. I dreaded to meet the eyes of Kellaw.

"You lean against Patrick!" he cried suddenly, and I sprang forward to his side. "Come to our bay-window," he continued, turning from me and leading the way there.

In the recess we sat for several minutes without speaking. Then he said, "Did you *see* anything?"

"No."

"But you heard her steps and voice?"

"Oh yes. Very wonderful!"

"Terrible too," said he; "for it happens every night, yet I know nothing."

"Do the footfalls always begin at the same place in the gallery?" I asked.

"Always," he replied.

"Do they return during the night?"

Kellaw looked at me in surprise. "What do you mean?" he asked eagerly.

"Why this. Perhaps the footsteps do return night after night, since they start always from the north end and go to the south."

"I've never tested that point," he answered excitedly. "Shall we do so now, this very night?"

"Of course, old man; and let me suggest another thing. You are more harassed than you like to own by this old family trouble. Why not try to solve the mystery? Something terrible occurred to that unhappy girl, who went mad with sorrow and fancied herself a nun. What that something was may be found out perhaps."

Kellaw shook his head. "Not possible," said he.

"We can try," I persisted.

"Oh yes, we can try," said Kellaw wearily.

"My plan is quite simple," I continued. "To-morrow night I'll stand at the far north end of the gallery quite close to the panelled wall, and try to find out precisely where the footsteps begin. If you take up your position at the far south end, near the wainscotting, you'll see at which point or place the footfalls cease to sound on the oak floorng."

"What then?" he asked abruptly.

"We'll strip down the panelling and see what lies behind."

"I never thought of that," he said reflectively. "But the work will be difficult, because at each end of the gallery an old picture is let into the oak panels. They were there in Patrick Kellaw's time."

"These pictures, Kellaw, were then contemporary with the girl's unhappy life, and from the first they hung in a very bad light."

"True; and I can't say that I've looked much at the pictures, though they are said to be portraits by Van Dyck."

"Family portraits?" I asked.

"Yes; one of Patrick, the other of his wife. Both look black and dim. Perhaps they want cleaning and varnishing."

"It's light they need, Kellaw—direct light and air. It will be a good action to take them down."

Kellaw nodded assent, and then asked abruptly, "Why wait till to-morrow night? Why not begin at once? Unless you've had enough."

"As to that," said I, "you can trust me to go on. What do you suggest?"

"Listen. If the footsteps return, as you think they may, they'll start from the south end. There I'll take my stand, leaving the north end to you. And each of us will take a chair so that we may wait sitting down. Nerves are apt to be very freakish and uncertain if one stands up to this kind of experience." He laughed uneasily and stretched himself. The next moment he jerked his head upwards, and glanced at me with whimsical shrewdness. "If we start at once," he added, "we shan't have pluck enough to draw back. So come along."

A few minutes later we had taken up our positions. At any end I could see very dimly the portrait framed in the panelling—an equestrian portrait, with Patrick Kellaw seated on a black charger. I sat sideways, my chair touching the wainscot, and behind me the door into the library. Thence the ticking of a clock came

to me, and from time to time the old furniture in the gallery creaked as if to remind me that good timber is always alive and active. Outside, a summer wind played in the ivy and jostled the leaves against window-panes. Then two owls began to hoot questions at each other, and a great longing for the dawn caused me to move restlessly in my chair.

An instant later I started to my feet. What was that? Down the gallery I peered and listened. Yes, from the far end came the sound of a girl's voice singing; it grew nearer and sweeter. The Latin words rang out in full, rich notes; then the voice broke in a wail and stopped suddenly. At that moment it appeared to come from the middle of the gallery, and something—I know not what—set me thinking of Patrick Kellaw's portrait on the inner side-wall.

After the singing ceased I heard the patter of footsteps, and presently I saw that my friend was following them at a distance, and bending forward with one hand raised above his forehead.

Step by step the unseen drew near to me till I could hear the soft rustling of the dress; and there I waited spell-bound, leaning with my shoulder against the portrait. One footfall was muffled, as if constantly in touch with the floor; and, as I wondered over this, the steps came up to the wainscot and stopped dead within a yard or two of my feet. I gave a sharp cry.

"Don't lose the place," said Kellaw huskily. "Mark it carefully. I seem nearer to the mystery," he cried. "Where did the footfalls seem to stop?"

"There;" and I pointed out the place.

He fell on his knees and lit a match, and by its flame began to examine the wainscot below the portrait. His hand trembled with agitation, and his face looked ghastly. "Nothng unusual here," he muttered.

"Kellaw, old man," I said, "we've had enough of this for one night."

"Too much," he admitted, pressing his hands to his forehead. "Never mind, though," he went on. "Come, I'll tell you my experience as we go down the gallery."

He got up from his knees and put his arm in mine. We walked slowly, and stopped here and there to switch off the electric lights.

"When the singing began," said he, "the voice seemed to penetrate a great thickness of wall. But it came closer and closer till it appeared very near to me and immediately behind the portrait. Then the footfalls began, as if a door had been opened unknown to me and some one had stepped out into the gallery. Anything more uncanny than that can't be imagined, and I was too afraid to move. The rest you know. The voice stopped singing—"

"Near Patrick Kellaw's portrait?" I interrupted.

"Just so," he said, and pressed my arm nervously.

"Let's go to bed now," said I. "Better discuss the next move by daylight."

Kellaw accompanied me to my bedroom door.

"If you can't sleep," said he, "just think over that next move. Eh—what?"

He was clearly suffering from nervous exhaustion. At breakfast he confessed that he had not slept a wink. "Poor Kate was in my mind all the time. So I came down at six o'clock and went to the village and engaged two good carpenters. They started work at seven, and will be hard at it all day long. That old woodwork is not an easy thing to displace."

"You've lost no time, Kellaw. Are we to watch the men at the job?"

He shook his head decisively. "No; I couldn't stand it. The slow work would annoy me beyond endurance. Let's kill time pleasantly, old man."

"How?" I asked.

"On the golf-links, eh?" Some crack players will be there this morning. Shall we go? That's worth seeing—a tiptop man."

So we spent the day on the links, and walked up the drive to the hall, returning home at seven o'clock, when we met the carpenters.

"You've finished, then?" inquired Kellaw.

The picters are down, sir," replied one man; "and as much panelling as we can get in a day's job."

Kellaw looked keenly disappointed.

"Enough may be down," I suggested, "and the men can call in the morning for instructions."

"True," said Kellaw. "Well, good-evening."

The carpenters touched their caps and moved on, after taking a quick glance at Kellaw's excited face.

"We'll have dinner first," said he to me. "If we go now we sha'n't be able to tear ourselves away, and we need food. There's work to be done, old man."

During dinner many orders were given that astonished the butler. Lamps were to be put in the bay-windows of the long gallery, a chest of carpenter's tools was to be taken there, and a good pick from the coal-cellar, and no one was to enter the gallery without Kellaw's leave.

Then, turning to me, he said, "We may need plenty of tools and plenty of patience and plenty of light. Which wall shall we attack first—the north one?"

"Yes."

"Then come along!" he cried, rising quickly from his chair.

It was a quarter to nine when we entered the long gallery, and the twilight of early June filtered through the blinds in the bay-windows. Everything had been prepared for us.

"Get a lamp," said Kellaw, "and let us examine the north wall."

I did as he wished.

"See," he cried, "the only panelling which is down is that in which the portrait was recessed! Odd!"

"Why is it odd?" he asked.

"Because the other panels were more firmly fixed. The carpenters did the easier job first."

"You think, then, that a part of this wall has been down before?"

Kellaw nodded. "Cock-sure of it. See here, for instance; just examine this hard plaster." He tapped the wall with his hand, and his eyes sparkled when he looked at me.

"Yes, yes!" I cried, becoming excited. "A large hole has been made at one time through this plaster, and when the hole was closed up the workman did his job roughly and badly. The cement is uneven, ragged; it makes an ugly patch that bulges out a little beyond the rest of the wall."

"Of course it does." said Kellaw. "Patrick had a hand in this, I wager," he continued, hitting the plaster angrily.

"Here's the pick."

He took it from me and began to strike vigorously. At the end of an hour's hard work we came to a very thick oak door put lengthways into the plaster, and heavily clamped with iron hinge-straps. Behind this wooden defence was a surface of cement, and I tapped it here and there.

"It sounds hollow," said Kellaw.

"Hollow in places," I replied, putting my hand on his arm.

For a moment his eyes searched mine; then he said, "Can't we outline in pencil the space that rings hollow? It will save time. See?"

"Yes;" and we soon fixed the limits of an empty-sounding area of cement that measured about six feet long by four and a half wide.

"It's shaped like a tomb," Kellaw muttered from behind my shoulder, and his voice and words unnerved me.

"Let's go; we've had enough," I exclaimed; and I wished to move away; but Kellaw caught me roughly by the shoulder and pulled me towards him, saying in a hot, fierce whisper, "We must go on. It's duty."

We went back to our work without another word.

This time the cement was about two inches thick, and we found under it a coarse ground of thick carpet nailed firmly across an opening. It was hard to unfasten this textile fabric; and when at last it fell to the floor, wrenched nail by nail from the firm cement, we turned our backs to the mystery which had been sealed up behind it for many generations.

We were afraid to look; but inaction became worse than action, more unnerving, less bearable, and presently an irritable feeling of shame flamed up in my mind. Then I turned, went forward, and saw before me in the wall a long and shallow recess. On a couch a body lay face downwards. It was dressed in a nun's robe, and I saw that a strong rope was coiled over it and around the couch. All this was indistinct, for my eyes were fascinated by long waves of auburn hair that gleamed dimly in the light; and through this bright covering of beautiful hair I could see, clenched together, the skeleton fingers of one little hand.

A moment later Kellaw looked over my shoulder. His breathing startled me, for he gasped like a spent runner. In his left hand he carried the lamp unsteadily, and with his right hand he gripped my right shoulder. Then came a sudden cry, thick and hoarse, and the next instant the lamp fell crashing into the debris of cement. I expected an explosion, but the lamp went out, and I think the incident was good for both of us.

" Come," I said to Kellaw, taking him by the arm; and with difficulty I led him to the bay-window where we had talked on the previous night. He fell into a chair, and then across the narrow table, and for several minutes I watched his hands as they twitched convulsively.

Then, with a quick movement, he pulled himself together and looked up. " I'm cold," he said. " But —we—know now, old man; and that —that poor murdered girl "—— Suddenly he hesitated, faltered, broke off.

" Yes, Kellaw?"

" She shall be buried now." And once more he hid his face from me.

I looked at my watch. In a few seconds it would be midnight, and I should hear again the distant boom from the old clock in the great hall downstairs. Kellaw made no sign that he heard the hour strike, but I believe he listened.

" You notice that?" he exclaimed a moment later, raising his head from the table. " Hush!"

Through the silence came the pattering of feet, soft and even, and soon, as on the previous night, the Latin prayer trilled through the gallery, clear, sweet, and infinitely sorrowful. Breathless, we listened till the voice trembled out of hearing.

Then Kellaw got up from his chair and cried with energy, " Come, our work's not finished yet. Bring that candle; it will do. A lamp's too dangerous."

On arriving at the south end of the gallery we found that there was very little to be done, for the carpenters had uncovered a narrow doorway which the portrait and wainscot had masked. The door was one of oak, and two steps led up to it. Kellaw turned the handle with difficulty, then pushed, and the door opened an inch or two.

"It's not even locked."

" There was no need," I replied.

Bit by bit the door opened, the old hinges making a great noise; and at last we were able to enter a narrow passage about four feet wide. On each side I could feel unplastered wall, and by candle-light we could see that it was about six feet long. Then it turned at a sharp angle to the right.

From the passage the singing voice could be heard indistinctly, but when we reached the bend it sounded much louder and clearer. Before us was another passage, and at the end of it

a small window blocked up with entangled ivy stems and leaves. About four feet from the end, on the left-hand side, we found an open doorway, and there we stopped dead.

The voice now rang out quite near to us, and wondrously sweet. I held the candle at arm's length into an open space of darkness filled with the music of a chanted prayer. Little by little the rays of light penetrated the darkness, and I saw dimly a little chapel with an altar, and upon the altar stood a tall crucifix of wood. It was there that the voice sang the *Ave Maria,* but I could not see the singer.

We stood there spell-bound. But all at once we shrank backwards into the passage till we touched the wall under the little window, for the song came towards us, and the Unseen moved slowly down the passage and vanished from our hearing.

"Will she ever rest?" I whispered to Kellaw.

"Will the daybreak come?" he replied under his breath.

Kellaw shuddered, and a great silence fell upon us both.

CHESS

By J. D. LOGAN

WHAT boots thy vaunted Science when the Game
Thou playest, skilled Physician, is with Death,
Whose eye is ware, nor ever wearieth,
While o'er the earth-form of the mortal frame
Ye two deploy, with subtlest strategy,
Your fateful forces in malign array—
Thou pledged to checkmate Death, and he to stay
Life's pulses with insidious atrophy?

Unseen but shrewd, thy grim antagonist
Employeth all the Game's unchartered laws;
Nor hasteth he the end, for long he wist
Thy finite vision had foredoomed thy cause.
Yet this thy Hope and Triumph: Day by day
Death yieldeth more to thee his ancient sway.

MARITIME PROVINCIALISMS AND CONTRASTS

BY F. A. WIGHTMAN

CONCLUDING ARTICLE—FLORA, FAUNA, AND PHYSICAL FEATURES

IT is doubtful whether stronger contrasts in flora, fauna, and general physical features could be found in any area of equal extent than is to be found in the Maritime Provinces of Canada. Here the forces which have determined the character of the soil, the contour of the hills, and the trend of the rivers and their valleys in their courses toward the sea are as divergent as time itself and widely varied as to results. Here, too, because of the close and peculiar relations sustained to some of the world's great ocean and air currents, the continental isotherms are most irregular and erratic. It is significant that this comparatively small area is divided into three meteorological districts, and, as might be expected, the effects of these differences upon the flora and the fauna is noticeable in several rather peculiar instances. But of this later on.

As to the physical contrasts, they are considerable and, of course, are not the consequence of climate, but, to some extent, they modify it. Nova Scotia, for instance, rises gradually toward the interior, having its highest land along the central watershed, throughout the whole length of the Province. From this rather moderate elevation short and rapid streams soon reach the sea, only a few of which assume the real significance of rivers, and none are navigable, except for the smallest of crafts, above the ebb and flow of the tide. On the other hand, New Brunswick probably has her lowest lands in the central part of the Province, where exists an extensive interior basin with much of the country only slightly elevated above ocean level. The rivers, of which there are many, are as a rule, long and of easy flow and in some cases navigable for considerable distances into the interior. In this we notice a striking contrast between these two Provinces.

Still another contrast exists, in the matter of lakes. Nova Scotia is almost everywhere dotted with lakes of all shapes and sizes up to twenty miles long, apart from the famous Bras d'Or lakes of Cape Breton, which, of course, are of salt water. New Brunswick, in contrast to this, is singularly exempt from lakes except in a small area in the southwestern corner. This is the more remarkable because of the fact of its having such a wealth of rivers both great and small. Grand and Washademoak lakes, the largest in the Province are, of course, but expansions of the river systems in the flat central basin. In the north are those of the Tobique only.

Prince Edward Island differs from both of its sister Provinces, in that it has neither lakes or rivers in the true sense of these terms. Neither has it any great elevations or valleys. The surface is rather a continuation,

for the most part, of gentle undulations unbroken by rock and presenting few steep hills. The rivers are so designated by courtesy only. In reality they are but tidal estuaries. At their mouths they have the appearance of rivers that might extend hundreds of miles inland, but after a course of a few miles they abruptly terminate where some rippling brook begins. Some scientific men have advanced the idea that these large and beautiful estuaries might have been, in some instances, the remnants of the valleys of real and extensive rivers in some pre-historic age when the Island may have formed a part of the mainland. Who knows? There are a few blind ponds of fresh water, and a few lagoons of salt water spoken of as lakes, but the term is a misnomer. The contrast here is striking.

In geological formation the contrasts are equally striking. Here in different provinces we have represented both extreme age and tender youth as geological ages go. In Prince Edward Island the whole formation is of the unaltered new-red sandstone period and of the latest formation known to science. This land which is but of yesterday, as it were, and which seems to have risen by gradual emergence, like some great monster of the deep to bask in the sunshine, has never been scorched by fire, rent by earthquake, or scathed by ancient glacial ice. Its Indian name suggests its tranquillity: "Abegiveit"—boating on the wave.

All this is in sharp contrast to her nearby sisters. In them titanic forces have raged and fought awful battles in volcanic eruption, rending earthquakes, and ploughing glaciers. The imprint of the fern on the coal shales hundreds of feet below the surface, beach stones on the tops of the mountains, the vertical strata and altered water courses, split through chasms of gaping rock, all bear testimony to the awful cataclysms which have played a part in the present contour of the land.

It is not uncommon to notice the earliest formations upturned to the elements of to-day Here, if they do not walk together, "crabbed age and tender youth" lie side by side in contrast and in peace. These physical contrasts, while more spectacular, are scarcely more marked than those which occur in the flora and fauna. As to the former it is interesting to note the well-defined limits of a number of well-known forest trees and a considerable list of other botanical specimens. Only a few of these need be mentioned since they are somewhat notable and anomalous. The anomaly exists in the fact that though the centre of New Brunswick is over two hundred miles north of southern Nova Scotia, there are a number of important forest and wild fruit trees besides various smaller plants of southern growth, which are found only in New Brunswick so far as these provinces are concerned. At least if they appear in either Nova Scotia or Prince Edward Island it is more as a curiosity than as being indigenous to the soil. Among these are the butternut, basswood, wild grape, wild plum, high bush cranberry and red and white cedar, though the latter flourishes in the western part of Prince Edward Island.

This may be accounted for by the somewhat curious fact that though one travels northward from Nova Scotia one travels toward a land of higher summer temperature. The low central basin of New Brunswick seems to draw in a great circle, the summer isotherms around the larger part of the Province, giving to its central portion a summer climate similar to that of Massachusetts and central New York, while Nova Scotia corresponds more nearly with northern New Brunswick and adjoining territory. There are of course varieties of trees and fruits which are hardy in Nova Scotia which do not succeed in New Brunswick by reason of more favourable winter conditions, but this only adds to the striking character of

the contrast. The flora of Prince Edward Island resembles closely that of eastern Nova Scotia though in marine specimens, it excels both Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. The shallow waters of the sheltered bays, and the very slight ebb and flow of the gulf waters contribute greatly to comparatively high sea temperatures. About these shores the famous Irish moss grows to great perfection, miniature sponges are uncommon, and the best oysters in the world are found.

In the matter of fauna there are also some contrasts quite as interesting, though not arising from the same causes. These we do not propose to fully describe, but rather to point out some of the chief examples. All three Provinces have a number of their birds and animals in common, especially of the smaller varieties, but in other respects the differences are striking. A notable example of this is in the distribution of the deer family. In New Brunswick all three varieties common to eastern Canada, namely, moose, caribou, and red deer, are numerous and apparently increasing. In Nova Scotia, however, there is an entire absence of the red deer, which seems the more strange since both moose and caribou have always been plentiful and widely distributed. Probably the red deer have migrated later from some western point, and have not as yet found their way across the narrow isthmus of Chignecto, now fully occupied by human habitations and consequently not an inviting field for so shy an animal to explore. Whatever the cause, such is the fact, and the omission is rather striking.

In Prince Edward Island the contrast in the fauna is still greater. No members of the deer family have ever inhabited this Province. Neither has it ever been the abode, so far as known, of the wolf, racoon, hedge-hog, skunk or porcupine, all of which are numerous across the narrow strait, both in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, except the first, which is now everyhere extinct in the east. These omissions from the fauna of Prince Edward Island, since the fox and the bear have both been numerous and the former still plentiful, are also striking. One would suppose that even the haphazard means of transportation available to the fox and bear would have been discovered by the others, but by some means they seem to have failed to make connections, even at the "Capes." It is claimed by some that the members of the wild-cat family, numerous on the mainland, should be included in this list of exceptions, but this is a disputed point. If either members of the wild-cat tribe ever existed on the Island the occurrence must have been rare and all traces of it have now disappeared. On the other hand, evidence seems to show that the rare and beautiful black fox has been relatively more numerous than on the mainland. The habits which govern these animals and the laws which determine their varieties are not easy to understand, but are of interest to the student of nature. The contrast here presented affords an inviting field for research.

It remains only to say a word concerning the finny tribe; for similar contrasts are to be found in this important department of life, and this is true to some extent both of the salt and fresh water species. It is of the latter only of which we will speak. The fresh water lakes and rivers of the mainland Provinces abound in a large variety of fish, both commercial and otherwise, each Province having some species common to itself. The famous ounachi, or touladi, the fresh water salmon, touches New Brunswick in the extreme north-west in the waters of Temiscouata, while a species of whitefish or "land locked salmon," as they are called, are found in a few lakes in the southern part of the Province. The pickerel, in recent years, have become numerous in the St. John River and some of its tributaries. These and a few

other varieties seem to be peculiar to New Brunswick so far as these eastern Provinces are concerned.

Prince Edward Island in this respect is in striking contrast to her sister Provinces. Here the only fish found in the ponds and streams of the country, so far as I am aware, is the trout. Should a Prince Edward Islander catch any other variety except about the wharves and harbours it would be a matter of astonishment. This, however, is a distinct advantage, and the angler is not pestered with a half a dozen inferior varieties competing for his fly or bait. Here the trout is monarch of all he surveys. And, be it said, that Prince Edward Island trout are both plentiful and of excellent quality. Their monopoly of the streams and ponds is certainly in contrast to mainland conditions, and no attempt at explanation is here made.

These somewhat striking contrasts are in some cases deep and ineradicable; in others they are the result of peculiar circumstances. Their existence is a matter of common interest, the further investigation and explanation of which is now left for others to pursue.

WHEN MAISIE MILKS THE COO

By CHARLES WOODWARD HUTSON

SAYS sonsie Meggie McAdoo:
"O Brither Tam, ye're sic a sumph
Ye dinna ken the where, the hoo,
Nor e'en the when a lass to woo.
But blurt your luve intil her lug,
When Maisie milks the coo.

"A lassie's hands of bus'ness fou'
Ye canna tak, to send the bluid
To throbbin' breast an' blushin' broo:
She'll say 'Ye're in the way the noo!'
Ye suldna coort your Maisie then,
When Maisie milks the coo.

"Aye kiss upon her rosy mou'
Whiles baith are comin' frae the byre
Were far the fitter thing to do,
But no to stand an' strut an' coo
Like turtle dove beside the lass,
When Maisie milks the coo."

Says crafty Tammie McAdoo:
"Ye're clever, but wi' a' your wut
Ye haena hit the hidden clue:
I ken the when an' where to woo,
For Maisie canna rin awa'
When Maisie milks the coo!"

LOVE AND LABOUR

BY HILDA RIDLEY

AMONG the many books published of late years on the Woman Question two stand out with the clearness due to distinction. I refer to Ellen Key's "Love and Marriage," and "Woman and Labour" by Olive Schreiner.

These books deal with problems which arise from different aspects of the same question. Until recently, woman's rights as a human being have been emphasised, but now a movement is developing which lays stress upon her specific rights as a mother. Ellen Key is in sympathy with the last movement, while Olive Schreiner continues to assert the general human rights of woman.

I wish in this paper to show how different the points of view of these two writers are, and how their sympathies help to explain their attitudes. Before doing this, however, it might not be amiss to say a few words regarding them personally. Ellen Key, at least, is not widely known, for it is only recently that she has come into prominence in her own country and her chief sphere of influence is Germany, where she has especially appealed to the women. In this country, she is known best through the translations of two of her books, "The Century of the Child," published in 1909, and "Love and Marriage" published in the early part of this year. She was born in the southern part of Sweden in 1849. Always of rather a shy and retiring nature, the area to which she confined her influence was for many years a small one, but it was gradually extended and when she reached middle age she came into full possession of herself and began to lecture and write on the subjects with which her name is associated. In her development, she was helped by a lifelong friendship with Björnson, the great Norwegian writer, and by her attraction to such authors as Ibsen, Elizabeth B. Browning, George Eliot, John Stuart Mill, Herbert Spencer, and John Ruskin. Her affinity to these authors shows where her interests lie. From her early youth the problems of society have attracted her.

Olive Schreiner, the English South African writer, is well known as the author of "The Story of an African Farm," but her book "Woman and Labour" was written under such interesting circumstances that the temptation to refer to them is irresistible. In the introduction to "Woman and Labour" she tells us that in her early youth she began to write a book on Woman and that the writing of the book extended over many years and was not completed until 1899. She was preparing to revise the book and write a preface for it when she was suddenly ordered by her physician to leave Johannesburg, where she was at that time living, and pass some time on a lower level. Just two months later, the Boer war broke out. Soon after, she attempted to return to the Transvaal, but was prevented from doing so by the military authorities, who even refused to let her communicate with anyone in her old home. Eight months later, after the British troops

had captured Johannesburg, she heard from a friend that her home had been looted and that everything of value, including her desk and its contents, had been destroyed—and in the desk she had left the manuscript of the book over which she had spent so many years. Shortly after, she found herself in a small "up-country hamlet" in the very heart of the conflict. She was living at that time in a single room "with a stretcher and two packing cases as furniture," and with "only a little dog as company." She was allowed to go out only during certain hours each day and newspapers and magazines were forbidden her. Under the circumstances, she felt the necessity of some "abstract work" to keep her mind from dwelling on the horrors of war around her. In this way she began the book "Woman and Labour," which she calls only a "fragment" and a "remembrance" of the book which was destroyed.

The point I wish to bring out in discussing the opinions of these interesting women is that they regard the position of woman at the present time from entirely different points of view. Thus Ellen Key sees danger in a movement which she believes has already gone too far, while it is Olive Schreiner's opinion that it has gone not far enough. The one would cry "Halt" to the women in the vanguard, the other would urge that they press forward with even more ardour.

How can we account for the different attitudes of these two thoughtful women? If we remember the causes to which they have given their sympathy, some light will be thrown upon the subject. To Ellen Key, woman is primarily a mother or a sexual being; to Olive Schreiner, she is primarily a human being. Through all the ages of the past, Ellen Key sees in the woman with the child at her breast the one refining influence in hostile times. Through all the ages of the past, Olive Schreiner sees in her the toiler, she who shared equally with man the labour of the day. To Ellen Key, the work she performed was but an indirect expression of her "maternal instinct." To Olive Schreiner, it was a direct expression of her ability to cope with man in the field of human endeavour. While Ellen Key apparently cannot detach the work she performed from the woman, Olive Schreiner can and does detach it and holds it up for what it is worth as a contribution to human labour.

Now in the world around us at the present time, Ellen Key does not find a fitting place for motherhood. She hears the loud claims of woman for human rights. She sees her knocking at the door of the professions and entering: she listens to her glorying in the fact that she has demonstrated that as a butcher or carpenter or undertaker she can hold her own with man, but amid all the clamour, few and faint are the voices she hears raised in behalf of what is, to her, the *raison d'être* of a woman's existence. Naturally, she glances wistfully back to a time when in her estimation, motherhood played a preêminent part in the life of woman. And out of the glamour of the past, one institution, which was indissolubly associated with her, arises—the home. When all women were in the home, motherhood was the supreme fact of their lives. It is Ellen Key's conviction that "woman must be won back to the home." Thus she has come to identify woman inextricably with the home, and she finds a peculiar fitness in the work which woman performed in the home which she does not often find in the work which she performs in the world. In other words, there was what she calls an "organic connection" between woman and her work in the home. That multitudes of women at the present day are not engaged in the work which devolves upon wives and mothers is, to her, a cause of alarm. What she fears for woman is the loss of the "maternal

instinct." This is why she cries "Halt" to the women in the vanguard of the woman's rights movement, for it seems to her that they are not intent upon asserting rights pertaining to their "feminine nature," but are claiming the right to share labour in which the lines of sex are completely obliterated. She deeply deplores this tendency, and she urges the leaders of the movement to pause and consider their sex.

"Woman must be more eager," she says, "to discover or invent for themselves departments of work which will give them an opportunity of expressing something of their feminine nature."

The work upon which she lays most emphasis, and the work which she believes was preëminently hers in the home, is the care of children. Thus she urges women to seek work pertaining to the interests of children—work which shall be a training for prospective duties as a mother. Her conception of motherhood is a high one. She believes that woman should prepare for motherhood with the same care as for a profession, acquainting herself with eugenic laws and studying child life. This renewed concentration upon sex will result, she believes, in the revival of the "maternal instinct," which will inevitably guide woman back to the home and bring about a broad division of labour in the present work of the world, which shall be preliminary to the restoration of that "old division of labour . . . that by which the majority of women not only bear, but also bring up the new generation within the home."

It is remarkable to what different conclusions a different point of view may lead one. Olive Schreiner sees in the work which woman performed in the past chiefly the human element, that which serves as an index to what she is capable of performing in the future. The bearing and rearing of children even in the past, formed but a part of the duties of women.

"We wove the garments of our race—the tapestries that covered them were the work of our hands; we brewed the ale and the simples which were used as medicines we distilled and prescribed . . . at the doors of our houses we sat with our spinning wheels."

The rearing of children Olive Schreiner views in its purely human aspect, and for her present purpose separates it from the "passive function" of child-bearing. She does not in any sense underrate that function, but she maintains that, irrespective of that, woman's labour in the past was equivalent to man's. She urges that the leaders of the woman's movement press forward, because she sees that the work which was once equivalent to man's has been taken from her and that she is not being given an absolutely fair chance to find new work, with the consequences that she is not employing her full energies. What she fears is that unless woman is given a fair opportunity to find new work, she will become eventually a parasite. She does not urge, like Ellen Key, a return to the home, for to her it is impossible that the "wheels of time should reverse themselves or the stream of life flow backwards." The causes which took away from woman so large a proportion of her traditional labor are still operative. The demands of a society, which is becoming more and more complex, necessitate technical and manual training, and this must result in taking the children at an early age from the home.

"The woman who should at the present day," she says, "insist on entirely educating her own offspring would, in nine cases out of ten, inflict an irreparable injury on them."

Long ago, woman's special work, that of spinning, weaving, brewing and baking, was relegated, under changed forms, to the factories—and the demand for machine work is still in the ascendant. Even the "passive act" of child-bearing has become restricted, being closely bound up with the conditions above mentioned.

"Every mechanical invention which lessens the necessity for rough, muscular, human labour, diminishes also the social demand upon woman as the producers of large masses of such labourers." And—

"So difficult and expensive has become in the modern world the rearing and training of even one individual, in a manner suited to fit it for coping with the complexities and difficulties of civilised life, that, to the family as well as to the state, unlimited fecundity on the part of the female has already in most cases become an irremediable evil."

Whereas, also, in the past, war and ignorance of hygiene made vast inroads upon human life and the necessity for constant child-bearing on the part of woman was apparent, improved methods have now greatly diminished human mortality.

"Not now merely for men, but rather for few men, and those few, well born and well instructed, is the modern demand."

What work, then, worthy of the name remains for woman in the home? The work of woman in the past was productive. By clothing and feeding her own, she clothed and fed the community. The work which women have followed into the factories bears but a faint resemblance to their creative labour in the past. What Olive Schriener demands for woman is new work which shall fill fully the gap left by the old labour. And she believes that she can find this work only through being permitted to enter untrammelled into the full field of human endeavour. With John Stuart Mill, she declares:

"The proper sphere for any human being is the highest sphere that being is capable of attaining; and this cannot be ascertained without complete liberty of choice."

To Olive Schriener, therefore, a division of labour such as Ellen Kay advocates is meaningless, because she has never regarded the bulk of woman's work in the past as a manifestaton of the "maternal instinct." She asks for woman a fair opportunity to seek for work which shall fill the gap left by the old. Unless woman can find for herself, through liberty of choice, work calculated to make her life once more full and useful, she fears that she will be thrown back upon her mere sexual attributes and become a parasite, with all the parasite's capacity for working social evil.

Which of these women is right? Has woman already gone too far? Or has she not gone far enough? If there is danger in her present position, is it the danger of her becoming unsexed or the danger of her becoming a parasite? These are questions which the reader must determine. It is pertinent, however, to ask whither do the tendencies of the present day point? Is there a decrease in the demand for technical education or an increase? Is science helping to diminish human mortality? Is a larger or a smaller birth-rate, on the whole, desirable? An elaborate preparation for motherhood, under conditions which must render it, in many cases, nugatory, would be hardly practical.

HOWTH CASTLE.

Seat of the Earl of Howth, with Ireland's Eye (the Island) in the Distance.

HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS OF DUBLIN

BY LINDSAY CRAWFORD

THE royal road to Ireland's capital is that which the Iberians and Gaels took as their plunging keels, cresting the white-maned waves, nosed their way with angry insistence into the calmer waters of Dublin Bay, revealing to the anxious gaze of the sea-rovers a coast-line whose emerald green sward stretched back to where the purple heather and golden gorse and primeval forest reached up in silent adoration to the eternal hills that still keep watch and ward over the gateway of fair Innisfail: back to Slieve Cullan—

"Where the Sugarloaf, with bare and ruinous wedge,
Cleaves the gray air to view the dark'ning sea."

The traveller who would profit by first impressions and who would really know Dark Rosaleen must remember that the fair goddess is to the poetic Celt an uncrowned queen who sits on the rocks looking out to the sea "with the sorrow of a thousand

DUBLIN CASTLE

Showing the Bermingham Tower and Chapel Royal, to the right

years welling up in her dark and beautiful and ever youthful eyes." It is thus he imagines his Kathleen ni Houlahan as he soliloquises:—

"And who can marvel o'er thy grief,
Or who can blame thy flowing tears,
That knows their source?"

Dark Rosaleen must be wooed from the sea. The machinations of the turbulent waters that war between the shores of Gael and Saxon—"as if the Divil had melted down Hell and was stirrin' it up wid a stick"—must be overcome and the terrors of *mal de mer* strangled in the birth. What more glorious memory than that recalled of a bright summer morning on deck as the throbbing mail packet, passing Inis MacNessin, or Ireland's Eye, on the starboard, runs under the lee of Ben Edar—now known as Howth Hill—with its towering cliffs rising sheer out of the limpid water like the envenomed fangs of a sea monster that is robbed of its prey. Howth harbour, now a sand-silted tidal refuge for a rapidly diminishing fishing fleet, was in early Victorian days the port of call for the mail packet. Here Queen Victoria landed on her first visit to the country. The Hill of Howth is rich with legends and stories of heroic days. In a sleepy hollow that nestles close to the purple and gold that lend colour to the Hill that stands sentry over the waterway to the Capital, is the castle of the St. Lawrences, Earls of Howth—who came to Ireland with Strongbow over seven centuries ago—the doors of which, with characteristic Irish hospitality, are ceremoniously thrown wide open at the dinner hour, in fulfilment of a promise made to the celebrated Grace O'Malley, or Gaun Uaile, the Queen of Connacht, on her return from the court of Queen Elizabeth.

Here also is a famous tree, a branch of which is said to fall before

BRAY ESPLANADE AND HEAD

A Holiday suburb of Dublin.

the death of a Lawrence. The coming of the Norman invaders is still perpetuated in the names of the neighbouring villages.

Dublin Bay rivals the Bay of Naples in the richness and breadth of its scenic grandeur. On the southern coast-line Wicklow Head, Bray Head, Dalkey, Kingstown and Blackrock come into view. On Dalkey Island, off the mainland, the famous Monks of the Screw used to hold annual revel in the wild uproarious days of Curran. Reaching out to Dalkey on the one side and to the Wicklow mountains on the other, Greater Dublin is pushing back its boundaries to where the homes of its wealthy citizens, dotting the landscape, evade municipal rates and taxes.

From dome and spire the rays of the sun are reflected from the metropolis as the steamer enters the mouth of Anna Liffey leading

"To the city that lies in a shroud as of ashes under the steep;
To the south are the hills everlasting, eastward the sea-capes and isles:
Inland, the levels of emerald stretch for a hundred miles."

To approach Dublin by rail from north or south, to miss the opportunity of seeing it in its natural setting of sea and mountain, is to commit the unpardonable crime of climbing over the back fence instead of entering by the front door. As the vessel slows down in the river a glimpse may be had of Clontarf, where on a Good Friday, in 1014, Brian Boru drove the Danes into the sea. Slowly the vessel passes between towering merchantmen from the Baltic and American ports discharging lumber and grain, up past the coasting freighters that supply the British market with beef and mutton and which carry the agricultural products for which Ireland is famous.

THE CUSTOM HOUSE, DUBLIN

From here, two thousand years ago, Irish merchants, in trading vessels with high poops and leathern sails, carried on a brisk trade with Italy and Spain. In their fragile vessels tourists, scholars, and pilgrims braved the Atlantic gales bringing back with them from foreign lands the Latin alphabet, a knowledge of Greek and, later, the first inspired impulses of the Christian religion. Here the merchant princes of the Baltic, of Iceland and Norway, landed with their wares or their plunder.

As the vessel comes alongside, the visitor catches a glimpse of the handsome facade of the Custom House and on the southern quays the famous Conciliation Hall of Dan O'Connell's day, now the Grain Exchange. The numerous bridges spanning the rivers remind one somewhat of the quays of Paris.

There is something depressing about the quays of most old cities. Dublin is no exception to the general rule. But there is no time to reflect on the tatterdemalion appearance of the city's skirts. A flourish of whips and a Wagnerian chorus of "Car, sir; this way, ma'am," introduces the visitor for the first time to a national institution which is retreating slowly and sullenly before the horseless car. The greatest "car-drivingist" city in the world, in a country that is famous for its horses, no one has "done" Dublin who has shirked the seemingly perilous journey on a jaunting car—the gondola of the Dublin streets. The side-car is always well horsed with young bloods from the racing stables of Kildare, combining speed with staying power, and astonishing those who sit behind these wiry hacks on a thirty-mile run. The cab—the "four-wheeler" or "growler"—is a sort of reserve force associated with wet days, railway journeys and funerals.

ST. STEPHEN'S GREEN

In the Heart of Dublin.

The Irish jarvey never fails to impress the visitor as well by the amount of the fare as by his never-failing resourcefulness as a purveyor of wit and humour and ready-made repartee. It is part of his stock-in-trade to crack jokes and provoke laughter by his hoary witticisms. Even when he changes his occupation, by driving the dead instead of the living, the Hibernian son of Jehu can't forbear to have his little joke. Two jarveys once met in a bar to discuss the trade outlook over a "pint o' Guinness' porter"—the Dublin "beefsteak without bones." "An' how are things doin' wid ye?" inquired Mike. "Sure," responded Pat, the hearse driver, "I haven't buried a livin' sowl this week. Av coorse," he confided to Mike, as he blew back the obtrusive froth from his creamy pint, "we can't very well push business in our perfeshin', ye know." The Dublin jarvey, "in wit a man, simplicity a child," is a Celtic product which, it is lamentable to contemplate, seems destined to become a mere cog in this onrushing mechanical age.

Sackville, or O'Connell, street—in the first flight of the streets of the world—lands the visitor in the heart of the city. Statues of Irish patriots and Saxon aliens jostle each other in this noble thoroughfare.

Many great men have visited Dublin and left on record their first impressions. Thackeray was charmed with the Irish metropolis and declared that "a handsomer town it is impossible to see on a summer's day." Carlyle on the other hand referred contemptuously to its "vapid, inane streets, full of side-cars and trashery." Dean Swift, to whom the prospect was pleasing, and man alone was vile, poured out the vials of his wrath on the "fools, fops and rakes" who paraded its streets

SACKVILLE STREET.

Looking north from O'Connell Bridge, showing the O'Connell Monument in the centre and the Nelson pillar in the distance.

in his time. Sir Walter Scott was most impressed in his day by "the dark, saturnine face" that looked down at him from a bust near Swift's tomb. Ruskin was struck by "the ensemble and detail" of Dublin's classic architecture.

Even to-day Dublin wears a foreign aspect. In its æsthetic and architectural beauty, so Venetian-like in its magnificent temples and imposing buildings, it is still in the front rank of European cities. To the materialist, whose soul is wrapped in begrimed dollar bills, the Irish Capital may appear a dull, if historic wilderness. To the artistic eye of a Ruskin it is otherwise. To the Irishman it is a beautiful body from which the spirit has departed. The traveller, fresh from the bustle of Chicago or London, is struck by the pathetic quietude of its streets and squares. There is a singular absence of commercial bustle and activity. The buildings do not flaunt their roofs against the sky-line. There is an air of repose in the architect's designs. The elevator is still a luxury. It is the church spire not the chimney stack that catches the eye. The atmosphere is that of the cathedral town and the court. Walking through its spacious squares, congested slums, and forbidding tenements, every stone tells of bygone days. From this doorway, now the entrace to a convent, once emerged the angular form of Henry Grattan —who "stood by the cradle of Irish liberty, and followed it to its grave" —a striking figure as, with reflective mien and irregular footsteps, he passed down the street to the Irish House. Here, where Curran's eagle eye caught the greeting of some perfumed dandy, all is now silence and solitude. These old-fashioned doors, once opened by powdered flunkeys as My Lady ascended the steps from her

THE QUAYS

From O'Connell Bridge. The Custom House in the background.

sedan chair, now open to the employees of a dry-goods warehouse. In this palatial mansion at the north of Rutland Square (where fashionable Dublin once thronged in the salons of a belted earl) clerks now keep Civil Service hours and draw Government pay. There, where the doorway and portico still make a brave show in spite of a century of grime, the city's vagrants find a night's shelter. Grass and moss are eating the mortar of the stone facades of the mansions of pre-Union days, where

"Imperial Caesar, dead and turned to clay,
May stop a hole to keep the wind away."

The noblemen who built and dwelt in these magnificent houses were epicures with Oriental tastes. In the neighbourhood of Rutland Square, Mountjoy Square, St. Stephen's Green, Merrion Square, and Fitzwilliam Square, one can still find traces of the elaborate decorations that were executed a century ago, decorations that recall the beauties of the palaces of Venice and Milan. Globe-trotting plutocrats from the stockyards of Chicago, or from Wall street, have despoiled many of these old homes of the Irish aristocracy of the beautiful Carrara marble mantel-pieces, unique examples of Italian art. Angelica Kauffmann and Marinari left wonderful specimens of their work on ceilings and panels in family mansions whose glory has long since departed. The inlaid mantelpieces of Bossi may yet be seen, but these relics of a lost art are few in number. Wealthy collectors have robbed the city of these art treasures. Into the marble Bossi introduced the most delicate designs in flowers, exhibiting a marvellous fidelity to nature in colour and texture. Bossi died, and with him died the secret regarding the cement and colouring used. Repeated efforts have been

THE OLD HOUSE OF PARLIAMENT.

Now the Bank of Ireland (on left). Trinity College (on right).

made to analyse and reproduce the composition, but the imitations bear but a feeble resemblance to Bossi's finished work. One of Bossi's mantel-pieces was sold a few years ago for five hundred dollars—a mere bagatelle when compared with sums paid for other *objets d'art*. Lord Charlemont, whose town house in Rutland Square is now the headquarters of the Valuation Commissioners was the first to bring over Italian workmen to decorate the interior of his mansion. His example was quickly followed by other Irish peers. With the Union, and the destruction of the Irish Parliament, all these noblemen transferred their town residences to London. Dublin—whose Vice Regal court outshone in hospitality and brilliancy that of the British Sovereign, whose streets were gay with the concourse of belles and swells, witty fops, and charming society dames, and where the Beaux Walk of St. Stephen's Green outrivalled Rotten Row—passed in a single decade from the proud position of the second city in the Empire to a dishevelled relic of faded glories, sitting in melancholy solitude brooding "o'er the deep damnation of her taking off."

The homes of the Irish patricians of pre-Union days have now to be sought in byways that tell their own tale of the rapid descent. Aldborough House, now a barracks, stands in the midst of slumland, near Amiens street. Belvidere House still stands at the head of George's street, while close by is the former residence of the famous Countess of Blessington. The obtrusive spirit of commercialism has, with flaunting irreverence, pushed back old Dublin into the slums and side-streets.

A few relics of the past still struggle to maintain appearances and make a brave show in houses that seem too big for the present occu-

pants. A semblance of the Court society of former days still survives, but there is little of the prodigality and lavish display that distinguished the impecunious bucks who once, in these same Queen Anne mansions, closed the shutters at noonday that they might play faro, and *rouge et noir* by candlelight. No bewigged or powdered footman now opens the door. The wire of the visitor's bell is a broken, rusted, and twisted memory of days that were.

At this corner, within sight of St. Patrick's Cathedral, is a shop the front of which is stuck on to the portico of a nobleman's former town residence—the grocer plying his trade where the blue-blooded spendthrift of the eighteenth century would not have permitted him to come between the air and his nobility.

Dublin is not to be wooed by the purchaser of a day return excursion ticket.

Who can feel unmoved in Old Glasnevin, by the banks of the Tolka, when he remembers that here Prior, Parnell and Addison were wont to meet, and that in the cool shade of the trees overhanging this gurgling stream the famous Dean Swift enjoyed the society of Bishop Delaney, whose episcopal residence still tops the neighbouring hill. Or, nearer the city, what thoughts are conjured up in Glasnevin cemetery where O'Connell, the Liberator, Parnell, the Nationalist leader, Barry Sullivan, the great tragedian, and many others "after life's fitful fever sleep well." The statue over Barry Sullivan represents him with the skull of Yorick. Of him, whom Irishmen regard as the greatest of all Shakespearean actors, the Toronto *Globe* once wrote: "If Barry Sullivan's Hamlet is not what Shakespeare intended—which we by no means assert—then we wish that Shakespeare's Hamlet was what Barry Sullivan makes him."

And with what emotions we stand by the tomb of Swift and Stella in St. Patrick's Cathedral; Strongbow's recumbent figure in Christ Church Cathedral; or gaze at the skull of Swift in Dublin University Museum—"a terrible memento," exclaims Carlyle, "of senile decay, with the hideous smile on the cavernous mouth."

In St. Patrick's Cathedral—the Westminster Abbey of Ireland—is a bust of that sweet singer, Balfe, and the tattered, shot-torn flags of hardly-earned victory in many a bloody fight, with many other episodes recorded in stone and brass.

But the greatest glory of Dublin is the old House of Parliament, now the Bank of Ireland, in College Green. It is no borrowed or reflected glory. It is the only original piece of architecture in the world, it has been said, save Guarini's Santo Saudario at Turin, and the Ducal palace at Venice. Up those steps, once trod by statesmen, warriors and orators, now passes the stream of commerce and exchange. Money changers now sit where Grattan, Curran, Flood and Plunkett once held oratorical sway. Bank governors and directors occupy the seats around the table at which the Irish peers once mustered. On the walls hang two fine examples of tapestry representing the Siege of Derry and the Battle of the Boyne, executed in the Liberties in the days when Dublin employed five thousand hands in the silk industry. On the steps outside can be recalled the face of Lord Castlereagh, flinging looks of scorn at the irate mob that threw dead cats and hurled red-hot imprecations at the man who conspired with Pitt against the liberties of the Irish people. Oposite is Trinity College, where Oliver Goldsmith and Edmund Burke stand in statuesque repose in front of the Elizabethan building which has given so many great men to the service of the Empire and so few to the cause of Irish nationality. Priceless relics—including the famous Book of Kells and the last roll of the Irish Parliament—are stored in its library and museum.

The statues of Henry Grattan and William III. are encountered on the way up College Green, which leads to Ireland's Gethsemane, Dublin Castle. The architecture of Dublin Castle is plain and unpretentious. Over all is the odour of bureaucracy, of the jail, of the scaffold. St. Patrick's Hall, where state functions are held, is a brilliant spectacle when lit up and thronged with Irish youth and beauty at the picturesque ceremonials attending the installation of a Knight of St. Patrick. Around its walls are the banners and coats-of-arms of the Knights, and from Waldre's beautifully designed ceiling looks down a magnificent painting representing the coming of Strongbow. Bermingham Tower is the only relic old stained glass window of mediæval holed walls of massive thickness are stored the ancient muniments. Up till recently Irish Viceroys enjoyed the enviable prerogative of kissing the debutantes appearing at Court.

In the Chapel Royal, close by, is some exquisite oak carving and a rare old stained glass window of mediæval times. The building is one of the most perfect types of Gothic architecture in existence. Adjacent is St. Werburg's Church, with the organ on which Handel once played. St. Michan's, in Church street, is famous for the antiseptic properties of its vaults, in which lie in a wonderful state of preservation the bodies deposited there throughout several centuries. In this church the funeral service was held over all that was mortal of Charles Stuart Parnell. In its graveyard lie several '98 leaders. Mr. Gladstone visited St. Michan's in 1877, and the late rector recalls how the great statesman "trembled like an aspen leaf" as he looked on the mummified remains so wondrously preserved.

Among the historic streets is Fishamble street, sacred to the memory of Handel. Here was the music hall where the great master sat at his chamber organ. He came to Dublin, it was said, in a fit of pique and remained five months as the guest of the Duke of Devonshire, who was Viceroy. During the visit he produced for the first time his "Messiah," in Christ Church Cathredral.

In High street may be seen the house where Sarsfield was born and where Wolfe Tone was waked. In Thomas street the house where Lord Edward Fitzgerald was taken, and St. Catharine's Church, in front of which Robert Emmett was executed.

One famous spot, now occupied by the Church of Ireland Synod Hall, connected by an archway with Christ Church Cathedral, is almost forgotten. It was known as "Hell." The law courts were in close proximity, and "Hell" was where the legal fraternity had their chambers. "Lodgings in Hell, suitable for a lawyer," was a not uncommon form of advertisement in olden times. A statue of the Devil in this abode of the law drew from Bobby Burns the lines:

"But this I'm gaun to tell,
Which lately of a night befell,
Is just as true as the Deil's in Hell,
In Dublin City."

Up on the Dublin mountains, visible for many miles around, are the ruins of the notorious "Hell Fire Club," a famous resort of the wild, card-playing young bucks over a century ago. One of its leading members was Buck Whaley who occupied the house on St. Stephen's Green now the abode of the Catholic College. Whaley once jumped his favourite Arabian horse from a second storey window in Nassau street, landing safely on straw and winning a large wager. He also made a trip to Jerusalem as the result of a wager.

Young Whaley had a large circle of friends, including Lord Marcus Beresford. He played and lost at cards to Charles James Fox and won a royal mistress which the gay Prince of Wales staked against Whaley's gold in a famous gambling resort at Brighton. It is typical of the generosity of the Irish mind that on Whaley's death *The Freemans*

Journal threw over his wasted life the ample folds of the cloak of charity when it alluded to his wild career as "the improvident feature of greatness." Buck Whaley, when forced to fly from the writ server and debtors' jail, after squandering several fortunes, built a house at Douglas in the Isle of Man, the foundations of which were laid on clay shipped from Ireland. For, although unable to reside in Ireland, he would live on Irish soil.

The character of Ireland in the days of Dublin's glory was an anomaly in the moral world. Any approach to the habits of the industrious classes by an application to trade or business, or even a profession, was considered a degradation to a gentleman, and the upper orders of society afforded a most rigid exclusiveness. The Dublin of to-day reflects much of the false pride and gay recklessness and devil-may-care spirit of former times. Society in Dublin, it is true, is no longer composed of aristocrats. The mimic Court that is held in Dublin Castle is regarded by the blue bloods as a back entrance to Society. It is chiefly composed of professional classes, with a sprinkling of the aristocracy, officials, and military exiles acting as aides de camp to the Viceroy, or as members of the staff of the Commander-in-Chief.

The upper crust in Ireland is not satisfied with reflected royalty. It prefers to clank its toy court sword in St. James Palace and to see the Sovereign face to face. It is hard to realise now that the Irish Court once outshone that of George III. The struggle to keep up appearances is one of the most pathetic and tragic sides to present-day Dublin. One characteristic tradition survives. The Dublin man works to live. He does not, like his Ulster confrere, live to work. Business is sluggish at the best in Dublin and where possible it is never allowed to interfere with pleasure. Dublin jealously maintains the café form of transacting business, where the dull, prosaic routine is swallowed in sugar-coated capsules, and the commercial deal is clinched to the fraternal clink of glasses.

To see Dublin at its best one must meet it at the famous Horse Show or on the race-course, or at some of the theatres. A Dublin audience is the most critical in the world. Praise from the "gods" of a Dublin theatre is praise indeed, and actors and singers know that a successful first night in the Gaiety or Theatre Royal is a precursor to a remunerative season.

One of the most important of the old societies in the Irish metropolis is the Royal Dublin Society, founded by charter from George II., established for the promotion of husbandry and useful arts, and famous for its great annual Horse Show. It is the father of all existing societies with similar aims. The first Dublin Horse Show was held in 1868. To-day it attracts to its extensive permanent quarters at Balls Bridge visitors from every quarter of the world. Buyers representing the great powers come to it to purchase mounts and stud animals for their respective governments. It is more of a fair than a show to the farmers and breeders of Ireland. The wonderful jumping records of foreign officers at the International Horse Show at London recently were largely due to the Irish blood that carried them to victory. The Irish hunter is par excellence the finest ditcher and fencer in the world. He is the king of beasts. Dublin during Horse Show week—the latter end of August—approaches nearest to the gaiety of olden times than at any other period of year. In the jumping enclosure one meets the handsomest and best dressed women in the world. Horse-races and theatres round off one of the gayest seasons to be found in any European city.

Entering the spacious grounds of the Royal Dublin Society at Balls Bridge the magnitude of the Horse Show and the clock-like regularity with which everything is carried out compel admiration and astonish many

who come with peculiar prejudices regarding everything Irish. "The Irish," as a fair Yankee once petulantly exclaimed, "are the most charming and the most aggravating people in the world." But the Horse Show—the biggest thing of the kind in the world—is a striking example of the administrative capacity of Irishmen. With a trotting track, five rings, and a racing enclosure, Balls Bridge during this glorious week—when the poorest Irishman endeavours to live at the rate of ten thousand a year—is a veritable Cosmopolis. Sibilant hostlers putting the finishing touches on the shining coats of blood exhibits recall Dickensonian scenes. Seated at the rings the well-dressed crowds—mostly family parties—take a real and lively interest in the horseflesh. In the rings, showing their paces to prospective buyers, high-class matrons, with foals that may one day challenge the field at Punchestown or the Grand National—animals with plenty of bone, weight carriers with ragged hips and plenty of power behind the saddle—move across the green turf with the grace of well-bred aristocrats. And there is the gambler's chance of picking up an Ard Patrick or a Galtee More among these hundreds of thoroughbreds. But there are other attractions as well as the horses and jumping. Nowhere in the world can there be found in the same space so many handsome women. The *cailin deas*—she of the mystic race, "with tragedy lurking out of her gray eyes," shares the honours with man's noblest friend during the Show.

"Look at her there—
Night in her hair,
The blue ray of day from her eye laughin' out on us;
Faix an' a foot,
Perfect of cut,
Peepin' to put an end to all doubt in us."

The grace and the charm of the Dublin girl are enhanced by an undefinable air of distinction, and a seductive musical voice that interprets the English language with a purity of intonation and a refinement of expression not to be heard in any other part of the United Kingdom.

One may also hear in Dublin all the brogues from Cork to Fair Head. The clash of wits between the female prisoner at the bar and the Dublin bobby at the morning sessions at the back of the Four Courts is an experience not to be missed. The female resident of Church street or the Liberties—especially when her education has been rounded off by the wide experience gained as an auctioneer of old clothes in Patrick's Close, or as a street purveyor of apples and oranges—is a dangerous opponent to encounter in a battle of wits. Dan O'Connell once wagered he would get the better of an old apple woman who frequented the precincts of the Law Courts, and only succeeded in silencing the voluble dame by calling her "an ould isosceles triangle."

"Mrs. McGovern," said the magistrate to the prisoner, "don't imagine for one moment that you can continue to drink, as you have done, with impunity."

"Beggin' yer pardin, yer worship, I always drink wid Mrs. O'Brien," replied the unperturbed Mrs. McGovern.

Sitting in a street car one day, one of these itinerant apple merchants was next to some rather loud and disparaging Yankee visitors, who were decrying the Capital as a "dirty city." As the old dame rose to leave the car she turned and said: "I beg pardin, ladies, I was much intherested in the account of yer travels all over the world. I have heard all ye have to say about the dhirty Oirish. When ye nixt take yer thravels abroad I'd advise ye to go to Hell; ye'll find no dhirty Oirish there."

Dublin has improved in cleanliness in common with most large cities since the times when a landlady deprecatingly reminded her prospective lodger that "a little clane, Irish dirt niver did any one any harm."

The Phoenix Park, where Fitzgerald's ghost appears every morning

challenging for a duel, and where the Viceroy, Chief Secretary, and Under Secretary for Ireland reside, is one of the largest and most picturesque parks in the world. The Zoological Gardens, and the headquarters of the Royal Irish Constabulary are also situated within the park. It is a glorious scene at any time of year, but more particularly when the thousands of hawthorne trees are in bloom. Opposite the Vice Regal Lodge itinerant merchants and importunate applewomen keep alive the dark memories of the Invincibles of 1882 by marking with deep crosses the spots where Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke were foully murdered. Taking advantage of the morbidly curious, these open-air merchants traffick in bog oak and other curios. Looking from his window Earl Spencer saw the tragedy in May, 1882, but thought it was only a drunken row. A seat is pointed out as the spot where the informer Carey sat and gave the signal to the murderers of the approach of the Chief Secretary and Under Secretary. A few paces off "Skin the Goat," on his car tightened his reins and flicked his little brown mare, getting her blood warmed up for the desperate ride of the assassins from the scene of a crime that put back the home rule cause a quarter of a century. On this famous drive the assassins must have caught a glimpse of Kilmainham jail where some of them later paid the extreme penalty.

There is a new Dublin springing phoenix-like from the ashes of the dead past. Life may never again be restored to the dry bones that moulder in the slums and side streets. The glories of the dead past may never be recalled in the deserted homes of a once resident nobility. Duibh-Linn, the city of the Black Pool, seems destined to reflect in the future the more prosaic virtues of a Democracy. In the Dublin of to-day one feels the throbbing of a new and a better life. A noble band of intellectuals is hammering out the destiny of the country. Poets, dramatists, actors, politicians, social reformers—they can be met in cosy tea-rooms and other haunts, living the simple life and given seriously to think over national problems. With a Parliament in College Green the spirit will return to the still beautiful and inanimate clay. National poetry—"the poetry of the sword, of the famine and of the pestilence"—native music, and the Irish drama, long marred by the too deep intensity of the insistent note of sadness reflected in the decadent glories of the metropolis, will take on a more joyous expression and preach a more optimistic and lively faith.

The architectural beauties of Dublin, its extended vistas and classic atmosphere, break like a revelation on the visitor who is attuned in reverence and sympathy. He indeed must be destitute of imagination and sympathy who cannot once more people these stately homes and noble streets with a new, a richer, and a more abundant life.

Leaving Kingstown Harbour as the ruddy sun sinks slowly behind the mountains, bringing the giant Sugar Loaf once more into bold relief, a fleeting vision of loneliness opens out as the green shore recedes from view. Kingstown is fast supplanting the North Wall on the Liffey as the port of call and departure for Dublin. Southwards from the metropolis for twelve miles are now to be found the homes of wealthy merchants, retired landed gentry, Government officials and pensioners, and the families possessed of independent means that recruit the population of Dublin from the Irish provinces from year to year. For Dublin is not an industrial but a residential city. Much of the wealth of Ireland is to be found concentrated within its boundaries including its suburbs.

As the steamer, threading its way through the fleet of yachts cruising in the Bay, heads once more for the British coast the memory of "dear old dirty Dublin"—no longer dirty

and unkempt but leading in the van in the provision of better housing and healthier surroundings for the masses of its people—brings many sweet reflections. Its magnificent picture gallery, museums and art treasures, its quiet retreats far from the madding crowd, its atmosphere of refinement, culture and repose, and its many-sided appeals to the craving desires of a wearied humanity in this bustling age—all crowd fast upon the memory as the golden disc behind a bank of clouds throws ghost-like shadows over hill and valley.. As the evening mist casts a gray mantle over the waters shutting out the thousands of twinkling, dancing lights ashore we think of Dublin as *triste*.

It is the memory of other days that haunts its stately homes and clings to its handsome architecture. He who would hold converse with its familiar spirits must approach with the reverent awe of the antiquarian. Its streets are the hallowed aisles of a national sarcophagus. It is the past not the present that everywhere obtrudes. Dublin — whose history stretches back through the mists of two thousand years, whose architecture and customs owe so much to the stranger within its gates—is an epitome in sculptured stone of the tragic history of Erin. The daily press, the speeches of the politicians, the table conversation in the hotel or restaurant —all conjure up the past. This tendency of the Irish people to brood over the past, to the neglect of the present, is one of the most notable characteristics of the race. And the reason is not far to seek. The Irish people is divorced from the present. The continuity of national life has been snapped. The destruction of the Irish Parliament and the ruthless policy of Anglicisation and denationalisation have diverted the broad streams of national life into new and unnatural channels and dried up the well-springs of incentive and individuality.

As the myriad lights of the great city vanish behind the horizon the imagination conjures up once more the pathetic figure of Erin sitting on the storm-swept rocks looking out over the sea, waiting for the day when the angel shall roll away the stone, and when the spirit of the Past shall once more be incarnated in the Present.

THE CLIMBER OF THE HEIGHTS

BY C. LINTERN SIBLEY

DIMLY to be seen, and dreamlike in their intangibility, were the vast heights upflung above the timber line of Lost Men Mountain. A wan light presaged the dawn, but the stars still glimmered faintly. Silence, tingling and austere, brooded upon this upper world.

Already in the little alpine meadow on the shoulder of the mountain, between scraggy clumps of jackpine and the lofty precipices that supported the last peaks, a small flock of sheep was feeding on the bunch grass.

There were six of them—two ewes, with short, bowie-knife horns, three lambs, and the leader of the flock, a magnificent ram. He was one of the most kingly beasts of the kingly tribe of Big Horns. He stood a foot higher than either of the ewes. His body was massive, close-knit and muscular. His head, crowned with huge horn scrolls, was on a truly heroic scale. His movements were quick and springy, and whenever he raised his head his pose was strikingly statuesque.

The faint violet tints in the sky turned to crimson as the stars faded out. Then the red lid of the sun peeped over the edge of the world.

Instantly fire gleamed on the taller peaks, and the mountains loomed clear and tremendous. From the meadow where the sheep were browsing the vast billowy sea of the Rockies unrolled itself to the view. Ranges of tall peaks capped with the eternal snows faded away into the infinity of the azure sky. Beneath were black forest depths, misty chasms, bleak and solemn rock walls still in shadow.

Coming from out the mists of the valleys, passing through the deep solemn notes of the forests, and rising in harmonies of grays and greens and purples to the piercing, exquisite fire of gleaming, ice-crowned spires, a triumphal pæon of colour welcomed the new day.

Into view of this pomp and pageantry of Nature came three men. They silently stole out from the edge of the timber belt and into the shelter of a clump of jackpine. They were a white hunter and two Indian guides. A rock boulder hid the sheep from them. The Indians seemed to suspect the presence of game, for they crouched low under the trees, and one of them waved a deprecating hand to the white man, who so far followed their example as to drop to one knee.

But the scene obliterated thoughts of hunting from the white man's mind. The overpowering bulk of the mountains, the stateliness of the cathedral spires, the vastness of the panorama, and the exquisite loveliness of colouring in which all was bathed gripped his imagination.

To this city-bred man it seemed a miracle that such beauty could be wrought without the aid of man. To come into these remote heights, where perhaps from the beginning of the world man had never been before, and to discover himself in the presence of such a triumphal welcome to another day, was suddenly to find his perspective altered—to realise that man, and civilisation, and kingdoms, and empires were but incidents in some vast, incomprehensible scheme

of nature altogether beyond his understanding.

It seemed to him that the utter silence in which this scene was unrolled must be filled with music to which his ear was not attuned; that the mountains, instead of being lonely, must be peopled with hosts of beings whom he could not see.

It gave him no start, caused not a single muscle of his to quiver, when from behind the huge boulder in the alpine meadow in the foreground, the little flock of Big Horn sheep came picking their way and browsing. They came quietly into the picture—that was all.

Mechanically he noted the magnificent proportions of the ram, mechanically he counted the ewes and lambs, but his mind was enthralled with the whole vast scene, and not with its details.

One of the Indians touched his foot, and when he looked round pointed at the sheep.

He nodded quickly, and took the rifle the Indian offered him. But now, as he gazed with a hunter's eye on the sheep, they too fascinated him, and instead of raising his rifle he waited and watched.

Unsuspecting as the sheep were, and therefore natural and easy in their movements, the little flock somehow had about it an air of domesticity.

Only the ewes were feeding. They moved energetically from bunch to bunch of grass, nibbling quickly. One lamb was following its mother, and with awkward baby movements was trying to get its mother to allow it to nurse. But the moment the lamb dropped on its knees under its mother's udder and began to shake its tail in an ecstasy of anticipation, the mother would move on, leaving the lamb a pathetic little figure of disappointment behind her.

The other two lambs were trying their strength in mimic battle, rearing and butting at each other with great vigour.

The Big Horn ram stood watching the battling two with fatherly indulgence. Then he walked up to them, lowered his massive scroll-crowned head, and playfully joined in the fight. Immediately the lambs turned on him. One butted at his flanks, running back and launching his puny blows with all his might. The other began a bold frontal attack, rearing and butting downwards at the lowered head of the ram and in the approved fighting style.

Down among the jackpines a bird began to sing. Now and then some of the shale, loosened by the sheep, went clattering down the mountain side.

Nothing else broke the stillness.

Suddenly the Big Horn ram flung up his head; the man-tainted air had reached him. Almost with the same movement he sprang sideways to the top of a boulder and swung round on his forelegs as on a pivot. With his head flung back, his big golden eyes searching the edge of the timber line, and his sensitive nostrils sniffing at the air, he presented a noble sight.

The ewes looked at him nonchalantly, still chewing. The lambs took no notice at all.

Big Horn stamped his forefeet, shook his head, and snorted, as though the tainted air were an abomination in his nostrils.

Instantly every one of the flock sprang to attention and ran towards him with frightened movements and quivering nostrils. Instantly, too, the white man raised his rifle. But he never sighted it.

At that moment the silent forces of Nature intervened. With the speed of light itself fog dropped down upon the alpine meadow, and in an instant the vision was blotted out from the hunter's eyes.

It was a phenomenon well known to the Indians, but it amazed the white man. He had seen clouds wreathing the mountain sides, but he never imagined they dropped with such imperceptible swiftness.

One of the Indians pulled out his pipe and lit it. The other smiled in-

scrutably. The smile might have meant pleasure at the thought that the white man had lost his opportunity because he had ignored the first signal of the Indian. It might have meant contempt.

"What a magnificent head!" whispered the white man, looking back again instantly to see if the fog were thinning.

"Biggest horns in all the Rockies," said the Indian. "Biggest I ever saw."

"Never dreamt the fog was going to drop like that," said the white man apologetically. "What a fool I was not to shoot on sight! How long will the fog last?"

The Indian shrugged his shoulders.

"Perhaps five minutes. Perhaps all day," he said.

"Well, we'll wait," said the hunter, also lighting his pipe.

But it was an hour before the fog lifted, and then the sheep were gone.

The Indians took up the trail. They soon told the white man the pursuit of this great ram was hopeless. The trail, they said, showed that the flock had got their scent—perhaps had seen them—and that the sheep had retreated at great speed. They were extremely wild and would probably travel on and on in this vast sea of mountains for days before they again felt secure.

The hunter did not believe the Indians. Now that he had lost his chance, he hungered and thirsted for just one more. He saw no more the beauty of the mountains. He was a hunter pure and simple. And greedily did he covet the magnificent trophy that the Big Horn carried. To take back this trophy to his friends, to keep it forever as a proud possession and to be able to say "I shot that animal in the Rockies"—this was his one ambition.

For three days did he hunt. But he saw no more of the sheep. Then the city called the white man away. Only one of the Indians went back over the mountains with him. The other stayed behind and hunted. For the white man wanted the Big Horn's head, and $250 was the price he was ready to pay for it.

*

When the fog shut down upon the little flock, Big Horn already knew the enemy that menaced him. The tainted air told him that it was man; his keen eyes caught the figure of the white man as the latter raised his rifle at the very instant that the fog came.

Bounding swiftly from the boulder, the ram snorted alarm at his family and led the flock rapidly up the slopes.

He came of a much-hunted race and he knew that of all the enemies he had to fear man was the worst. He knew the terrible power of man to hurl death from tremendous distances. He had heard the crackling roar by which men strike down the creatures of the wild. He had seen members of the flock slain instantly by the death men hurl from afar. His horror of man was such that the sight or smell of a human being drove him into a frenzy of fear.

The movements of the flock first partook of the nature of stampede. Then they slowed down into a rapid trot, the ram leading the way with steady purpose. Behind him followed the three lambs, and in the rear were the ewes, who butted the lambs whenever they showed a disposition to slacken their speed. Far away across the ravine, high up in the heart of a mountain range twenty miles to the north, were the breeding grounds where the ram was born, and it was to this place that he now led the flock.

At first the flock climbed up and up the face of the mountain to the spires. Then they wound around to the north and by precipitous passes found their way down to the timber. Once in the forest they travelled at a steady jog trot wherever the trail was smooth, while over the boulders they skipped and leaped with an ease that was almost birdlike in its lightness and abandon. The lambs in particular showed amazing agility.

Late that same afternoon they were breasting the wooded slopes on the far side of a tremendous valley. Not without adventure had the journey been, but then their lives were one long adventure. They had to jump or ford several mountain torrents, and in the bed of the valley had had to cross, by leaps from rock to rock, a great, roaring, swirling, glacier-fed river.

In the valley a couple of coyotes hung upon their trail for some time, despite repeated flank attacks by the ewes. When the coyotes became bolder and tried to cut in by a cross trail upon the lambs, Big Horn wheeled round in a perfect blaze of passion and charged upon the tormentors. He did not catch either of them. But they gave up hope and went off in search of easier quarry.

Occasionally a rabbit would sit upon his hind quarters and stare questioningly at the hurrying sheep. Canada jays sometimes inferred the worst from the rapid movements of the flock and screamed alarms that brought squirrels shrilling on overhanging branches and sent blue grouse whirring through the pinion pines.

Stopping neither to rest nor to feed, the ram brought his charges before nightfall to one of the lesser peaks. There, in a retreat among the rocks that commanded far-stretching views, they rested for the night. Late the next day they reached the object of their journey—an alpine meadow overhanging a vast gorge. There they settled down once more to a period of placid order and contentment, of eating and resting and gambolling.

But the Indian, too, knew of that meadow, for his tribe had hunted in these mountains from time immemorial. He hardly expected to find the big ram there, but he knew that somewhere in that neighbourhood he was likely to find sheep—and probably, he argued to himself, one head would earn the $250 as well as another.

The Indian reached this high retreat three days after the arrival of the sheep, on a day when wind roared through the mountain passes, and the drifting snow swirled into fantastic shapes.

He camped in a cave for two days until the storm had passed. Then he made for the heights above the meadow, where he crept cautiously from rock to rock, taking advantage of each new view of the meadow to look for sheep. He knew that when alarmed the sheep would look to the timber on the far side of the meadow for the danger, and would seek safety in retreat to the rocks above.

Thus, by approaching the meadow from above, if he missed the ram on the first shot he would probobly get him on the second.

An hour after he had reached the heights commanding the meadow he sighted the sheep. But the ridge from which he gazed was too high for effective shooting. Far below, tiny specks on the boulder-strewn and snow-swept field, the sheep were feeding, all unsuspicious of danger.

Carefully he made his way down the steep side of the mountain. He was almost within rifle shot when a loose rock, dislodged under his weight, went crashing down the mountain side.

He saw the sheep start to attention; saw the very Big Horn ram he was after leading them off at great speed towards the upper heights.

He crouched and waited.

For five minutes the sheep were lost to view behind boulders. When they reappeared they were far away to the left. The Indian hastened by an easy path up and across the mountain to intercept them. In the next half hour he never got a glimpse of the sheep.

Then, without noise of footfall or premonitory suspicion, the paths of hunter and hunted met. Their paths converged at right angles around a huge pyramid of rick—the sheep on the outward side, on the edge of a precipice.

The great ram fell back on his haunches for a second. Then, realising the impossibility of turning back, like an arrow he bounded forward, making for the safety of a narrow defile that wound sharply through the rocks a dozen yards ahead.

In the same instant the Indian made a movement to raise his rifle.

On the edge of the rise between the sheep and the defile the snow of the day before had drifted until it hung like the comb of a great wave high out over the valley. That comb was in the direct path of the sheep.

In the excitement of the moment, the big ram sprang on to the snow wave. He crouched as he realised his position, but before he could retreat the others had joined him.

With a rush and amid a huge cloud of flying snow, the bank gave way, and the whole flock disappeared in a miniature avalanche that went sweeping with a muffled roar down the face of the precipice.

The Indian peered over. Except for flying snow, nothing could be seen. The Big Horn, he felt sure, and all his flock lay dead at the bottom without a shot having been fired.

He made his way to the bottom of the precipice after a toilsome journey and began searching amid the snow and rocks for the sheep. He found one ewe with a broken neck—then one of the lambs.

The legs of another of the lambs stuck out from a snow drift. He began pulling at them.

And then something struck him behind, something that hit him like a blow from an oak plank. He fell forward awkwardly into the snow.

By some miracle the ram alone had survived the fall uninjured. The animal, keeping lonely guard by the dead body of one of his ewes, had seen the Indian approach and had connected the man with the tragedy that had occurred.

No longer a timid wilding, but a rage-possessed demon, the infuriated animal rushed upon the man, struck him over and brought his huge horns crashing down upon the man's head. Beneath there was a rock, and the impact of the tremendous blow delivered by the ram smashed the man's skull. The ram rained crashing blows upon the man, smashing ribs and cutting into the flesh of head and neck with his sharp forefeet. Again and again he charged; again and again the great horns crashed upon the limp body of the Indian, who was dead long before the infuriated animal left him.

At length Big Horn's fury died out. Then the horror of his sudden loneliness in the midst of death oppressed him. He turned away from this valley of horror and roamed high into the mountain ridges. At dusk he stood on a huge pyramid of rock, his silhouette showing up sharply against the sky.

In an agony of loneliness he bleated for his flock. His voice, in which was a pathetic note of anguish, floated out over an ocean of peaks lifting white fingers to the stars. It floated out and died away.

There was not a single sound in answer. Not a single answering voice to break the aching silence of all the wild chaos of cloud and rock.

REMINISCENCES OF A COLONIAL JUDGE

BY D. W. PROWSE

WHEN I tell my readers about my adventures and the diversified and multifarious offices that I have filled in the course of a long life (now verging on to eighty years) I am sure that they will at least give me credit for variety. As a young fellow I was a lawyer, estate agent, representative of a great English fire insurance office, and member of the Legislature.

My functions, titles and occupations were so varied, so incongruous, that they will appear to the reader more like Gilbertian comic opera than ordinary prosaic official life. I was the midshipmite and the boatswain bight and the crew of the captain's gig—all kinds of functions rolled into one. Besides being District Judge, Police Magistrate. Chairman of Quarter Sessions, Chairman of the Board of Health, I was inspector, with full control, of the police. One morning I woke up to find myself suddenly transformed from a peaceful district judge into a fighting admiral with four ships. I had been appointed Commander of the Bait Squadron to prevent the sale of bait by our fishermen to our rivals and opponents, the French. It recalled Sidney Smith's immortal joke about Lord John Russel's daring and self reliance, "that with twenty-four hours notice he would take command of the Channel Fleet." Incongruous and absurd as the appointment would appear, it was not so in reality; like all Islanders I was more or less of a sailor and came of old Devon seaman stock. A Prowse commanded the fireships in Calais roads and destroyed the invincible armada. Another Prowse, with Blackwood, received Nelson's last orders at Trafalgar. As Commander of the Bait Squadron I destroyed the French fishery and saved the country from ruin. Both Government and the public deemed the exploit impossible, but I won.

I hope my readers will thoroughly understand that the stories I am about to relate happened long ago. They are the reminiscences of a garrulous old man relating incidents of the past. Dear, delightful days of Arcadian simplicity, when port wine was a shilling a bottle, and we had no debt.

In 1861 I was unopposed, and my course was easy. In 1865 I had two opponents. How to get rid of them quickly and bring myself and the steamer back to Burin to aid in my leader's election was a puzzle. I found both my antagonists staying with my special friend and staunch supporter the Jersey agent. These were convivial times, and my rivals were put to bed in a very moist condition, both having declared solemnly before the agent that they had no intention of opposing my election.

Just before dawn our steamer came in. Both my opponents were carried aboard, dead drunk, and when they woke they were over one hundred

miles to leeward of the district, with my nomination the only one in the returning officer's hands. They stormed and swore at me, but I produced in presence of the captain their written resignation in my favour.

When I got to Burin I found my leader in bed sick and nervous. There was a report of boats with fire-arms and all sorts of threats from our opponents. I saw at once what to do; we must keep the people quiet and amused until nomination was over. I had both a fiddler and a bugler. The unfinished court-house had a fine floor. Our outharbour people are very fond of music and dancing, so I passed the word round amongst all my friends to copy my example—get hold of a girl, jump through the window and begin dancing.

It acted like a charm. Instead of the expected row, we had a most enjoyable time. Conservatives and Liberals alike dancing like mad. Four o'clock came, our members alone were nominated. Our leader arose from his bed and won nearly all our money at cards that evening.

When I was first appointed to my judicial office forty-one years ago the Capital was in a very bad condition. There were 500 robberies in the winter of 1869, and any number of unlicensed houses, thieves and loose women. One of my predecessors was with Sir John Moore at Corunna; another was a magistrate in 1813. A Norwegian sailor told us about various places where he had bought drink. For a fortnight we kept him supplied with cash and followed by a policeman in plain clothes. In a week we gathered in all the sheebeeners and convicted them in batches and brought over £5,000 into our treasury.

A deputation headed by Sir Ambrose Shea petitioned the Governor to have me dismissed for punishing a lot of respectable tradesmen in a most disgraceful way. The old Governor, Sir Stephen Hill, told Sir Ambrase that when he was magistrate at Mauritius he had adopted the very same plan in dealing with a great public evil, the unlicensed grogshop, and that he would thoroughly support me in my endeavours to keep order in St. John's.

My most amusing adventures happened in very out of the way places, when I was after wreckers, and I also enjoyed the very best grouse shooting. I killed a whole covey of thirteen one morning with the police, prisoners and witnesses acting as spectators and retrievers.

Sea-faring people look upon wrecks as special dispensations of Providence for their personal benefit. Deep down in their hearts they re-echo the old Cornish parson's prayer:

"Oh Lord, protect and defend those who go down to the sea in ships and do their business in the great waters, and if it be so, Lord, that in Thy unspeakable Providence Thou shouldest cause any of the stately ships to be cast away, grant, Lord, of Thy abundant mercy that a goodly portion of the wrecks may be bestowed upon the poor, sinful inhabitants of this small haven."

Crossing the Atlantic one summer in a Dundee steam-whaler, as we were passing the Orkney Islands, I remarked to the blue-eyed giant, our pilot, "This must be a great place for wrecks." "Wracks, mon," he replied, "there's many a braw hoose in Orkney and many a braw farm got out o' wracks, but the dom Breetish Government has put a leet-hoose here and a leet-hoose there, and yon, mon, is twa. There is no chance for a puir fisher body noo."

In some wild parts of our Newfoundland coast everything specially good about the fishermen's houses has been got out of wrecks. One of our clergy was once stopping in an outharbour home. The master sat by him and began touching the sleeve of his coat.

"That's a mighty fine piece of cloth, sir," he said. "Never seed better in my life. Get 'ee out of a wrack, sir?"

The great preventative of crime is the certainty of punishment. When

an offence is committed no stone should be left unturned to detect and punish the criminal. Judges of the superior courts are often hard on the police. One of our judges, a brilliant Irishman, had a special habit of cross-hackling our officers. I remember one extraordinary case of arson. Coming home from a party late one evening, I met our inspector. Passing along a back street, we noticed gleams of light through the windows of a little house. Entering we found sixteen different fires in the various rooms, and the windows all darkened with bread bags. At the trial the judge cross-examined the inspector very severely.

"You arrested the prisoner?"

"Yes, my lord."

"Was he very much frightened?"

"Terribly scared, my lord."

"You searched the prisoner; what did you find, sir?"

"I found, my lord, the 'Key of Heaven' (a Catholic prayer-book) in one pocket and his insurance policy in the other. He was prepared for both worlds, my lord."

Even the judge had to laugh.

In the course of a long experience I never failed in the dectection of crime, though sometimes the juries let off the prisoner. The most remarkable case I ever handled was a bank note forgery. In the whole annals of crime there is only one case like it—the robbery of £60,000 worth of Indian stamps lost through the wrecking of a mail steamer in the Red Sea. The boxes were stolen and the stamps circulated in India, but the criminals were never caught.

In my case the steamer *Gaspé*, on a voyage from Halifax, Nova Scotia, to St. John's, Newfoundland, went ashore on the French island of Miquelon. She was smashed to matchwood. Her crew was saved, but the whole cargo was lost.

The cargo contained a strongly-bound box of stationery and 2,000 five-pound notes consigned to one of our local banks. The insurance was paid on the box. Several years after this loss a man named Miller came into the bank and presented an unsigned five-pound note. The bank officials laughed at him. He was on his way home. Returning from a shooting expedition, I was met by the telegraph boy with a message from the bank to bring back Miller. After a great deal of trouble, I persuaded him to return with me. The bank officials had a great fright. They found quite a number of the notes supposed to be lost in the *Gaspé* and, worst of all, very cleverly forged. They had been paid at the bank without the slightest suspicion that there was anything wrong. They put the case in my hands. In a couple of days I wrote out for them a very full statement of the case. I described how the box had come ashore intact; how it had been found by one fisherman, who had shown it to another, and how they had carried up the box and concealed it in the woods: how they then had taken some of the notes to an old junk dealer in St. Pierre, and he employed a better educated man to forge the names of the manager and accountant, copied of course from genuine notes.

I gave a detailed description of the four persons concerned in the crime. The directors did not believe one word of my statement. How did I know the forgery was done in St. Pierre? Very simply. I said that the ink was French and all the forged notes had come from places trading with St. Pierre. The criminals, I told them, were very cautious, for only about fifty notes had so far been forged. Every word I had said proved to be literally true. However, nothing would have been done only for J. W. Smith, manager of the Union Bank. He pointed out to the Governor the dangers of the situation. "If," he said, "it comes to be known or is suspected that there are £40,000 of forged notes afloat, no fisherman will look at a bank note. Our

circulation will be ruined. He prevailed, and at an hour's notice I was sent off to St. Pierre in a little beast of a steamer. For several days I was the laughing-stock of the island. All declared that the Pierros were too stupid to carry out such a clever trick. It was all done in the States. My only allies were the Governor's wife, whom I had met at our Government House, and my host of *Le Leon d'Or*, Hackela, *Capitaine des Sapeurs Pompiers*. Jacquard and Roblot, the two Miquelon fishermen, had been seen several times in the shop of old Roblot, the junk dealer. They were brought over. The authorities were all unbelievers until the girl who received the note from Jacquard gave her evidence. He denied most positively that he had ever given her the unsigned note. This put the Procureur on his mettle. The denial of such an obvious fact made him at once suspicious, and Jacquard was kept in jail. The rest went back. The prisoner, Jacquard, got frightened and told the judge the whole story.

Now arose a new danger. Would Roblot in Miquelon destroy the rest of the notes? I felt sure that from his Norman avarice he would not do so. Fortunately, just at that time, a little English steamer put into the harbour, and I persuaded the Governor to let the head of the police go over in her and capture Roblot and the notes. Cantaloupe, head of the police, nick-named "*Tete de melon*," was very stupid but very determined. Hackela told me how to drive it into his head. So over a bottle of brandy he and I rehearsed the scene. I told him to go to Roblot, pistol in hand, and say, "Show me the notes, Roblot, or you are a dead man." Roblot was found hidden in the woods, but he showed the notes.

Bunot, the junk dealer, was sentenced to twenty-one years; Roblot, fifteen, and Jacquard, ten. The St. Pierre authorities got all the credit, and I was most shabbily treated by the bank. On behalf of the bank I made handsome presents to all the St. Pierre authorities and brought back with me a good stock of claret and burgundy. I have often been asked how I came to know all about this crime and actually to see and describe the criminals. I have no explanation to give, except possibly clairvoyance.

Leaves from the Sketch-Book of Mr. George Chavignaud ∴ ∴ ∴

Drawings by George Chavignaud

DUTCH TYPES

LANDSCAPE SKETCHES AT MEADOWVALE, ONTARIO

Drawings by George Chavignaud

Drawings by George Chavignaud

CAPTAIN WILLIAM KENNEDY

SKETCH OF A CANADIAN WHO COMMANDED
TWO EXPEDITIONS SENT IN SEARCH OF SIR JOHN FRANKLIN

BY A. J. CLARK

HOWEVER diverse may be the opinions held as to the value of or necessity for much of the Arctic exploration of the past several centuries, there can be no question as to the splendid heroism displayed in the long search for the members of Sir John Franklin's ill-fated force.

It seems strange, therefore, that but little is known about the man who headed two of the relief expeditions and was asked to undertake a third—Captain William Kennedy.

In happy contrast to the claims, counter-claims, charges, denials and retractions put forward by some recent explorers, that long-continued quest resolved itself into a crusade of generous impulses, in which nations put aside national considerations and individual men gave of their chivalry for a common cause.

The records of those oft-repeated attempts at succour glow with all that is best and noblest in human nature, and not until humanity has ceased to admire the deeds of men cast in heroic mold will the memories of those searchers be forgotten.

It is a matter for pride consequently to Canadians to know that to a fellow-countryman belongs the honour of having played an important rôle in that intensely human drama, for in the person of Captain Kennedy Canada had a representative in the long catalogue of intrepid commanders in charge of the various relief expeditions. For Lady Franklin he undertook the direction of her second attempt to find some trace of her lamented husband, and on this voyage, unsuccessful in its main object, he won the lasting distinction of becoming the discoverer of the most northerly point of the North American mainland. For three centuries this had been an objective of previous explorers. They had each in turn failed, and it remained—and but fittingly—for a son of Canada's great northern hinterland to first stand at its most northerly limit.

Honour and to spare, one might unthinkingly say, but when we look deeper we discover that counterbalancing disappointments in later years and the forgetfulness of those who might have, and should have, remembered drew their seamy lines across a life strangely free from the inflicting of such marks on the lives of others.

Not from this must it be inferred that William Kennedy was a disappointed self-seeker. In the most positive sense he was the reverse. Perhaps he even carried this phase of character beyond what was necessary. Who shall judge? Men of his vision, of his iron will and unimpeachable integrity are none too numerous and that, in some things, they keep counsel with themselves alone is to their glory and not to their shame. When men look into nature with that clearness of sight of which Carlyle so pithily writes it is not necessary that material gain should be an accompaniment in order to fix their gaze.

CAPTAIN WILLIAM KENNEDY

A Canadian who twice attempted to discover the fate of Sir John Franklin

It was so with this "Man of the North." He had journeyed far through the great fur regions; had penetrated the vast sub-Arctic territory and knew it intimately and with the affection of the voyageur at a time when many of his countrymen regarded it only as a frozen and valueless waste. He knew that at many points great potential wealth lay stored for future generations. He told of these. Some heeded; many smiled with the complacency of ignorance.

The man who had depended on the canoe, the dog-sleigh and the snow-shoeing pack carrier knew both the need for and the value of dependable transportation facilities. Schooled in all the pioneer methods, he saw the necessity for more modern means of communication over an area of imperial proportions, and again his voice was raised. When it came he welcomed the Canadian Pacific Railway as the Western passage and looked forward to the shorter and more northerly route by Hudson's Bay as the true "Northwest Passage."

In this connection he was the first man to urge the feasibility of a railroad from the interior to Hudson's Bay, a project which to-day has passed into the realm of a national undertaking. In fact, it was owing to his insistent advocacy of the scheme that the late Honourable John Norquay appointed a commission to inquire into the possibilities of the route, as a result of which investigation a beginning was even made on the work of construction. It was his expressed hope that Franklin would be the name bestowed on the future seaport and he, like the Government surveyors and hydrographers who visited the bay in 1910, strongly favoured Churchill as the best location for such a terminal. Prophetically voicing the aspirations of modern Manitoba, he once said:

"We are the children of a maratime nation, and can ill brook being excluded from the element whence we derive our grandest traditions."

Captain Kennedy had, in short, when few saw eye to eye with him, a vision of our now partly realised and fast developing West, and yet, withal, he saw only with the eyes of the poet and patriot and not with those of the capitalist and manipulator. Hence to many he was and to many he remains almost unknown. The last forty years of his life were spent on the banks of the Red River and there, at his home at St. Andrew's, Manitoba, he passed away and was laid to rest in 1890.

For twenty years no monument bore testimony to his memory. Then the Women's Canadian Club of Winnipeg took note of the oversight, and by the successful conclusion of their labour of love placed a debt of gratitude on all Canadians and especially those of the West. A brass memorial tablet was erected in the pioneer Anglican Church, "St. Andrew's-at-the-Rapids," at St. Andrew's, Manitoba. By a happy coincidence of dates it was made possible for Lieutenant Sir Ernest Shakelton, of Antarctic fame, to perform the unveiling ceremony during his visit to the Manitoba metropolis, and this he did on May 21st, 1910.

The man to whom this memorial was raised by daughters of the Northwest was himself truly a son of that great region. His father was a chief factor in the Hudson's Bay Company's service, and at Cumberland House, on the Saskatchewan, the future explorer was born in the year 1813. On the paternal side he was a direct descendant of a noble Scottish Jacobite family, whose estates were expropriated after the downfall of Prince Charlie. His earliest years were spent amidst the crude surroundings and still cruder society which the far-away wilderness post alone afforded. It was not an exciting existence, and it is not difficult to suppose that the boyish imagination often reached out beyond the every-

"MAPLE GROVE." CAPTAIN KENNEDY'S HOME

The house stood on a bank of the Red River, at St. Andrew's, Manitoba

day, humdrum routine of the isolated settlement in a craving to know more about the great world from which came the stores over which his father presided and to which the trappers' furs were finally consigned.

While yet quite young the first real glimpse of that great unknown world came to satisfy the longing which had so often thrilled the youthful fancy. Sir John Franklin, then on his first overland journey in search of the "Northwest Passage," left his fleet in Hudson's Bay and spent the winter at Cumberland House. The kindly navigator took a great interest in the factor's little son, and during the slow-passing winter taught him the rudiments of reading, the Catechism and some hymns. Little did the teacher dream that his eager pupil would be one of those who, at a later day, were to battle with privation and suffering to reach him in his distress. It was the inception of a romance of the North, with the final chapters still unwritten.

In an address delivered in later life Captain Kennedy credited Sir John with having conducted the first public worship at Cumberland House. "It was," said he, "from that good man I received my first impression of what a Christian Sabbath and worship should be." Throughout a long life, marked by strictest piety and integrity, this was but one of the many occasions on which he adverted to the lessons of that winter.

Educated later in the Orkney Islands, young Kennedy, at the age of eighteen, followed his father into the service of the great company. He was stationed on the Labrador coast and rose to a trusted position at Ungava, where he was associated with Donald A. Smith, now Lord Strathcona. The fur trade was not destined, however, to retain its hold upon him, for, in 1848, he left the Company's service and came to Ontario. Four years later arose the opportunity which was to take the erstwhile trader back to his beloved

Northland, but on a mission in which the whole world was interested.

Lady Franklin was seeking a commander for a renewed expedition in search of her husband. Kennedy offered his services and was chosen. His knowledge of life and the exigencies of travel in the barren North were factors in his favour, and that the confidence reposed in him was not misplaced is amply proved by the fact that Arctic historians have pronounced the expedition which he headed one of the best conducted and most successful of its time.

When it became known that a fellow-countryman had volunteered and had been accepted to lead the latest Franklin expedition kindly assistance was not wanting. Mr. Fisher, then Mayor of Hamilton, supplied free transportation from Buffalo to New York, where Kennedy met the American Arctic enthusiast Grinnell, who, in turn, provided a free passage to England on a Cunard steamship. Still, as if pursued by a good fortune, not to be denied, he found that Sir Edward Belcher, a warm friend of Arctic research, happened to be a fellow-passenger. Sir Edward's was a name to conjure with in his day, and a letter which he gladly signed opened railway coach doors and lowered steamship gangways from one end of Britain to the other. Hotel proprietors waived aside the suggestion of payment for entertainment, and the Admiralty and others came forward with advice, assistance and gifts of winter clothing. The thoughtful Prince Consort gave an organ to while away the tedium of winter quarters. In a word, the public pulse beat in splendid unison with the impulse back of the enterprise.

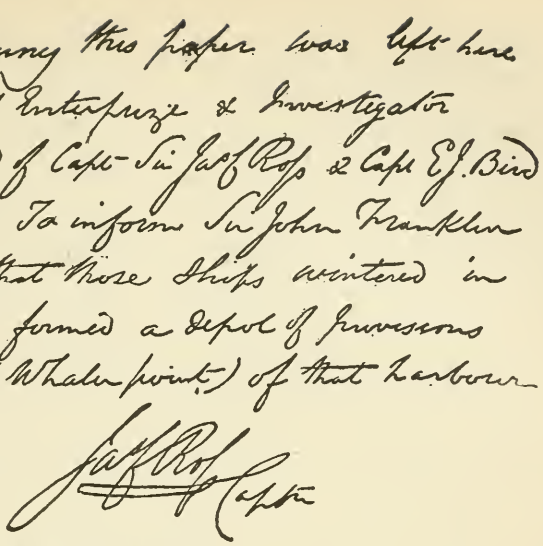
The history of the expedition, entitled "A Short Narrative of the Second Voyage of the *Prince Albert* in Search of Sir John Franklin," was written by Captain Kennedy and published in London in 1853. Typical of the man who penned it, a more unassuming story it would be difficult to find. Couched in a clear and agreeable style, it nevertheless gives a succinct and interesting account of both the outfitting and conduct of a daring Arctic dash; for daring it indeed was, when it is remembered that the little *Prince Albert* was of but ninety tons burden and boasted the meagre complement of eighteen officers and men.

Under the direction of her new commander, the little ship was made ready at Aberdeen, defects revealed by a previous voyage having been remedied as far as possible. While these preparations were in progress Captain Kennedy received a chivalrous letter from Lieutenant J. Bellot, of the French Navy, and a knight of the Legion of Honour, tendering his services. The noble offer was gracefully accepted.

When work on the vessel was completed, supplies sufficient for two years, including a ton and a half of pemmican given by the Admiralty, were put aboard, and on May 22, 1851, the tiny brig passed out of Aberdeen harbour with the Union Jack at the peak—the French flag at the fore in honour of the gallant Bellot.

The commander, with Lady Franklin and her niece, went overland by rail, and joined the vessel again at Stromness, from which point the expedition finally set sail on June 3rd. The pen-picture of this departure given by Kennedy in his little history is worthy of repetition:

"There, in our little cabin with her estimable niece, sat the truly feminine yet heroic spirit who presided over our gallant little enterprise; one whose name—if her husband's is already associated with the highest honours of geographical discovery—will not be less so hereafter in the hearts of Englishmen, with honours of another kind—the most noble and devoted efforts to rescue or solve the fate of our missing countrymen.


The Cylinder containing this paper was left here
by a party from HMS Enterprize & Investigator
under the command of Capt Sir Jas Ross & Capt E.J. Bird
on the 23d June 1849. To inform Sir John Franklin
or any of his party that those Ships wintered in
Port Leopold & have formed a depot of provisions
on the low Sandspit (Whaler point) of that harbour
for their use.
Jas Ross
Capt

CAPTAIN ROSS'S MESSAGE

As found in a cylinder on the Shores of North Somerset Island

"One by one each of our little party was introduced, and cheered by her words of wise, affectionate counsel. If ever three English cheers were given with the heart's best feeling of a British sailor, they were given when, stepping over the vessel's side, our noble patroness waved us her last adieu and God's blessing on our voyage."

With such a benison the brave little company set sail on their trying enterprise; the region assigned to them being "Prince Regent Inlet and passages connecting it with the Western Sea south-west of Cape Walker." The record of the events of the months spent in the North makes thrilling reading, for it abounds in real adventure. A landing party of four, led by Kennedy himself, having climbed a promontory on the coast of North Somerset, was, at the very outset, cut off from the ship by a sudden shifting of the great ice floes, and night came upon them with nothing but their upturned boat for shelter. Fortunately they were able to fall back on the depot of supplies deposited two years before by Sir James Ross at Whaler Point. These, except for some minor attentions from bears and foxes, were found in fairly good condition, and on them the lost party subsisted until a relief force headed by Lieutenant Bellot effected their rescue five weeks later.

The ship had meantime been safely moored at Batty Bay, farther up the coast, and the plucky Frenchman had made two gallant attempts at rescue before a third was successful. Once back aboard the *Prince Albert* preparations for winter journeys inland were promptly commenced, and in most methodic fashion. Eight hours each day were so occupied and, as the commander records with perhaps an unintentional touch of Scottish humour, there was no time "for balls or theatrical representations" such as had been indulged in by other expeditions. As a substitute one member would read aloud while the others continued their tasks, and each day closed with a short religious service.

The first of the inland trips, undertaken at the beginning of 1852, was one to Fury Beach, which revealed that it had not been visited by any of Franklin's party since Lieutenant Robinson of the *Enterprise* left there

in 1849. Tattered Somerset House stood amidst utter desolation, and a fire was lighted in the stove which had heated the portion occupied by Sir John Ross's crew during their dreary winter of 1832-33. The provisions left by Ross, including preserved vegetable soup, were found in good condition; an early example of cold storage efficiency, but perhaps an equal testimony to the excellence of the tins used.

Almost two months of enforced inactivity followed before the grand inland journey, the main object of the expedition, could be undertaken. Escorted part of the way by fatigue parties and after free use had been made of the twenty-year-old Fury Beach provisions, Kennedy, Bellot and four others, with five dogs and bare necessaries, started on the final advance on the 29th of March. Continuing westward, Bellot Strait and the top of the continent were first discovered. Next a wide sweep was made, still to the west, over the desolate, flat expanse of Prince of Wales Land and then north to Cape Walker, the point of departure of Franklin for either the south-west or north. An exhaustive search around Cape Walker revealed nothing. Scurvy had broken out, and supplies were at so low an ebb as to necessitate an immediate return to the ship. This was made around the north coast of North Somerset Island. Rounding Cape McClintock the foot-sore searchers found and made use of a small cache of supplies placed there, also by Sir James Ross, in 1849. Captain Kennedy made a copy of the note left in a tin cylinder with these stores and inserted it in place of the original, which he took away with him. This interesting bit of Arctic documentary history is still in the possession of the Captain's aged widow, now residing with her daughter at Virden, Manitoba.

The forlorn party reached the *Prince Albert* on May 30th, having been absent ninety-seven days and having covered 1,100 miles under most trying conditions. Before reaching the ship Captain Kennedy wrote that the examination of the bottom of the inlet west of North Somerset would be his next undertaking. Later circumstances prevented his carrying out this plan, but it was subsequently followed with what success, in the finding of the Franklin relics, the world well knows, by Lieutenant Hobson and Sir Leopold McClintock. The voyage in all occupied sixteen months.

Undaunted by her previous reverses, Lady Franklin soon determined upon a renewed effort to penetrate the mystery which had shrouded her life. In 1853, she equipped another expedition, and again Captain Kennedy received the command. The vessel provided was the *Isabel,* but an entirely new set of plans were outlined. Instead of entering the frozen seas from the North Atlantic, the searchers were to round Cape Horn, proceed along the western coast of the Americas to Behring Straits, and, having passed these, to press eastward as far as possible. In this way it was hoped that some traces might be found, if Franklin had succeeded in reaching a point westward of his last known advance.

The facts connected with the failure of this enterprise are now, probably, for the first time made public. The *Isabel,* after rounding the "Horn," put into Valparaiso to procure fresh water and provisions. The Chilian seaport was alive with reports of gold discoveries, and the entire crew deserted to go in search of the precious metal. To save Lady Franklin the inevitable expense of dock dues, the resourceful captain got a few men to work the ship, which he temporarily converted into a coastwise trader. After considerable delay, Admiral Scoresby, then in command of the Pacific station, furnished a "scratch" crew, with which the *Isabel* returned to England.

In 1857 Lady Franklin once more

undertook to send out an expeditionary force, and Captain Kennedy was for the third time chosen to take command. When he found, however, that the old *Isabel,* which he deemed unseaworthy, was to be the ship provided he reluctantly declined the post. Sir Leopold (then Captain McClintock) was next asked, and he, too, raised the same objection, with the result that the *Isabel* was sold and the screw-steamer *Fox* substituted. In the latter, McClintock availing himself of Kennedy's unexecuted plan, sailed direct through Bellot Strait and southward on his successful voyage.

Having thus bidden farewell to Arctic endeavour, Captain Kennedy took as his life partner an English lady, and with her came, shortly after, to the Red River settlement. Once located among the hardy pioneers of that frontier community, he was not slow in grasping their problems. He was the first to advocate union between Rupert's Land and older Canada, and in the early sixties he held meetings in all the settlements in advocacy of that project. He also took an active part in the establishment of an all-Canadian route from Toronto to Fort Garry; so much so that he was really the forerunner of the famous "Dawson Route." When the first Riel Rebellion for a time cast its sinister shadow it was he who reasoned against the belligerent plans proposed by some of the opponents of the "Dictator," and by his timely intervention on the side of peace was largely instrumental in the avoidance of general bloodshed. When feeling was at the highest pitch he unfortunately was confined to his home, crippled by rheumatism. He, however, determined upon an endeavour to get word to Riel, proposing more pacific terms, and, as time was precious, Mrs. Kennedy bravely undertook the hazardous task of carrying the message in mid-winter from St. Andrew's to Upper Fort Garry. Only part of the trip had been accomplished when she learned that Riel, at the risk of his life, was on his way to confer with her husband. The result of this meeting was the issuance of a letter signed by Riel and addressed to his "Fellow-countrymen," in which he announced the release of his prisoners—among them Commissioners Donald A. Smith and Colonel de Salaberry—and in which he stated that he fully understood that, "war, horrible civil war, is the destruction of this country." It is a little-known episode of the rebellion and but further serves to display the confidence reposed by all classes in a man who, in some ways, was more in touch with the needs and temper of the Northwest in 1870 than any of his contemporaries.

As late as 1884, before the Manitoba Historical Society, Captain Kennedy gave an address, marked by all his earlier enthusiasm, in which he renewed his plea for the Hudson's Bay Railway, foresaw the American "invasion" and eloquently pleaded the cause of Manitoba in her boundary claims. To him the West was ever the "Great West," an empire of untold possibilities, always to remain under the British flag, and to this end he laboured on without seeking personal reward.

For many years prior to his death the once vigorous frame was a prey to rheumatic affections, brought on by the Arctic exposure of former days, and during his declining years he lived a very retired life.

When the final call had summoned him hence it was Archbishop (then Canon) Matheson who said of him:

"He never got his due. While others received honour and emolument, he was passed over.

"His country never accorded him the acknowledgment which was his just due, but all his life he was in the service of another Master."

As a mark of recognition on the part of the homeland Captain Kennedy's portrait hangs in the National Portrait Gallery in London, but this and the tablet at St. Andrew's are his only public memorials.

THE OWNER OF IT ALL

BY WILLIAM J. PITTS

DO we ever stop to consider how little really belongs to the individual these days? In spite of wars and rumours of wars, which are ever-present disturbing sounds of strife, the world is getting to be more of a big corporation every day. Science and modern industry have caused such a condition to exist, a condition which would be subtly tantalising, yet at the same time wholly unremediable to the thoroughly selfish man, if he realised it. the tired clerk who works for ten dollars a week, with a rich stock-broker's air of importance, buys a paper while on his way home from the store, thinking that here at least is an article whose price will never grow prohibitive, whose ownership can never be disputed. Yet he does not own that paper any more than he owns the balcony seat in which he has sat and witnessed "Macbeth." Himself a wage-earner, he is really paying a daily wage to so many reporters, pressmen, compositors, news-agents, when he places a cent in the newsboy's hand. A theatre ticket is merely a purchased permission to see a performance, the purchaser's sole concrete possession being a slip of of pasteboard valued at what probably amounts to the thousandth part of a cent.

Buying a newspaper in reality consists of an indirect payment of a fee to the Associated Press for the privilege of reading their despatches, besides a few important incidentals such as the editor's salary. In olden times you could have learned at least the local news from a sort of mediæval megaphone; even to-day it is possible to hear the football score gratis at a theatre, where it is shouted out from the stage by a super between the acts.

In spite of his twentieth century extravagances, man is the meanest thing on the globe. Everything belongs to us only for a time, even the expensive suit worn by De Willough-by Tompkyns at the opening is at best only a loan from the commercial mart, for everything has its use, and some day that admirable broadcloth, the guise of "Irish linen," may bear an errand boy's misshapen scrawl. So we only have a share in the ownership of the clothes on our backs; the other shares being owned by the biggest co-operative firm in the world—mankind, or, rather, men and women. Egypt, the Egypt of the Pharaohs, seems to be a very long way back when seen in the historical perspective; yet our civilisation is really quite young compared to the Martians, if there are such beings; and, like children, we are wasteful. But if man is wasteful, science is economical, and it is possible that some enterprising chemist may yet find a use for discarded cigars and cigarettes. They may be utilised, as indeed may factory smoke, which is already paying large dividends to the beauty specialists.

The day of pessimistic philosophers, like Schopenhauer, is past. Ours is an optimistic age, when even prevarication, to be in good taste, must be done in a cheerful spirit.

We are waiting patiently for some merry old savant to deny poverty. However, apart from philosophy, it is surely evident that in these days a beggar, one of the prosperous, healthy kind of beggars, becomes only a beggar for purposes of comparison. His clothes may be threadbare and he may not own any real estate, yet he may walk into an art gallery unmolested and view a masterpiece of Rembrandt.

Triumphant Democracy? Alas! No. Democracy never was triumphant save among semi-barbarous ancestors. The mediæval baron seldom boasted of his pedigree, for the simple reason that the oldest inhabitant probably knew more about it than his lordship, and could ridicule it if he wished. Five or six centuries, however, have evolved the family tree, the possession of which joined to a reasonable income is a certificate of respectability. Lord Reginald Percy Dacre may have been a murderer and thief, but he ate with his help and consequently was not a snob. Thomas Higgins-Jones, Esquire, his accredited descendant, Director of that Museum of Art into which our worthy mendicant has strayed, lives in a mansion of twenty-five rooms in "an aristocratic neighbourhood," maintaining a school of etiquette for his servants. Yet Higgins-Jones is himself a servant of the public in almost a literal sense. Were the poorest and humblest citizen, one of course not necessarily and actually in want, to visit the great gallery under Higgins-Jones's superintendence, that great man himself, if asked, would be obliged to answer all inquiries concerning a Corot or Whistler. His ancestor, Lord Reginald, was a democrat, if in intimate association is meant democracy, yet the lord of the castle would likely have deemed a menial's questions concerning a suit of armour "misplaced" and would probably have responded with a lusty blow. Deep down under the skin our natures are practically the same as were those of our thirteenth or fourteenth century ancestors. We sue our enemy at the present day instead of cracking his skull. Were the police force to disband, it is possible that we might revert to the club. Conditions have changed, not us; a cycle must elapse ere a millenium of kindness exists.

"The Brotherhood of Man" is a phrase that frequently enters as an embellishment into public speeches. The brotherhood of man is here, not far off, in a selfish sense; the kind of brotherhood that is witnessed when we see a shackled criminal seated between the law's officers in a flimsy, eggshell craft. With a quick, nervous movement he could and would send all to the bottom, if the act did not mean his own destruction.

Somehow or other we intermingle our labours so that it is difficult to determine what belongs to us or what is the property of some one else. The man who wages war against property as property would certainly lose his own in the great downfall. It is not well to be too brutally cynical, for though love influences but little the action of man to man in this world to-day, we are thousands of years nearer a real brotherhood of man than were our ancestors. In the past, the distant past, men laboured for themselves alone, weaving the clothes that they wore, making the shoes for their feet, preparing their letter parchment, and building the houses in which they lived. Deep down in his heart man felt that irrespective of friends or kin he was alone, an atom of a crude, loosely-scattered society which awaited the coming of a greater civilisation to bring its members together. He had no claim on any of the great houses of learning, nor they on him. It was an age of economic selfishness, "a time where there was enough and more than enough for all of what is generally called "raw materials." Electricity exhausted its forces all around him, spent itself im-

potently; generations and centuries were to come and go ere man should be bound to man by that subtle but ever truly marvellous chain.

Oh, the transformation! To-day a millionaire's art treasures, even though he may have paid thousands for them, are only a loan from the rest of us. Our joint labours aided by science have preserved these things; not only preserved but perpetuated the arts and letters of the ages that are dead. The photograver has made the name of Rembrandt a reality to us, and so progressive is photography that the illusion may one day be so complete that we will not envy Mr. Goldberg in his mere possession of the few yards of canvas over which Rembrandt swept his brush. As it is, the art galleries and museums stand open to us; not owing to democracy, nor to what some people might loosely term Socialism, but to that spirit of cöoperativeness which is breathed in with the air. Thanks to a beneficent system of education, man's intellect is capable of opinions, and no doubt many a person who does not pay any taxes uses a public library, not as a paternal gift of the civic authorities, but as the price of his silent but intelligent approval. We laugh at the poet who sings "the world is mine," and whose real estate is confined to a garden patch. Frequently, however, when lost in dreams of soothing nicotine our thoughts take shape in a similar vague philosophy. And then we think of the grocery bill.

THE LIKENESS

BY ALBERT ALEXANDRE METCALFE

DO you know what it is to have a child play around you every day and call you father? Do you know, I say, the happiness to be had caressing something of your own flesh and blood, a little one who laughs when you laugh and weeps when you weep, whose greatest glee is when you, its father, notices it? Have you ever had this joy?

Well, I had a child, a little boy, and, though I am now wretched, once I lived and was happy in the blindness of love.

We used to talk, my wife and I, about those who were burdened with sorrow and agree that we were indeed blessed. She used to say that our child looked like me, then, laughing, we went about our tasks; she to her house and chores and I to the quay to take out my sloop.

When my nets were cast far out at sea I would light my pipe and stretching myself out on a coil of tarred rope think what a grand thing it was to own a boat such as mine, with its great nets and spreading canvas that took it over the water like a bird. At night, when I returned, my supper of fresh herring, white bread and mulled ale would be spread on the little table, and I ate with much pleasure, for the sea makes men hungry.

During the long winter evenings we used to sit in front of a great fire, and I would watch my wife and boy as they played with the cat by dragging a piece of cord across the floor or waving it to and fro in the light of the glowing logs. Sometimes friends dropped in to discuss the latest news of our province. Perhaps the fishing had been bad or a schooner had gone to pieces on the reefs. The rector of the parish, who was a very learned man would often call as he passed.

When our neighbours left and everything was quiet, I used to lie awake, thinking how I had been graced with such a good family and so many kind friends. Perhaps I would even wish the evening had just commenced, instead of ended, so pleasantly was it spent. Long after my wife and child had dropped off to sleep I would turn the different trades over in my mind to decide which was best for our boy. At last I would go to sleep with his future on my mind and listening to his gentle breathing.

One morning, while breakfasting, I said:

"Wife, we will make a minister of Jean."

So it was settled, and we felt better for having made up our minds. When my sloop was moored at night and my day's catch weighed and sold, I would say to myself:

"Now my savings are so much."

On meeting days we put on our best clothes and mingled with our neighbours, shaking hands and talking about the service. Jean would laugh as same one played with him or as he was being passed from one to another. There was goodwill everywhere, as those of the parish got together to talk over some charity or the lesson for the next Sunday. Very

often we would walk through the churchyard and speak of those who rested there. What a good thing it is to be at ease about your soul!

One day the weather had been ugly, a northeaster with rain. I remarked that we were going to have a blow and hauled in my nets. That night it turned very cold, and my wife became sick. I had the doctor, who looked at her and shook his head.

When she died, I remember that the people came to see her. Among them was the Rector, who seemed in a tremble and wept too. What a terrible thing it is to lose those you love! How it shatters your life! While my neighbours were standing around my wife's coffin, I was kissing her cold lips. Someone took my hand and led me away. When she was lowered in her grave and the funeral services were over, my friends returned to their homes.

I remember that after my child had fallen asleep that night I went out doors and sat down on the rocks facing the sea. I thought how I would like to see myself coming into port again to find my wife waiting for me as she had many times before, waving a welcome and holding Jean tightly by the hand. It would never be again. As I looked across the sea, I heard my boat pulling at its moorings.

After a while I saw a figure making its way along the beach, and as it came nearer me it seemed to be covered with a white mantle. I soon saw that it was an old man with a long white beard. He made no sound as he started to pass me.

"Where are you bound for, friend?" I asked, fearing he was a lonely wayfarer who had lost his way.

"I am Restitution," he replied. bound for the house of Master Cabaret, to restore his savings which were stolen by a trusted friend. This is the day of judgment," and he continued on his silent way.

Master Cabaret was a kind, Christian man and a helper of the unfortunate, whose house was always open to the poor of our parish. I thought what a grand soul he was to have said nothing of his loss. That the good man should be robbed, what a wrong! There was indeed a great deal of wickedness and ingratitude in this world.

While I was thinking of this another figure came out of the shadow of a hill and like the first was an old man.

"Where are you going?" I asked as he came nearer me.

"I am going to the prison to release young Calderwit, who has been falsely charged with crime. I am Justice and this is the day of judgment.

Calderwit was a young man of our parish who was thought to have known something about the theft of a jug of rum. Though I was very sad, it was a relief to hear of his innocence, for I liked him well and had been saying that he was unjustly punished. He was the only support of a widowed mother, and I blessed the day for bringing joy to her sad heart.

Once more my thoughts were turned by the approach of a third figure. I soon saw that it was another old man in whose arms rested a large bundle. As I called to him he stopped.

"Who are you?" I cried.

"I am honour," came the answer. "This is the day of judgment, and I am taking to the Rector of your parish his motherless child."

It seems that, the next morning, I was found unconscious in my hut, lying beside an empty cradle.

THE RIVER

BY LOUISE HAYTER BIRCHALL

THE river? What river? What of the river?

There is only one river in all the world to him who knows his Thames.

"Sweet Themmes runne softly till I end my song."

And to know the Thames is to have lived upon it for days, weeks, months at a time; in a small boat for preference; on its banks at least; to have laved oneself in its history, which is the history of England under each successive conqueror, Celt, Roman, Dane, Saxon, and Norman, as one does in its none too clean waters; to have explored every reach (a reach being defined as the space between the locks) in its hundred and forty odd miles of navigable length; to have lingered in each backwater, so happily characterised as charming "interludes to travelling"; to have worshipped in its ancient churches; to have explored its ruined abbeys; to have visited in its houses; to have attended any one or more of its numerous regattas and Venetian fêtes; to have investigated the precise depth of every lock and learned the exact geographical position of every weir; and lastly, to have felt the potency of its multiplex, unwritten laws and been initiated into its complex etiquette.

"Twenty bridges from Tower to Kew
Wanted to know what the River knew,
For they were young and the Thames was old,
And this is the tale that the River told."

It is a curious thing how the atmosphere of certain centuries or periods of people clings to certain reaches of the river. Wallingford, with its ancient ford, takes one back to the Roman Conquest. Abingdon, with its great Benedictine Abbey of early seventh century foundation, is impregnated with the atmosphere of Stephen and Matilda. It bears testimony to this day of the long strife between these two aspirants for the throne of England. The Windsor reach, centered by Runnymede and Magna Charta Island, is forever wedded to the memory of King John; while the Castle itself, in its very conformation is reminiscent of the Norman Conqueror.

The Tudor origin of Hampton Court is stamped upon its chimneys, its great Hall, and courtyards. The whole place reflects the personality of Henry VIII. and his immediate successors. Even the influence of each of his six wives is felt; while round about the adjacent riverside villages Elizabeth has left her mark in various ways. The Palace itself, as it stands to-day with its splendid facade, broad walk, and maze, is a perpetual memorial to William III., though the ghosts of James I., Charles II., and his light o' loves, and even of George II., flit here and there. But for all this the Hampton Court reach is as inalienably Tudor as Windsor is Norman.

Twickenham reflects the glories and the license of Regency days; whilst Richmond, although the home of English kings for five centuries after Edward I., will no doubt always be associated with foreign throneless kings and royal fugitives. It is not York House, the residence of James II. and the birthplace of Anne, which first claims the interest of the visitor,

A CRUSH IN MOLESEY LOCK, ON THE THAMES

though long after his occupancy of it James did lose his throne. Rather does the imagination play around Orleans House, where Louis Philippe, as Duc d'Orleans, found a refuge, and Don Carlos likewise. And now King Manuel of Portugal has brought his youthful disappointments and ambitions, and his romantic personality, to the neighbourhood, to tease the modern with haunting memories of our own Merry Monarch.

Lying in a punt of a Saturday afternoon, with the kettle singing merrily beside me and the tea things arranged upon the table, I am reminded of the pessimist's definition of life, that it is just one d—d thing after another, for the lock above empties itself, and a procession of excursion steamers and private launches float down stream, followed by their disturbing wash and the silent curses of all the tea-makers on the banks. No sooner do we all get settled, than the same thing happens over again, causing us every time to make wild grabs at the spirit lamp and cups.

In speaking of the River it is as well to mention this one and only qualifying element in its life. In the joy of recalling happy memories from the bountiful store which it has supplied me, I might forget those moments of annoyance. I might even be guilty of misrepresenting facts.

From the standpoint of the passengers in the aforesaid excursion craft, there is no jarring note given back by the boats moored on either side, or being propelled by man power, since they appear to be there for the scenic effect, and the sole benefit of the excursionist.

I have travelled up and down the Thames throughout its ninety-six miles of length between Oxford and Richmond Bridge, and can affirm I have seen little that did not seem to have belonged to it from the beginning, certainly nothing ancient or modern that did not enhance the value of the landscape. To say that it is picturesque, inadequately expresses its perfectly satisfying scenery. It is essentially English, as typically so as the pretty girls who

THE THAMES AT RICHMOND

lines and expressions before you as the beflannelled and hatless men who push them along with the easy swing of the body associated with punting or lie reading by their side; as English indeed as Spenser's poetry itself.

From source to sea, I understand, the course of the Thames is two hundred and fifty miles, and for the greater part the banks are within speaking distance of each other. To this curious disproportion of length and breadth no doubt is due that sense of sympathy and intimacy with its life and scenery of which one becomes sharply aware at the very outset of a down-stream excursion. The entire Nuneham reach breathes of it. The magnificent park and woods belonging to the Right Honorable Lewis Harcourt caress one with their silence and their stillness. The Hedsor woods of Lord Boston, at Cookham, and the Cliveden woods of Mr. Astor, farther down, do the same. The pretty girls and well-tubbed looking men at the locks and in the punts along the route, begin to assume familiar outreach Pangbourne. If you could catch their eye you might even bow, but you never can. Soon you begin to feel almost chagrined at this, until you learn that the etiquette of the River, as observed in the upper reaches at least, forbids them to see anything or anyone who is not an acquaintance—except out of the corner of the eye. What one may see out of the corner of the eye on the river is wonderful and sometimes startling.

Above Goring and Streatley you are teased by a sense of familiarity with the scenery likewise, which is a continuous performance of what England can do with a few low hills, some woods and pleasing meadowland, threaded by a narrow, winding stream. Churches and bridges, residences and inns, locks and ferrys, mills and weirs, all man-made incidents to the scenery, pass before your eyes with a haunting, elusive sense of recognition. You drift past hamlets whose names have been household words with you: Sutton Courtenay, sit sewing in the punts; as English

THE HENLEY REGATTA

Culham, Burcot, Long Wittenham, Moulsford, and you repeat them under your breath in an ecstasy of delight.

Approaching Pangbourne the river takes on a more human interest, with the increase of small craft and their plethora of pretty women with stalwart escorts. Here and there one sees them moored under a shady line of willows at the tea hour, or punting lazily up-stream in search of these inviting spots.

In the morning you may see parties of men taking down the awning of their randan and tidying up after the night's sleep. Coming out of Hambledon Lock just below Henley, one morning, a little after ten o'clock, I very well remember two men I saw in a skiff. They had spent the night on the river, and one of them was shaving. He was sitting with his looking-glass propped up by his knees, and his face was lathered with soap. But he did not glance up or hesitate in the manipulation of the razor. As the excursion boat steamed past, the passengers stared frankly at him, smiling at his indifference.

"I walk my beat before London town,
Five hours up and seven down,
Up I go, and end my run
At the tide-end town which is Teddington."

Who that has read Jerome's amus-

MAPLIDURHAM LOCK

ing story "Three Men in a Boat" can fail to remember the different locks he mentions. Each one puts a full stop as it were to a whole paragraph of experience.

The locks of the Thames, like the backwaters, are also pleasant "interludes." They are probably the most picturesque, as they certainly are the most entertaining, of all the man-made properties of the River. They extend from above Oxford, to Richmond, one hundred and twenty-four miles, and total forty-three in number. In a trip down the river by steamer one passes through a lock, on the average about every thirty-five minutes, the longest time between any two being an hour and twenty minutes, and the shortest, ten minutes. These are dull facts, but they assume an importance disproportionate to their value on the aforementioned trip, and give no idea whatever of the throb of joy with which the artistic eye greets each successive lock as it looms in sight, with its rose-embowered lock-house, its pretty garden, and its polite keeper.

Cleeve and Day's linger longest in the memory, perhaps, for their flowers: Goring and Cookham for the beautiful reaches they reveal on emerging from them on the downstream journey: Boulter's and Molesey for their life and gaiety. But

BOULTER'S LOCK, ON THE THAMES

all, all are memorable, and each has a character of its own.

Why the Thames and other rivers in England are locked puzzles strangers at first. This is not the time or place for encyclopedic explanations. Suffice it to say that it has been locked as far back as history goes; that originally it was done by private enterprise, of which the names of Day's and Boulter's are a survival; and that without its present system of locks (for which Heaven be praised) it would not be navigable except in places.

What a heritage it is with that system and under its present management, to wit, the Thames Conservancy. Every river man learns to respect that body in whom, under the chairmanship of Lord Desborough, is vested by Act of Parliament the absolute power to govern the river and everything relating to it above Richmond, or is it "Tide-end-Town"?

I have mentioned Boulter's lock for its gaiety. Always interesting and amusing, it is, on Ascot Sunday, as typical of modern English social life as Henley on a regatta day, or Lord's during the annual Eton-Harrow match.

The main road runs along the river bank for some distance at Maidenhead. This on any Sunday in early summer is often lined from end to end with motor cars, while at the lock itself congregate hundreds of pretty women faultlessly dressed for the river and beflannelled, hatless men, minstrels with collecting pouches on long poles, Punch and Judy shows, character artists, vendors, and what not, while below them, inside the lock, the heavily laden boats are so crowded together that only the lock-keeper's clever generalship and use of the megaphone and pole could ever get them safely in on one side and out again on the other side. It all forms the most wonderful kaleidoscopic scene the imagination could conjure up.

From mid-April to mid-October, that is, for six months, the River is a gala sight anywhere on Saturdays or Sundays if the weather is fine. The upper reaches are crowded by residents with their guests, and other habitués, while the great army of the employed flock to the lower reaches,

ABINGDON

particularly in the neighbourhood of Hampton Court. One misses there the strict adherence to the rules of the River, and the many little polite expressions of reminder and protest, of deprecation and regret—the general good-breeding that is characteristic of the average educated Britisher.

In the management of one small boat amongst so large a number, especially coming into or out of a lock, one needs to have reserves of good temper. It is only, in fact, by the careful adherence to the unwritten laws and due regard for the other man's equal rights and equal difficulties, that you can escape without the maledictions, albeit unspoken or only politely hinted, of the majority. "Look out, ahead!" "Sculls," in a warning tone, and "Sorry" are familiar words around Cookham, but are scarcely heard below Molesey, with a result that is apt to be chaotic in regard to navigation and explosive as regards temper.

Privacy, too, is almost out of the question. On such days one must start out early indeed to secure a boat's length of mooring along the banks above Richmond. Once settled there, however, you are bound to be entertained, for the sights in a lower reach on a crowded day are never-ending, and everybody enjoys them quite frankly. For, apart from the other boats similarly moored, to say nothing of the people in them preparing or enjoying luncheon, tea, or supper, according to the time of day, there are the real travellers in randan or shallop, being towed upstream by man-power from the bank, at so much an hour; there are the motor boats and pleasure launches to an infinite number and variety, an endless procession of them in midstream: and, nearer you, the late-comers, looking anxiously for a mooring space: and others just lazily paddling about enjoying the fun in their own way. And the dogs, always the dogs! They sit up in the point of the bows in a dinghy, or a skiff, or on the forward shelf, if in a punt, alert, solent, observant.

The ease with which tea, or any meal, is prepared and eaten in a boat on the River is a never-ending joy to the uninitiated. All boats for hire

HOUSE-BOAT BEACH, HAMPTON COURT PALACE

have a hingeboard which fits crosswise on the gunwale and forms a table. Private skiffs often have a fixture at the sides which raises the board higher than the gunwale, and permits of movement of the legs while sitting.

Everyone who goes much on the River has a tea or lunch basket. Most of these are fitted with the daintiest of china and cutlery, spirit lamp and receptacles for all necessary commodities. It is quite easy to have these filled at any riverside village. There are dozens of places in each where it may be done—tea, sugar, cream, bread and butter, cake, spirits (for the lamp), jam. Likewise with a lunch basket—cold meats, salad, condiments, cheese, fruit, wine —anything may be obtained without the slightest difficulty anywhere: and then, heigh-ho for a day in the punt!

If for any reason it is undesirable to dat in the boat, there is always the convenient ferry-house or lock-house or inn a little farther along. At either of the former, tea is served often in charming *al-fresco* surroundings, and at the latter a first-rate hot dinner may always be had inside half-an-hour.

I have in mind a ferryman in one of the upper reaches, whose pretty wife I christened Phoebe for her rustic charm and simplicity. They occupy a wee hut on the bank not near any place in particular. The tow path ends at this hut, on the edge of a large private property, and, crossing the river by the ferryman's scow, continues up the east bank. For a distance of a few dozen yards down the west bank from their hut Phoebe and her man have constructed four or more arbours, of which the backs are formed by the high bank behind, and the sides by creeper foliage. The fronts are open, and look directly out on the water, a few feet off.

A more idyllic spot could not be found or imagined in the whole world, and it was here I used to go daily, once upon a time, when staying it the neighbourhood, for tea.

I can see it now, the brown tea-pot surrounded by its family of thin china and knives, the thin bread and

butter, radishes, lettuce, and several varieties of homemade jams. Oh, Phoebe was generous in her supplies and, astonishing to record, modest in her charges. Those teas, served by Phoebe's deft hands and accompanied by Phoebe's all-welcoming, glad smile, and taken in conjunction with Phoebe's ruddy cheeks and bright eyes, constitute a memory no one who has experienced them would sacrifice for a year of life.

Another spot, scarcely less restful, if less secluded, is the old lock-house at Sunbury. Built in 1812, it was superseded about thirty years ago by the present actual lock-house, two or three hundred yards below. The lock-keeper of the day, seeing its possibilities as an attractive riverside tea-house, sought and obtained permission to rent it for his own use, and, gray-bearded to-day, he still supervises the tea arrangements, with the able assistance of his kindly-natured and wholesome wife. The house is embowered in creepers and stands a little high on the bank, access being gained by a flight of stone steps, which go up direct from the tiny landing.. At its base is a garden that certainly makes up in variety of colour what it might be considered to lack in size Tall hollyhocks reach almost to the first floor windows. Phlox, and geranium, and larkspur and gladioli, and petunias, and begonias, and what-not, are massed in varying heights with dazzling effect. Any artist who attempted to paint it would be accused of grossest exaggeration, if exhibiting in Canada. Such wealth of bloom is scarce conceivable to the Western mind. The house itself gives the effect of being literally buried under its creepers and its flowers.

The tea arbours are much larger than Phoebe's. They are constructed to accommodate large parties from Hampton Court, below, and Walton, Shepperton, Weybridge, Chertsey, and Staines above, for the old Lock-house at Sunbury is famous thereabouts. But the china, and the rabbitty sort of tea, and the welcome are just the same, and even Proebe cannot provide a setting more exquisite.

"But the Roman came with a heavy hand,
And bridged and roaded and ruled the land,
And the Romans left and the Danes blew in,
—And that's where your history books begin."

ONLY AN ENGLISHMAN

BY BERNARD MUDDIMAN

"OH, you're English! Then you needn't come here for a job, for father won't take you. He's got no use for Englishmen."

The girl spoke almost vindictively, from the veranda while I stood below.

With her bitter words in my ears I turned wearily away, to begin once more my tramp for a job in Northern Ontario, where Scotch, Irish, French, even Dagos, were all welcome; but where there was no good word for the Englishman. I walked back to the railway track, almost dropping from fatigue, hunger and the heat of the early summer sun. For I was really in a bad way, partly through my own folly, of course; but fate was running hard against me. Six months before for a stupid prank Oxford had rusticated me, and I had returned home like the prodigal; but they had killed no fatted calf for me. My father, a North Country parson with a large family, could not afford it. Indeed he had chosen rather to take a very serious view of the whole matter, for which I do not blame him, because he was justified.

"My boy," he said not unkindly, "you are making a mess of things. It is time you proved yourself a man. Go to Canada."

So to Canada I came. As far as his small stipend would allow him, he helped me. Like so many young Englishmen who are similarly fooled, an arrangement was entered into with a Northern Ontario farmer to teach me farming for a considerable sum. I came; I saw; I was made into a slave. Raw, friendless and still very insular, they set about to crucify me, if not bodily, at least, mentally. I slept in a barn; I fed with the farm men; I cleaned out the cowsheds, where through all the long winter the poor brutes were penned. I was required to do dirty housework, to do the chores, and, it goes without saying, I learnt no farming, but had some rough handling and much abuse because I was a gall darned Englishman."

When the Spring came I had cleared out along the railway track to look for work. In many places they wanted men, but I had no knowledge of farmwork. Nowhere did they want an Englishman, the majority of the settlers being Scotch and particularly clannish, or else Canadian born.

The same answer the girl gave me had been hurled at me often. Now I was without one single cent of the five hundred dollars with which I had landed at Halifax. It seemed a very dark world, I remember, as I trudged along the track, and I could not help thinking of the girl who last of them all had driven me away.

She had been a fair girl to look upon and that made it the harder. With pale gold hair, in which there was a silver light, opaque blue eyes, and an unspoilt grace of youth, she was the typical farmer's buxom daughter. As I recalled her, it was then I became conscious of how faint I felt. I had eaten nothing for hours. My clothes were still soaked from rain that had fallen at dawn.

Well, if the farmers would not take me, I would go back to the village I had passed through, about four miles down the track, and see what I could

get there. I plodded on, a ragged youngster sick and tired of life. At last I came to a spot where the road crossed the track and the usual cattle-guard or wooden rack was laid. I sat down on the wooden bars, and I must confess that I thought of home. The country around, still running with snow water and yellow from its long severance under the snow from sun and wind, looked alien and wild. It was a good two miles yet to the village. I sat and wondered dully how I should ever reach it.

After a while a man came driving down the road in a buggy with a shabby, broken-down horse. As he reached the crossing, he pulled up and regarded me. Country people in Canada always know one another. I supposed he wanted to take stock of the stranger.

"Say, you want a job, eh?" the man ventured, after a few minutes. By the sound of his voice I recognised him as French-Canadian.

"Yep," I replied, for like every Englishman who has been out for six months, I had acquired Canadian colloqualisms.

"Plentee jobs—bonne jobs, too, going around. There's Monsier Macnab's—"

"Been there and kicked out," I answered shortly.

"Anglais?"

"Yep."

He whistled. I began to pay more attention to him now. He was a dark, red-faced little man with a Kaiser moustache.

"She don't geev' no job to English. He have one once. That's enough for Monsieur Macnab. English drink de w'iskey all day and play de hell."

"Guess I must get work. No money and nothing to eat since yesterday, you savez?"

"Yus, ba gosh I savez. I know too moche mese'f. Say, now, I keep hotel in the village."

"Yep."

"Funny feller's w'at day call me—dat's me, Pierre Labelle. Wall, lessen; ma boy, I want mebbe a bartender, becos dat maudit rheumateez ketch me. All de sam I don't say nothin'. Ev'rybody got hees fault, I t'ink. You drink, then bagosh, you pass on de street right away. Jus' tak' your chance, an' try your luck."

So I was engaged at ten dollars a month and keep as bartender to old Labelle's *Windsor Hotel.* It was a dirty looking shanty, but in the bar-room we did a thriving trade. The place was infested with flies and bugs, but Labelle and Madame with their fourteen children did not mind that. As Labelle said:

"De ole place, I don't t'ink we'll never leave her."

They were a kindly lot, and I slept on the bar-room table on straw which was a good deal pleasanter than one of their few wood beds.

I got up about seven every morning, cleaned up the bar, polished the bottles and glasses, washed out the cuspidors and swept the floor clear of its litter of cigar ends. About ten the customers would begin to drop in, and I donned a white linen apron, which I had to wash myself.

Our customers were mostly farmers from the surrounding district, who came in for supplies and their mail. There was one remittance man, who every month went on a glorious drunk for a week, quoted scripture in Greek and confessed he was a Dean's son. I was the only gentleman, he once said, he had ever met in Canada; but, after a day, I fought shy of these advances of old Vernon. Indeed, he was none too popular with the other customers who used to make game of him, while the school children, when he was tipsy, mocked and poked fun at him in a heart-breaking way. From nine o'clock in the morning till often one the next morning, for we were too far away from established civilisation to care for the Ontario licensing laws. I mixed and served drinks, got my meals, and fed horses. Then when the last man had

reeled home in his buggy I closed up, got out my straw, laid down and before going to sleep read a tattered paper copy of Molière that old Labelle had obtained by way of a bad debt.

It was at the end of my first month that I got a holiday and attended my first Canadian bee or country picnic. It was a gathering of the whole countryside and combined a Sunday-school treat of the united churches, a dance and the annual celebration of Dominion Day, the national festival.

For the second time I encountered my lady of the inhospitable words, to wit, Miss May Macnab. It goes without saying that she had no look to bestow on me, being the cynosure of a bevy of strapping young farmers, looking very handsome and gay. I doubt even if she recognised me, until a young farmer of the name of Muir, who had often made a butt of me as an Englishman, caught sight of me.

"Hallo, here is don't-yer-know-bally-rot turned up as large as life."

The remark raised an uproarious laugh, turned all eyes in my direction and sent me scarlet with annoyance at the absurdity of this young bumpkin.

"He's as red as a beet," he went on in an objectionable tone.

"Did I ever tell you," began another, "of that Cockney they had out at Johnson's, way back last fall, for a time. He knew the 'whole bally thing.' Land! he kept the whole bunch laughing all day! When they told him to hitch the horse in the plough strings, he went and hitched the horse in between the handle bars."

This joke seemed to tickle the group immensely. They were unable to understand, being country bred, that the poor little Cockney had probably never seen a plough before he came to Canada.

Miss May, now acting the part of dear Lady Disdain, cried out cruelly:

"My sakes, just look at that gawk's clothes."

My poor old Norfolk jacket and a good stout pair of English shooting boots, the last remnant of my pristine glory, had aroused this final sarcasm. The men I could stand, but the women! I turned away crestfallen. The disdain of a woman, especially when she is a pretty girl—how it debases a man!

I had enough of the country's junketings after that, and, to the relief of old Labelle, stuck resolutely to my bar. Day followed day through the hot baking summer weather with the same round—opening up the bar, cleaning it, mixing the drinks, re-reading Molière. My life seemed to be measured by this monotonous round. In the evenings the farmers, particularly the younger set, would ride or drive in from miles around, through the moonlight summer nights, to play a game of pool on the district's solitary table. Others would lean over the bar, spit and yarn.

It was thus one evening in the pool-room that I first saw my *Lady Disdain's* father, old John Macnab, one of the wealthiest and best farmers round the neighbourhood. He was a big, tall, dark man, with shaggy eyebrows, sunken eyes, weather-beaten face and a square brush of a beard. Strangely enough, although he was said to hate Englishmen, the man took a fancy to me from the first.

"Ralph," he would cry, "you mix 'un—a good one, mind you."

He was the most prominent man in the district, where his word was law. His daughter was the local heiress, and every one agreed that old John Macnab was a bad one to cross.

Then a very sad thing happened in August. Besides his daughter, old Macnab had one son, who would have nothing to do with farming, and had become a Government engineer, much against the old man's will. In fact, for a long time all communication between them had ceased. The boy Macnab, as the village called him, was out surveying in the far North. He

had gone out one day alone, and as so often happens in the Northern world, where a man blazes away at anything and everything, a couple of Norwegian trappers, mistaking his rustling in the bush for that of an animal, had shot him dead.

The body was brought home, and there was a most pathetic burial. The old man seemed inconsolable. All his strong, sturdy frame crumpled up; his iron will bent. He took to drinking, and as his wife had been dead for years, all the management of the farm, just as the wheat harvest was falling due, weighed on the young shoulders of May, his sole remaining child. But she proved herself, from what I heard in the bar, quite capable, and, indeed, something of a local wonder in the way she dealt with the harvesting and the tough imported Eastern harvest hands.

The old man himself seemed reckless and lost to everything except his great grief. He hung round our bar all day, drinking heavily and seldom sober. His touchy temper in no wise improved, and by night, if he was not too drunk, he generally had a quarrel with somebody, which, the next day, was forgotten. However, for a long time, he managed always to take himself home in his buggy, driving furiously, cursing and lashing his horse. He never spoke of his daughter, and from all accounts when not sober he avoided her as much as possible. One afternoon, however, about four o'clock, he had fallen asleep over the bar in a helpless condition. Outside his buggy was waiting as usual. There was no one else in the bar except Vernon. So calling out to Labelle, I determined to drive him home. With the remittance man's help, I lifted him up into the buggy and drove off. As we approached the farm the jolting of the buggy, I suppose, woke him up and he began to mumble drunkenly. I hitched up in front of the veranda and began to help him out, when, as bad luck would have it, my dear *Lady Disdain* rode up astride from her superintendence of the work on the farm. Perceiving at once her father's condition all her fury blazed out on me.

She rode straight up to me as I stood, cow-munch hat in hand, and, cutting me across the face with her whip in a paroxysm of anger, flamed at me:

"Get out of here, you Englishman you! Get out of here or I'll horsewhip the hide off you, if you dare to bring my father here. Get out!"

I remember dimly, as she lashed at me, that the old man drunkenly cried out:

"Thats' right, May, lash his face off."

With a weal across my face which if it had been a quarter of an inch higher would have had my left eye out I fled before her rage. Smarting with pain and indignation, I never even turned to see what treatment her father received.

Whatever happened, it stopped old Macnab all that fall and winter from showing his face inside the bar-room door. Men said he was going straight and under the thumb of his daughter. Some shook their heads and wondered how long it would last.

As the spring came round again and with repeated thaws began to unshackle the world from the frozen grip of winter, life out of doors began to grow pleasant again. The Massawippi, the local river flowing south to the lakes and here about half a mile wide, became a scene of renewed activity as the swollen stream swept down the blocks of the northern ice. The river men began to prepare for floating the lumber down the torrent in rafts. It was exciting work canoeing at such a time and I, who from my Oxford days have always had a passion for the river, used to revel in it. To handle the fragile canoe in choppy water, to avoid blocks of ice and to dig away up stream against the great current was amusing me one Sunday after-

noon, when opposite Cripple Creek, a tributary water of the Massawippi, I perceived May Macnab alone in a canoe coming down the "blind stream" and making for the main river.

Here at the junction of the waters it was very treacherous, as the two currents met in the teeth of an opposing wind which in blustering gusts ruffled back the waters in miniature white horses. In fact, quite a small sea was running. A few ice blocks too, caught in the eddy, were objects of danger. Occupied in contesting these elements, I paid little heed to the girl and her birch bark, as they approached the troubled waters, until I perceived her all of a sudden about a hundred yards away, at the verge of the main current, riding on the crest of the waves of the Creek. She was clearly in difficulties as the waves of the main stream were bound to strike her canoe at an oblique angle as they ran back before the wind. Her canoe was lurched up to where the contending waves met, gave a heavy pitch forward, and in so doing shipped a great green wave's white cap, and was lurched broadside into the runnel of the waves. All I remember is digging away to urge on my own canoe as I saw her plight, heedless that I ran the same risk. I had a fearful grip at my heart, an unaccountable anxiety for her. Fortunately her canoe had begun to be caught in the stream and was hurried towards me as she vainly tried to right it. But the inevitable was only delayed a little by her efforts. Her wrists, lacking the strength, were not given the time to nose the craft round. The waves broke in and slowly it sank, swamped by the caps, the girl struggling bravely. Leaning over within ten yards of her, I saw her go down into the ice-cold water. At the same moment my own canoe capsized, hurling me into the water. I sank. It seemed an hour before I re-emerged to find her struggling beside me. Crying out to her to desist, I swung one arm round her waist, struck out with my legs, and hurried on by the current, was just in time to cling with my left arm to my upturned canoe, which had been checked for the moment by an ice junk.

How we clung on drifting down that ice-cold stream, while I edged the canoe nearer and nearer to the shore, I shall never know. Had it not been for the upturned canoe, we should have both been drowned. At last, where the bank ran out to a point, I managed to work our craft shoreward until I could touch bottom. As I trod forward to the bank, the girl played out beyond her endurance, released hold and flopped back into the water, while the canoe, lightened, went spinning away down stream. I did not care for this, as it was all I could do to drag her out of the water on to the bank, where the wind, after the bitter numbness of those waters, felt warm.

On the other side of the point out of the way of the ice floes a crocodile steamer employed on the river was anchored into the bank.

Afterwards the engineer, who was aboard, as I sat in the galley caboose drinking hot whiskey blanc, told me to thank my stars that they had happened to come aboard early in the afternoon to make all ready for the first trip on the morrow down stream. Opposite me, wrapt in a blanket beside the stove, with horrified eyes, pinched cheeks and lank hair, my *Lady Disdain* was gradually having life restored to her. When she was strong enough for them to drive her home, she was carried out. She neither looked nor spoke to me, and the horror of those ice-cold waters had not yet gone from her blue eyes.

The next day I was back in the bar, none the worse for my wetting. In the evening I heard that May Macnab was dangerously ill. The cold and

the exposure had given her a serious chill, resulting in pneumonia. Some women friends in the village went out to nurse her, and old Macnab, released from his supervision, came in again to drink. The long surcease from liquor seemed to have increased his thirst, and he began a frightful bout. It lasted for more than a month, when one day he fell off a stool and hit his head on a cuspidor. The doctor was summoned, and after doing what he could told me to drive the old man home and put him to bed.

"I am too busy myself, Ralph, got an emergency and two cases that look like smallpox. Must go now. You'll see to him."

With that he left, and for the second time I drove the old man back to his farm.

She was waiting. I knew she would be. This time she stood on the veranda, pale-faced and with dark rings round her sad eyes, which looked like faded forget-me-nots. The pathos of her moved me strangely. She said nothing, nor did her rage flame out and strike me this time. When I turned to walk away she called to me and told me to take the buggy, as it was too far to walk. She would send for the horse.

Thanking her, I said I preferred to walk. She did not reply, but went in and I suppose upstairs to her drunken father.

Perhaps she lost the courage and firmness to deal with him. I do not know. At any rate, within a few days old Macnab was back again, with a bandaged head and bloodshot eyes, drinking in the bar.

Drink had made the man a shadow of his former self. His great powerful hands shook like aspen leaves. He was all nerves. When any one banged his pannikin down, he turned and swore at him. For hours he would sit morosely drinking in a corner, heedless of others. His gray hair had blanched and he was careless of outward appearance, his clothes being stained with drink and dirty with his repeated falls on the road and the floor. Even Labelle despaired of him and against his own interest tried to drive him away from the bar. But it was all to no purpose; he would always come back, and sometimes, when very drunk, he would talk about his son.

As Labelle said: "If he don't keep out of de booze, dat finish heem."

But he came again and again. Nothing held him back, not even the thought of his girl on the farm. His son was dead. That was all that mattered. He would sit there wrapped in his sorrow.

As he was sitting thus one hot afternoon, Vernon, the remittance man, came in on a spree. The month had come round again, and he began to quote St. Luke in Greek. It was a broken-down, drunken, soured remnant of what was once an English scholar and gentleman. And, as usual, he was not long before he started to abuse the new land that harboured him.

After a time Vernon was raving:

"Curse the country. 'Oh, to be in England again,' as the poet says. I am sick and tired to death of these Canadians and their slipshod ways. There isn't a gentleman among them —not among the whole darned crowd. My boy, Ralph, they don't even know a word of Greek."

He looked at me owlishly drunk.

"They have nothing in common with you and me. What little they have here is all imitation, second-rate at that. You know," he waxed maudlin, "poor as I am; degraded as I am, for I am both I know; drunk as I am, for I am that too, I have seen the days, my boy. I know what I am talking about. Don't you know who I am? I am a dean's son, and know what I am saying. Don't you judge me just because I am a prodigal in a country of swine, feeding with the swine. Look at these Canadian papers, their cursed manners, the lingo the always talk. They seem to

have no ideas above a dollar bill."

"Then, what keeps you here, you old drunkard," cried a Scotsman who had just come in with his mail.

"What keeps me here," roared Vernon standing up shakily. "You want to knew what keeps me here? I'll tell you what keeps me here in this hell of a country—if you must know, what keeps me here—it's my misfortune."

Old Macnab sprang up with a roar and made for him. No one had thought the old man had paid any heed to the wretched Vernon's futile curses. The Scotsman sprang in between them, but a little too late, for Vernon had flung at the other's head, with a terrified throw, an empty bottle. It struck old Macnab full between the temples and sent him reeling to the floor.

For the third time I drove the old man home. Once again on the veranda she awaited us. She was crying. She never even protested as I carried him into the house up to his room. Alone I put the old man to bed. The house was perfectly still, and the farm seemed deserted, going to ruin, in the golden sunshne of the summer afternoon. When I came down into the sitting-room the girl was seated like a forlorn flower in a rocking chair, still silently crying. On seeing me, she stood up and tried to staunch her tears. But her girlish body never ceased the heavy, tired sobbing of a child. I pretended not to see her grief and silently took my hat to go. As I went out on the veranda, she followed me. I turned and waited her will—the will of the girl who had mocked and struck me.

"Once," she blurted out, "you saved my life. Can't—can't you help me now?"

"If you would only let me."

"Oh, keep him away from the bar," she wailed.

"I'll try."

"Oh, you can, you can and then I'll—"

She paused and looked at me with a sad, wistful little smile.

"I'll forgive you because you're an Englishman."

As she spoke, she lowered her eyes.

But she murmured: "But you—will you ever forgive me?"

My heart gave a wild throb. Turning towards her I said: "How can I forgive, when there is nothing to forgive?"

At that she burst out into a violent sobbing. Her words came brokenly.

"Oh, I know I've been shameful—shameful," she cried.

The violence of her tears alarmed me. I put my arms around her to soothe her. Moved at my daring, for had I not always loved her. Stamping her little foot with violence, she said:

"Don't touch me, don't touch me—do you hear! Until you have promised to forgive me."

"I promise, and now may I touch you?"

Very softly she murmured: "Perhaps you might if you liked."

And as I took her in my arms and kissed the hands that covered a tear-stained face, she gave a little sigh of content.

After a while, when I had to go, she said with a ghost of a moue and her old mocking laugh:

"Of course, I guess—you can't help being one of those funny Englishmen, can you?"

"WANGA NZAMBI, WANGA?"

By GEORGE HERBERT CLARKE

(It is the custom of the Bakongo natives to end a speech by saying "Wanga," a word signifying: "Do you understand?"

A little African boy, brought up in a Mission, prayed that he might always have plenty to eat, that he might never have any work to do, that he might have fine clothes to wear, and when he grew up that he might attain the social standing of the white man. Then said he at the end of his heart-spoken prayer: "Wanga Nzambi, Wanga?" meaning: Do you understand, God—Do you understand?"

—HERBERT WARD: *A voice from the Congo.*)

O WARM Upleaping, swift Flame-flowing,
That blesseth and banneth the eager hand,
Driving the dark, yet into darkness going—
Lord Fire, dost understand?

O radiant Lighter of the Life of Day,
Regally coursing it along the sky—
Sun-God, to Thee we lift our hearts and pray:
O hear us, or we die!

Great Father Zeus, mighty among the mighty,
Stern of Thy thought, severe of Thy command—
Tyrant of Cronos, Hera, Aphrodite—
Hearken and understand!

Hakeem! that vanished in the sunset glory,
When to Thy faithful shalt Thou reappear?
Long have we brooded Thy celestial story,
Waited Thee many a year.

Mary, immaculate, humanity's one Mother—
Thou in the Presence that dost intercede—
Minister Thou (nor have we any other)
To our so bitter need!

Centre of Cosmos, what Thou art who knoweth?
Whether the worlds and we are nobly planned,
Or whether ebbing tide and tide that floweth
Eterne shall change, and Being *never* groweth—
O who may understand?

MADELINE BOUVART

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF FAUCHER DE ST. MAURICE

BY JAMES ROY

SHE was called Madeline.

Perhaps the name had brought her misfortune, for in the town all the available gossip centred in her pretty person. Was this calumny or was it scandal? I do not know; and it would be difficult to arrive at the truth, since that would need the clearing of the road, the elbowing away of the ninety-six years that now separate me from the rumpled beauty of Madeline Bouvart.

What is certain is this. In 1775 she was twenty-seven years of age. She was of slender form, with a well-shaped foot, beautiful teeth, an enticing smile, a delicate hand, a voluble tongue, and the piquant humour of old France.

Doubtless this was what two citizens must have been quietly saying to each other, as they moved slowly, whether they would or not, along the St. Louis road. The snow was soft and thick, and as they went on they withdrew their feet painfully from the white mass to plunge them into it again. Bad humour, fear and apoplexy weighed heavily on their honest faces, but all these gave place to disdain and irony when, right under their blooming noses, passed, drawn by an English thoroughbred, the pretty sleigh of the smiling Madeline Bouvart.

About that time the Cap Rouge road was the fashionable resort of the belles and swells of the day. Madeline was not the last who assembled at that steeplechase where he who wished it, or rather could do it, exhibited the elegance of his furs and the brilliancy of his equipage, under the eyes of the everlasting loungers of my native city.

Every day, at a fixed hour, the graceful sleigh of Madeline was thus seen gliding noiselessly over the soft snow, leaving behind it only two delicate lines traced by its light runners and preceded by the silver tones of the tiny bells which her magnificent courser proudly shook. Then the envious said: "Is this pretty Bouvart happy?" The compassionate murmured: "What a misfortune she had to lose her father! And he such an honest man!"

Madeline did not hold her reigns the less proudly, however. Her conveyance threaded its way, then disappeared in the distance along the whitened road, and the sound of its tinkling bells died on the wind that covered its traces in the snow.

That day she went faster than usual. Her head bent forward, her body gracefully resting on the warm, black bearskin which kept the December wind from her little feet, Madeline gave the reign and spirit to her horse.

Satan must have been at her heels. for, otherwise, Miss Bouvart certainly would not have forgotten to give a sharp rebuke to John, her coachman, who, with eye on the watch and ear pricked, irreverently forgot for a quarter of a league to cross his arms, as is the custom with liveried servants in all well-ordered houses.

You see, the enemy had been signalled near Gomin's woods, and General Montgomery was coming, carry-

ing all before him, and preceded by the terrible news that he had made but one mouthful of St. John's, Montreal, Sorel and Three Rivers.

They had braved Arnold, but before the terrible General everybody was thrown into a panic.

Far off in the country, as far as the eye could reach, nothing was seen but townspeople, grave as became persons of such importance, buried up in their little carioles and grumbling about the prospect of being deprived for a time of their favourite drive; peasants painfully drawing behind them their small sleighs loaded with their possessions, linen and poor furniture, almost all heir-looms of the family; fops forgetful, for that day, of their attitudes and the cut of their clothes; officers and soldiers falling back on the outposts.

All these people were crying out, swearing, overturning one another and spreading before them fright and alarm.

Alone, Madeline's horse, cleverly managed, passed through this chaos, "formless and void," without striking anything and advanced in grand style toward the St. Louis gate. Already he had been caught in the fortified labyrinth which, until quite lately, defended the approaches to it, and now suddenly he was compelled to stop.

The crowd had become so dense that there was no longer any possibility of progress, and Madeline's courser, with fuming nostril and finely curved limb, set itself to await its turn in that human sea that kept on rising around it.

Under the gray and massive arch of the St. Louis gate two companies of English grenadiers were forming in line, their arms at the support. Between their silent lines passed, one by one, all who under the eyes of the commanding officer proved that they had provisions for eight months and promised to perform the duties of the place.

It was not a long examination, but it was cold; and, while stamping their feet to become warm, each group fired off questions and remarks to another.

"Ha! Master Chabot, you are there. Tell us now, is it true that Governor Carleton has narrowly escaped being caught at Pointe-aux-Trembles by the Bostonnais?"

"Well, what if it is true, Father Lépine? But he went out at one end of the village while Montgomery went in at the other. The governor escaped quickly, it appears, be it said without my responsibility, for it was little Blanchet who brought us that news."

"Ah! All the same he must have swift legs, this Englishman of ours," said big Dionne, "for they tell us that you have to run briskly to escape the long paws of these Congress chaps."

"We shall see whether success will always follow our governor. In eight months all will be over, if we can trust the order that commands us to make provision for that holiday time. In eight months we shall know who has gained the day."

"Yes, I hope so, Mr. Laudry. As for me, I am all right in that matter. I shall quietly eat my provisions; for I think it is better not to be mixed up with that affair, but let these fellows settle it among themselves. If the English like to eat each other up, it is their own business. Since I left my leg at Dumont's Mill I don't let anyone tread on my feet on the one hand; on the other, I don't step on the toes of anybody else."

While these conversations ran on amidst the unrestricted laughter of the crowd, it passed slowly along under the scrutinising eyes of the English captain.

Already Madeline Bouvart's turn had come, and she had even inclined her head out of the sleigh, the better mincingly to utter a pretty speech in the ear of the officer, when he abruptly said:

"I am ordered not to let you enter the city, madam."

"Me, Captain?" said she with an astonished air. "Does the Governor fear my eyes more than Arnold's bullets?"

I cannot tell you, madam, which the Governor fears the more, but what I can do is to express the great regret with which I must execute a strict order. Here it is."

He drew from the lining of his tunic a paper sealed with the arms of Sir Guy Carlton and slowly read it, resting upon each word: "The Governor, desiring to shelter himself from treason, and to free himself from unnecessary consumers of food, forbids until further orders the following persons to enter the city."

The officer, placing his fingers on one line of the list, bowed slightly and said: "Well, madam?" Madeline did not reply. A tear glistened and slowly descended her flushed cheek, an event that had not happened for a long time; and, trying to restrain her mortification, she simply said: "John, turn the horse around."

The coachman did as Madeline commanded; then, putting the reins in her hands, he bowed, assumed a most gracious smile, and said:

"Madam, one is better within than without the walls in a time like this, and, as I am not embraced in his Excellency's list, I shall profit by it to enter the city."

Madeline remained unmoved under the blow of this new insult. With a firm hand she vigorously whipped her horse, and soon woman and courser were lost in the night that spread itself, dark and full of alarm, over the Canadian landscape.

Behind, proud and magnificent, arose old Quebec, once more face to face with the enemy of the country. Before ran the girdle of the watch-fires of Montgomery and Arnold.

All was gloomy and sad between these two lines of fire where, side by side, after fifteen years, slept peacefully under the snow the grenadiers of Béarn and the Highlanders of Scotland.

Soon the ringing cry of a sentinel resounded amidst the ill-omened quiet, then all resumed its terrible silence.

It was the humiliated woman who arrived at the American camp, and Madeline Bouvart had passed over to the enemy.

For nearly a month the state of siege continued without leading to any definite result. Here and there a marauder was caught. From time to time a volley was fired on the walls of the city. Scouts hidden in "wolf-holes" threw on the ramparts arrows on the ends of which they had fastened letters to the inhabitants of the city. And that was all; the besieger limited himself to these demonstrations, more noisy than hostile.

To make up for it, Montgomery found the delights of Capua at Holland House, where reigned a long, sweet rest. Every evening they drank deep and ate well at the American headquarters, and, although the greater part of the "Bostonnais" would have had some difficulty in proving their title to sixteen quarterings of nobility, they put on the air of a Hercules and made a pitiless massacre of the King's English.

Madeline had greatly ingratiated herself with these gentlemen. She assumed the position of a victim, coquetted with this one, coaxed that, and smiled on everybody, all of which made her the favourite of the staff, the General included.

It was she who sat at Montgomery's right at mess; and he who, that evening, could have entered the great dining-room of Holland House would have seen the flash of her glass, full of Nereo wine, in the clear light of a chandelier, borrowed "without noise" from Colonel Caldwell's villa *"Sans Bruit."* Madeline, in a distracted way, heard the General say to her:

"Yes, madam, it is just as I have the honour to confide it to you. At Christmas, which will be the day after to-morrow, I invite you to dine with me at Carleton's headquarters."

"Excuse the interruption, General, but I believe the invitation is just a little premature. Arnold will not be ready. Smallpox has appeared in his camp, and the Canadians refuse to take Congress money, which makes provisions for the troops scarce. Would it not be better to delay a little?"

"You are a pessimist, Colonel Livingston, and everything looks black to you. I know that you hate Arnold, and you are not alone in that. This hinders you from seeing that his troops are in the best heart. Besides, all this must come to an end. I have formed a resolution, and, since you were absent from the council of war held this morning, I am happy to put you in a position to understand the situation. At the next fall of snow, Arnold, with his contingent, is to glide from St. Roch's side and to carry the barricades and the batteries of Sault-au-Matelot. You, Colonel, are to direct an attack against St. John's gate, as a feint; Major Brown is to do the same on the side of the Citadel; and I make my way under the Cape by Champlain street, and carry the Près-de-ville battery. Quebec is open on the lower-town side. Arnold and I join forces and arrive strong-handed in the middle of the square, while the garrison, drawn to the ramparts by your racket and Brown's, will be quite misled by it. Is that clear and definite?"

"Hold there, General," said an old surgeon-major, who passed for the most learned man in the army, "Quebec is neither St. John's, nor Montreal, nor Sorel, nor Three Rivers. You must masticate it slowly, for it is difficult to digest and Murray near had dyspepsia after it."

"Bah, Major! Attend to the making of your pills, as you well understand that, and leave cannon-balls and bullets to me. If that is not enough, I'll make old Carleton taste the Plains of Abraham. They know me, these Plains of Abraham. I have been there already.

"Why, do you know, General, you are not so young as I thought you were?" interrupted the tormenting Madeline.

"How could it be otherwise, madam? The harness soon whitens him who wears it. At that time I was only a captain. Since then, to climb the ladder, I have had something else to do."

"But, God forgive me, you are becoming a boaster and as vain as a little cock, General. What regiment was so happy as to contain such a captain, Don Juan?"

"The 43rd, madam. Ah! that was a proud regiment. It had but one fault to me, that of not having taken its place under the flag of Congress."

"But, General," replied the bold scholar, "it seems to me that that would have been difficult in 1759, Congress was sleeping peacefully in non-existence, while Washington, its father, was still benumbed from the consequences of the capitulation of Fort Necessity."

"You use to me the language of a Loyalist, Major; and, if you continue, that may end in a dose of close arrest. There is nothing like that for changing the course of one's ideas. For the rest of you, gentlemen, since the ball opens so soon, do not forget the instructions which Congress has given us. Respect the religious beliefs of the country, pay liberally for all victuals and indispensable objects, punish rigorously the soldiers who commit disorders, follow and harass the English troops; but avoid vexing the people or doing anything to make them hostile to the American cause."

"You are very kind, General," said Madeline, "and I wish that every French-Canadian heard you pronounce these words of conciliation."

"I accept your compliments, madam, though I do not deserve them, for I know but one thing, my orders. For a proof, in 1759, a time that begins to seem far off, I little thought of writing protestations of devotion to the French-Canadians. I was then

quartered in a little village on the north shore, at St. Joachim, and there—''

''How was it that you went to St. Joachim? But tell me about that, General. It must be curious,'' said Madeline, in a somewhat trembling voice.

''Indeed, the story will not be a long one, and the little pleasure trip I then made can be reported as brief as Cæsar's tour in Gaul. On my way I burned, I pillaged, I stole. By thunder! it was my orders that would have it so, and they make me furious or sentimental as they will. For a proof, it was this that came near getting me into a row with a lieutenant of the 78th Highlanders. This young puppy had assumed to himself the right of pardon, and already two peasants, father and son, had put themselves under his high and mighty protection. I seem even now to see them, their hands in the pockets of their torn coats, the father with his long white hair fluttering in the wind; the son, with lowered head, wearing a red toque, and both gliding through a field of wheat that my men had forgotten to pillage.

''I was determined to make an example and to show Lieutenant Wolfe could not be broken with impunity. I caused the young man, therefore, to be taken by a sergeant whom I could trust, and killed with a tomahawk, under his father's eyes. Then it was the old fellow's turn. Ah! I pitied him. I contented myself with having him shot. My subaltern officer took the notion to scalp them both, notwithstanding. What a time it was! St. Joachim, Ste. Anne, Chateaû-Richer, Ange-Gardien, Montmorency, all these villages burned as if they had been timber. They knew how to make war then! The cannon, the musket-shot, the torch, carried the day; while, now, one must go prudently about it by the grand effort of proclamations.''

Madeline had not heard the General's last words. She had, on pretence of fatigue, painfully glided from the table, and had reached the shelter of her own apartments. Yet, he who could have seen her drag herself along the corridor, her brow elevated, her eyes moist, yet flushed with strange light, would scarcely have perceived any want of nerve on that pale face.

In her thoughts Montgomery was but a vile murderer, and a shudder passed over that slender frame of a woman. Two mute corpses arose before her eyes. The two peasants who without tombs and without prayers lay buried beneath the ploughed fields of Joachim were the father and the brother of Madeline Bouvart! Sternly they showed her that, before all things, one owes oneself to one's country.

The snow was falling in large and crowded flakes. A wind from the north-east, mournfully moaning, twisted the tops of the oaks and pines that arose long ago along the St. Louis road. Above all was dark and gloomy, and on the ground, as far as eye could reach, was seen only one immense white shroud. One would have said that the falling heavens were seeking a resting-place upon the earth. The bivouac fires were buried under the drapery of the storm. The farm-dogs howled at the desolation that seemed to surround them. All was sad and heart-piercing on that terrible northern night, yet, throughout the chaos, one woman was making her way. Alone, face to face with the tempest, she went. The wind froze her veil, her hair became rigid in the frost, her hands were blue and numb, her tiny foot drew itself painfully from one depth only to fall into another, and, careless of the hurricane, alone in nature's loneliness, poor thing, she pushed ever on.

She must have had a will of steel to go out in such weather, and, now tottering, now recovering herself, she went straight forward, till suddenly she was stopped by a whirling squall.

An imperceptible challenge had striven to rise above the storm. Then, shadowy forms approached, a whispering was heard and groups were half-revealed, half-hidden amidst the immense spirals of snow chased by the frightful nor'easter.

It was a weary and monotonous life in besieged old Quebec; though, indeed, five sieges ought to have made the inhabitants familiar with it.

That evening, with his head bent over a mass of maps and papers, General Carleton scanned the reports of main guards and outposts. His brow showed care, his cheeks were furrowed, and, as he read, he appeared to be plunged into the most profound perplexity. The enemy made no movement. It was known in town that he lacked money, provisions and ammunition, that sickness and desertion were thinning his ranks, that the people generally remained neutral and undecided. Yet, in spite of this definite information, General Carleton, prudent man that he was, decided not to move.

In this moment of interest he asked himself whether his rival, Montgomery, could be of the same mind as himself.

Burdened with the weight of this dilemma, the English General had risen and had walked several times around the room, stirring his fire and doing all that an honest man could do when his mind is ill at ease, when a light knock sounded at the door.

An aid-de-camp entered.

"General," said he, "a woman wishes to speak to you."

"Confound it! It is late, Captain, to listen to more demands. The day was spent at that business, and now they want to use up my right. Do you know what this woman wants?"

"She says she has important revelations to make and begs you to admit her at once, General."

"That's another affair, then. Let her come up, Captain."

Madeline Bouvart, shivering with cold and desire for vengeance, appeared at once on the threshold.

"What, madam," said Carleton, "you here? To what happy chance may I attribute this honour?"

"Not to your proclamation, General, you may be assured, but, as I am not going to trouble you with my own griefs, you will permit me to come at once to the object of my visit. To-night the enemy attempts the assault of the city. Even now his columns are on the march, and as time passes, I shall be brief, though that may surprise you in a woman."

Madeline then set herself to give him the detail of the plan that Montgomery had communicated to Colonel Livingston. While she spoke the General's brow became radiant.

If Carleton had the prudence, I will not say of Fabius, for that sounds somewhat ancient, but I will say of more than one minister of state I know, on the other hand when his time came he did not detest the fumes of powder. For three days already he had scented this attack, but his want of decision could find no certainty on which to act.

Madeline Bouvart had just brought it within his reach, and, putting on his fur-trimmed coat and fastening his sword, he prepared to set out.

"As for you, madam," said he, as he gallantly offered her his arm, "I am going to put you under the care of Mrs. Campbell, a kind woman who will put herself to any amount of trouble for you."

He felt Madeline's heart beat under the dolman and added with feeling:

"You have been so brave, do not allow yourself to be the least frightened by this night's noise. We shall keep good and loyal watch. Then, to-morrow, if it be fine weather, we shall take a walk and I will show you how we have been able to repel the traitors and deserters from the old flag of England."

"General," replied Madeline, "do not trouble on that account. A friend awaits me in that white house you see close to the castle of St. Louis."

"Good-night, madam; dream of our victory and peace."

Then the old General went his way.

Madeline drew from under her mantle a holster-pistol, and said to herself as she examined it:

"Go on, General. You have to do only with General Montgomery. I must seek justice for the invader of my country and the assassin of my family."

Then she descended the declivity toward Champlain street.

At four in the morning all the columns of the enemy had reached the appointed place. Nothing within the city showed that their presence had been noticed. Nothing without indicated that the alarm had been given and that everywhere the guards had been doubled.

Suddenly two rockets shot up against the dark sky. This was the signal. Then the city was encircled with steel and with flame. Cross-firing was heard everywhere.

The St. Louis gate trembled on its hinges. The Sault-au-Matelot poured hail on St. Roch. The St. John's gate was lit up with baleful fires. A rain of balls and bullets poured through Champlain street, and, striking the rocks and rough heights of Cape Diamond, made projectiles of the fragments.

Quebec, renewed in youth, felt its blood flow proudly through its large and generous veins, and rejoiced with its old, unconquerable military ardour. The cannonade mingled its bass notes with the crackling of the muskets, and death seemed to hover on the wing of the raging tempest, bearing in the folds of its robe the passing year and mingled with its vanities the groans of the dying and the blood of the dead.

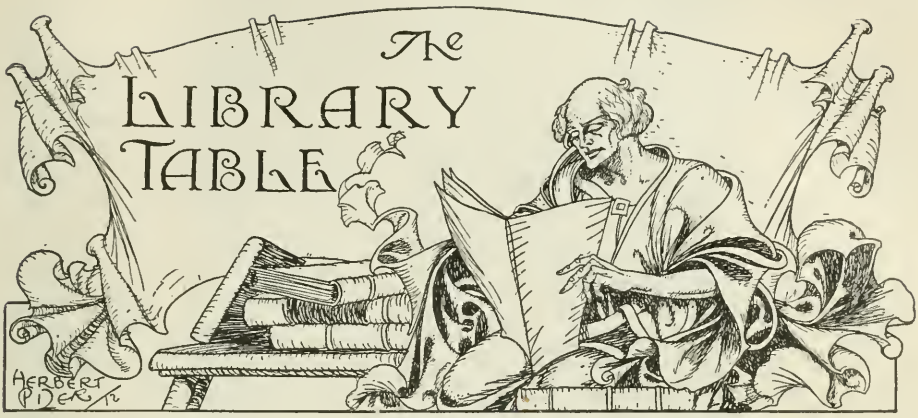
So it continued until morning, then all became peaceful and silent. Quebec had been saved from the horrors of pillage and sack.

During the day they swept away the snow from around the dead. Near the foot of the Près-de-Ville barricade Montgomery was found, bloody and stiff with cold. At his feet lay eleven corpses, and amongst them a woman whose shoulder had been carried away by a bullet. It was Madeline Bouvart.

She died for a great cause, praying to Him who pardoned her sainted namesake the fair Madeline of the Thebais.

God has, doubtless, rendered her a nobler judgment than men; they have given her the forgetfulness of the living.

Carleton neglected the humble name in the despatches. Quebec was ungrateful, and history is dumb concerning the poor woman who, without guide, protection or advice, found before her only flattery, wickedness and falsehood here, and could truly give to the world only what she had in her heart, a last prayer and devotion to her country.



THE wholesome and naïve qualities that distinguish all of Miss L. M. Montgomery's essays in fiction are present to a marked degree in her volume of short stories entitled "Chronicles of Avonlea." The word "Avonlea" will resound in many responsive ears, because it is a word which, with Anne Shirley, has achieved international fame. These chronicles are of the best work that Miss Montgomery has done. The characters are real, living people, full of human weaknesses and homely virtues. Perhaps it is fortunate for Miss Montgomery that she has not found it necessary to go farther afield for her material, because by this time there has been established in Carmody and its people a bond of sympathy that will endure. Besides that, Miss Montgomery writes of these people with a sure pen, and one feels that she is drawing from life. *Old Lady Lloyd, Ludoric Speed, the Reverend Mr. Leonard, Naomi Clark, Prissy Strong* and most of the others are so much of the flesh that one hesitates before writing their names in italics. Anne Shirley herself has got beyond that stage, and so we must respect her now as something more than a mere creation of imagination. She reappears in these pages, and indeed the first two words of the first story in the book compose her name. The sentence containing them is a good example of what one might expect to find in the book:

"Anne Shirley was curled up on the window-seat of Theodora Dix's sitting-room one Saturday evening, looking dreamily afar at some fair starland beyond the hills of sunset."

Then after a few other sentences, the story continues:

"She leaned her shapely head, with its braided coronet of dark red hair, against the window-casing, and her gray eyes were like the moonlight's gleam on shadowy pools."

This first story, which is called "The Hurrying of Ludovic," has to do with the courtship of *Theodora Dix* and *Ludovic Speed*. These two have been sweethearts of a kind for fifteen years but Ludovic, who has belied his name in showing less speed than inclination, has failed lamentably to see that he and *Theodora* are away past the grown-up stages; in

short that *Theodora* is almost passé. Anne soon discovers that *Ludovic* needs a little baiting and she openly charges *Theodora* with failure to arouse the lover to a sense of his responsibility. *Theodora* admits that she "*did* try once," and she recounts that:

"When I realised that I was getting sere and mellow, and all the girls of my generation were going off on either hand, I tried to give Ludovic a hint. But it stuck in my throat. And now I don't mind. If I don't change Dix to Speed until I take the initiative, it will be Dix to the end of life."

With that Anne determines to take the initiative. She induces a city-bred cousin of her own to make pretence at courting *Theodora,* with the result that *Ludovic,* spurred by jealousy, proposes before he knows it, and the thing is settled. But the subtlest passage is the suggestion that the cousin in the end was not very sure that his own courtship of *Theodora* was only a sham. There is about the others of the set a wholesomeness and charm that attracts attention and merits admiration. (Boston: L. C. Page and Company).

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THE vital interest of the missionary's life is, after all, poorly dealt with in an annual report! If one pauses to think of it, the facts and figures so obtained can represent but the merest shell of the enterprise—the things that matter, the real human appeal must lie behind and beyond the ken of any Board, however elect. That is why "The Goodly Fellowship" by Rachel C. Schauffler comes to us as something of a surprise. It is that almost unheard of thing —a missionary romance, and what makes it all the more striking is that both the missionaries and the romance ring true. We have known missionaries in the flesh, we have heard them address meetings upon their "experiences in the field" and we do not hesitate to say that their fictional brethren in "The Goodly Fellowship" are quite natural. The author has the saving grace of humour and it is wonderful what light is shed upon the missionary problem by the application of that valuable quality. For the rest, the tale concerns itself with the love affair (yes, really) of a charming girl stranded in Persia and compelled to spend the winter in a missionary settlement there. The other party to the idyll is a young missionary whom fate has cast for the part somewhat against his will. The subject matter is cleverly handled, for the treatment is neither too frivolous nor too heavy, for while even a Board might read it without being wounded, the lay mind may enjoy itself without fear of preachments. Incidentally we get rather a telling picture of a country and a people little known and the knowledge is quite worth the while. (Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada).

*

"WOMAN and Social Progress," a recent work by Professor Scott Nearing and Nellie Nearing, sets out to establish the thesis that America is the home of a new type of woman, that this woman is not a mere adjunct of man, but a free individual with a distinct position and that she has capacity for achievement when face to face with opportunity. Part I. discusses this capacity from the biological and personal standpoints. Part II. shows the extensive environmental changes and influence upon American women. The industrial revolution has brought a new leisure; far-reaching social changes have lessened the "masculine dominance," while free educational schools and colleges and better home training have combined to produce astonishing independence and a wide range of opportunities. Part III. discusses, in an orderly way, the social choices of American women as compared, for example, with those of the Roman

MRS. ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY

Author of "The House of Windows" enjoying an outing in a British Columbia wood.

women, and the opportunities, eugenic, domestic, educational, industrial, and civic which are before them. The argument on the science of human breeding is conclusive; the great authorities like Weismann and Galton are quoted and tables of statistics set down; the responsibility is thrust home, woman is again the selector. Part IV. discloses the possibilities of the future and answers the question of the dedication, "What shall I do?" in no uncertain terms. "Neither organisation, franchise, industrial position or constructive social life will be thrust upon women. If they want these things they must get them." The work is readable, profoundly suggestive, original in parts and prophetic. (Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada).

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THE story of Carola Woerishoffer, as told in a book by that name, pictures another effort of the sympathetic rich to break loose from the traditions and demands of high social position, and alleviate the sufferings of the defenceless poor. Miss Woerishoffer was a Bryn Mawr graduate, very rich, exceedingly independent, with an insatiable appetite for facts, who aided the shirt-waist strikers in New York in 1909, worked four months in laundries, inspected labour camps, and came to an untimely end, at the age of 26, in an automobile accident. In this little book, Miss Tarbell gives a brief account of Miss Woerishoffer's life and the remaining pages present a series of addresses by her teachers, associates and friends, together with newspaper editorials, minutes of directors' meetings of Bryn Mawr and memorial resolutions adopted by the various organisations with which this heroine of social service, this "dreamer without illusion," was connected. (Bryn Mawr College, Class 1907).

MR. S. A. WHITE

Whose new novel, "The Wildcatters" is being published this month.

"THE Health of the Nations" is the second book that has appeared at the instance of the International Council of Women. By request of the President, Lady Aberdeen, the affiliated National Councils in the various countries of the world have prepared respective reports on public health, special reference being made to the case of infants and children, the conditions under which women carry out industrial work, housing of the people, and measures in force against the disease of tuberculosis. Lady Aberdeen has by her brilliant example in Ireland provided the strongest stimulus of all, in influencing women in every country to give abundantly of their knowledge, their act, their experience and their womanly instincts to this great cause. The work is under the direction of Lady Aberdeen and edited by Maria M. Ogilvie Gordon, M.D., D.Sc., Ph.D., F.L.S, of Aberdeen, Scotland. (Toronto, The National Council of Women).

*

SOMETHING was said last month in these columns that was not praise about a book of rhymes entitled "Canadian Heart Songs." The criticism may appear to be severe, but even if it is severe that part of it which deals with the material as poetry applies to two other recent volumes of verse from the presses of the same publisher: "Our Destiny and Other Poems," by Earnest J. Bowden, and "Poems," by F. H. B. The audacity of these titles is enormous. (Toronto: William Briggs).

Slow

Nelle—"Is that fellow of yours ever going to get up the courage to propose?"

Belle—"I guess not. He's like an hour-glass."

Nelle—"An hour-glass?"

Belle—"Yes—the more time he gets, the less sand he has."—*Philadelphia Times.*

*

Congratulated

Prize-fighter (entering school with his son)—"You give this boy o' mine a thrashin' yesterday, didn't yer?"

Schoolmaster (very nervous)—"Well—I—er—perhaps—"

Prize-fighter—"Well, give us your 'and; you're a champion. I can't do nothin' with 'im myself."—*Punch.*

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Hard

Maud—"Beatrix has lost twenty pounds lately, her new gowns are perfect successes, her sweetheart proposed to her last night, her rich uncle died yesterday and left her a million, and now she has to go to his funeral to-day and try to look sad."—*Harper's Bazaar.*

In Practice

Husband—"Your extravagance is awful. When I die you'll probably have to beg."

Wife—"Well, I should be better off than some poor woman who never had and practice."—*London Opinion.*

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Still With Us

A member of the firm that published the original edition of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" has just died. But the girl who played Little Eva when the story was first staged is still playing the part.

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Mental Treatment

"The cyclist who's just come in wants new-laid eggs with his tea. Cackle a bit while I run over to the store."—*P. I. P.*

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Complete Reform

"My wife married me to reform me."

"Did she succeed?"

"Yes, thoroughly. I wouldn't marry again if I lived to be as old as Methuselah!"—*Puck.*

When some inventive genius produces a flying craft that will lay eggs, aviating may come to be regarded as a safe and pleasurable recreation. —*Montreal Star.*

Modest

The Magistrate (about to commit for trial)—"You certainly effected the robbery in a remarkably ingenious way; in fact, with quite exceptional cunning—"

The Prisoner—"Now, yer Honour, no flattery, please; no flattery, I begs yer."—*Sketch.*

*

Pre-nuptial Sacrifices

"And you are going to give up smoking?"

"Certainly."

"And drinking?"

"Gladly."

"And will you resign from all your clubs?"

"Willingly."

"Think, dearest, if there is anything else you can give up."

"Well, for one thing, I give up all idea of marrying you."—*Soleil (Paris.)*

The Greater Tragedy

The man whose daughter had just been united to the husband of her choice looked a little sad.

"I tell you, squire," he said to one of the wedding guests, a man of his own age, and himself the father of a number of unmarried girls, "I tell you, it is a solemn thing for us when our daughters marry and go away."

The squire assented, not altogether heartily.

"I suppose it is," he conceded; "but, I tell you, it is more solemn when they don't."—*Youth's Companion.*

*

For All Time

Mrs. Highupp—"The judge decreed that they should be separated, never to see each other again."

Mrs. Blasé—"Are they?"

Mrs. Highupp—"Yes. They are living next door to each other in a New York apartment house now."—*Puck.*

Hostess (after presenting fan to prize-winner at whist drive): "Really, I'm afraid it's hardly worth accepting!"

Winner (appraising its worth): "Oh, thank you so much; it's just the kind of fan I wanted—one that I shouldn't mind losing." —*Punch.*

The Great Divides

Reno.
The harem skirt.
The tariff wall.
The fool and his money.
Buda-Pest.
The pearly gates.
Mason and Dixon's line.
Jim Crow's laws
and
The Rio Grande River.
—*Fort Worth Record.*

*

Wise Tommy

Teacher—"What change takes place when water freezes?"

Tommy (innocenty)—"A change in price, I guess."—*Harper's Weekly.*

*

A Loving Child

Pupil (to schoolmaster)—"Sir, would you mind taking great care how you draw up my report? My parents suffer dreadfully from nerves."—*Fliegende Blaetter.*

Economy

The services in the chapel of a certain Western university are from time to time conducted by eminent clergymen of many denominations and from many cities.

On one occasion, when one of these visiting divines asked the president of the university how long he should speak, that witty officer replied:

"There is no limit, doctor, upon the time you may preach; but I may tell you that there is a tradition here that the most souls are saved during the first twenty-five minutes."—*Lippincott's.*

*

A Sad Thought

"I think," said the astronomer, "that I have discovered a new canal on Mars."

"Is that so?" replied the New Orleans man, absent-mindedly, "I wonder what town's going to get the celebration?"—*Washington Star.*

A Triumph

"Do you think it is becoming?" she asks, appearing in her newest gown.

"Don't bother about that!" gushes the friend. "It is perfect! It is simpy delicious! My dear, it makes you look absolutely helpless."—*Judge.*

*

Triumph of Reason

Damocles saw the sword suspended by the hair.

"Since it can't cut the hair, I judge your wife has been sharpening her pencil," he remarked to the king. —*New York Sun.*

*

The Black Hand

"Our whole neighbourhood has been stirred up," said the regular reader.

The editor of the country weekly seized his pen. "Tell me about it," he said. "What we want is news. What stirred it up?"

"Plowing," said the farmer.—*Driftwood.*

"Nice Doggie!"—*The Jersey Journal.*

Explained

Phrenologist—"Dear me, your bump of destructiveness is very large. Are you a soldier?"

Customer—"No, I'm a chauffeur!" —*Sydney Bulletin.*

*

Reason Enough

Barber—"Did your mother say I was to give you a close crop?"

Boy—"No; but I got a teacher who pulls hair."—*London Opinion.*

*

The Worst of It

Merchant—"It seems to me that you ask high wages considering that you have had no experience in this business."

Clerk—"Ah, but you forget that that's just what makes it all the harder for me."—*Meggendorfer Blaetter.*

*

Too Many Spectators

He (soulfully)—"There are thousands of stars to-night looking down upon you."

She—"Is my hat on straight?"—*Harper's Weekly.*

*

A Cure

"War with Japan seems imminent. These dreadful rumors alarm me,"

"Too bad."

"What would you do?"

"Well, I think I would switch magazines."—*Kansas City Journal.*

*

A Sure Return

"Out to luncheon—back in five minutes," read the sign on the door.

"Are you sure he will get back that soon?" asked the anxious caller.

"Yes'm," said the wise office boy. "He ain't got the price of a ten-minutes' lunch in his clothes."—*Toledo Blade.*

From the Painting by Horatio Walker in the Canadian National Gallery

OXEN DRINKING

THE

CANADIAN MAGAZINE

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"THE RING" IN HYDE PARK

BY JOHN EDGCUMBE STALEY

ALL Canadians know Hyde Park, personally, by hearsay, or from photographs. For Londoners it has a mighty charm, but few know fully the history of that famous beauty spot.

The story of Hyde Park is really the history of London, her people and their ways. It was bluff Henry VIII., that Royal grabber of other men's properties, who snatched, in 1536, the church lands of the Manor of Hide from the cringing monks of Westminster. He converted it into a deer park and there he, his wives, his son, his daughters and his courtiers hunted through oak and chestnut glades the spotted buck and fallow deer.

Phillip II. of Spain and I. of England, as he styled himself, when he went wooing good Queen Mary, took with him in his peaceful armada many a head of grisly boar and thus added to the leisures of the chase in the Royal demesne.

Elizabeth the Termigant was wont to exhibit herself under the greenwood tree in characteristic guise. Mounted on a big white Flemish palfrey with light blue caparisons, she ambled in and out of the underwood arrayed in a screaming scarlet habit and a stomacher with the biggest, stiffest ruff and her red hair tousled more than any other bedisened hussy. All the "kills," of course, were hers; alas, she killed her nearest and her dearest, too.

The Stuart kings were cast in a kindlier, happier mould. Merry they all were, although the sly Muse of history has dubbed James I. a phlegmatic monarch. Poor man, he had enough to do, what with parsons and plotters. They all tallyhoed up and down the park and held right Royal banquets on the sward. James built his banqueting hall, now the Royal Humane Society's house for princely junketings, and there re-echoed jovial toasts as bumpers of sweet sack were quaffed from historic crystal glasses.

Liberal minded Charles I. opened the park to his lieges all in 1636, for sports and steeplechases round and about the nine purling springs of limpid chalybeate water which now, alas, are absorbed in the inartistic

DRINKING AT THE SPRINGS WITHIN "THE RING"

From an engraving dated 1712

reservoir. This was the beginning of "The Ring," and there the beauteous Queen Henrietta Maid gathered about her the gallants of her short-lived Court. The festive doings were by no means put on one side when the Roundheads had driven out the Cavaliers, for, among the first public acts of the Lord Protector was the regulation of the fashionable rendezvous. The Royal Banquet Hall he made his own, but the Jacobean gardens he threw into the Carolinian circle. He named the pleasaunce "The Ring," and surrounded it with the cannon, set on end, which erstwhile he had mounted on Primrose Hill. Cromwell and his consort were the first to drive round 'The Ring" in state, in a great yellow caleche drawn by four spanking, piebald Flemish stallions. The Cromwellian cult of "The Ring" was enlarged by encounters of pugilistic youths and mortal frays of feathered fowl. Oliver was nothing if he was not a physical culturist. Possibly "to give a Crown for an Oliver" originated in the grim Protector's conviviality.

The Restoration was the hey-day of "The Ring." Charles II. dubbed it "The Tour," perhaps in jovial recollection of his adventures in foreign lands among needy courtiers and fascinating women. At all events it became the paradise of belles and beaux. An old chronicler speaks of "the month of March, when the King and Queen took the air and the greetings of their Court daily, seated in their great golden chariot." Catherine of Braganza was, truth to say, somewhat dowdy and peculiar in her dress and ways. She persisted in wearing a ridiculous Portugese costume until Charles slashed her skirt with his sword. Really she cut a sorry figure beside Lizzie Killigrew, Barbara Villiers, Louise de Quéronaille, Nell Gwynne and the other beauties of the Court. Nothing put her more out of temper, perhaps naturally, than when the King insisted upon having one or other of his mistresses with her in the Royal coach.

"The Ring" witnessed wild, gay scenes in those frivolous days. "Scores

of gallant ladies in coaches, some singing, some laughing, and some tickling one another, toyed with tartlets, marshpane and China oranges, whilst they watched their beaux playing with silver balls and bats." So wrote honest Tom Brown in his "Amusements of the Meridian." "Quieter folks first dined, then to the play at four and drove round 'The Ring' on their way home to supper and to bed."

The two beauteous duchesses—Cleveland and Portsmouth—were jealous for the position of *maîtresse-en-titre*. Barbara pouted at Louise's "simple baby face," and Louise poked fun at Barbara's "imperious petulance." They were wont to sweep past each other in "The Tour," each surrounded by her escort of dandies, with averted faces, assoiling each other's reputation in shrill whispers. Louise was Charles's "Flora," Barbara his Minerva, but both paled before that brilliant star, the Drury Lane orange girl who sold her luscious fruit and luscious lips to His Majesty in "The Tour."

Burnet writes that "Nell Gwyn, the indiscreetest and coldest creature that ever was at Court, continued to the end of the King's life in greatest favour." "Naughty, pretty, witty Nell," Pepys calls her, "acted well in pastorals, danced to distraction, and affectingly recited Dryden's epilogues under the Spanish chestnuts of "The Tour" to the infinite delight of Charles." He dubbed her "The Fairy of the Park," and fondling her cheery cheeks whispered in her ear, "Thour't Diana in good sooth—the fair huntress of my soul."

May-Day was, in Stuart days, the highest Park festival. May-poles were erected and old fashion dances and *à la mode* minuets were paced and postured on the green. Every one devoured the tasty cheesecakes at the famous cheesecake house, upon the side of the West Bourne river, flowing through the Park from the heights of Hampstead to the Thames, beyond Knights' Bridge at Ranelagh. "Fiddlers rasped and pipers skirled and the belles and beaux fell to kissing and canoudling. Women, painted, spotted and masked, in and out of

A BATHING SCENE IN "THE RING"

DRIVING IN "THE RING"

carriages went skylarking with the smarts."

Staider citizens of the town were shocked at these carryings on. Moll Davies was one of these fine critics, herself a plaything of the King. Pepys says, "Mrs. Pitrie, whoever she may have been, called Moll, the most homely jade he ever saw." His worthy spouse describes her as "the most impertinent slut in the world." Nevertheless Charles had an ardent liking for her. One day, indeed, it was reported, sitting by her side on a green hillock near "The Tour" he took off his own signet ring, worth £700, and slipped it upon her marriage finger.

James II., like his amorous brother, was an ardent patron of "The Tour" and spent much of his leisure with his ladies there. When he tired of Queen Anne Hyde—buxom, matter of fact, and probably somewhat dull—he flew into the arms of Arabella Churchill, though what he saw in her one cannot say, if Count de Grammont's tale is true. He describes her as a tall, thin creature, pale-faced, nothing but skin and bone, and as ugly as a skeleton."

Queen Mary of Modena brought with her the Italian temperament and the Italian love of romance; but, alas, the dour English climate soured her and the King's liaisons disgusted her. No lady in "The Tour" was gayer than Catherine Sedley. She was high in Royal favours, but in the Park and in Whitehall, there also reigned Lizzie Brooke, who, to win the King's favour, it was said, poisoned her doting old husband, Sir John Denham. "La Belle Hamilton," as the Count de Gammont calls her, was the real leader of the Hyde Park revelries. "She was distinguished and alluring in manner and pose, the model copied by every other pretty woman for her good taste in dress and in the arrangement of her hair."

William and Mary were not fashionable sovereigns, but lived in mock seclusion what time they dwelt together at Hampton Court. They never drove in "The Ring." Posing as advocates of puritanism, they affected to discourage revels in the Park; still they delighted to watch Verrio dust liberal rouge upon the sprawling limbs of the goddesses along the new ceiling of the Grand Staircase. The

From an old coloured print

A CAMPING SCENE IN "THE RING"

artist scorned the "upstart," as he angrily dubbed King William, but he knelt to the Queen for his golden fee. The Royal Dutchman replied by preferring Sir Godfrey Kneller for the suite of deadly, dull "Hampton Court Beauties" as inartistic foils to Charles I.'s bevy of Fair Women. William was always in terror of the jeers of the Jacobites, but Mary, in her Consort's Irish absence, did not disdain to show herself occasionally in

From an engraving dated 1793

AN AIRING IN "THE RING"

The Jolly Landlady in Hyde Park 1710

"The Ring," She was a Stuart of course and possessed her family's love of frolic—on the sly. However, she professed to be shocked at the license she beheld and actually, in 1694, issued a Royal precept forbidding public stage coaches and hired hackney carriages entrance into the Park. This regulation has never been rescinded and holds good to-day, but few people know that Mary II. had anything to do with it.

Equipages in "The Ring" were required to bear upon the door panels and at the back—a regulation still in force—the owner's crest or coat of arms, and the men servants had cockades stuck upon their livery hats. These rules were, by the way, cruel cuts at all city cockneys and others lacking blue blood. A quaint distich of the period runs thus:

"Should a man bear arms but what's his own
Hundreds that frequent 'The Ring' would have none."

William III., all the same, had a manly passion for pretty women. The Queen was by no means ill-favoured, but there were ladies of the Court who ruled the monarch and his suite quite as fascinatingly as did the beauties of the Stuart sovereigns. Elizabeth and Anne Villiers, daughters of Sir Francis Villiers, and Mary Worth were the gayest of the gay. The King treated them very well and at last married them off favourably. Elisabeth became Countess of Orkney, Anne the wife of the Royal favourite Bentlinck, and Mary mated with Count Zulestein.

If the Court and reign of William and Mary lacked the brilliant freedom of the Stuart regime, Queen Anne harked back upon her festive ancestors. She herself was "a merry soul, a merry soul was she!" Handsome, with magnificent dark brown hair, and clever, she loved to be in the fashion and sought the adulation of her cavaliers. She delighted to dis-

The Fair Stationer in Hyde Park 1720

sport herself and her fine clothes in "The Ring," both mounted and on foot. She loved cheesecakes and syllabubs and cooling draughts of clear spring water from the nine pools within "The Ring." Cold collations, picniewise, were all the rage in summertime. Fiddlers, bagpipers and morris dancers helped to beguile the shining hours of play.

The Queen loved Kensington Palace, hard by, and there she built her Orangery, one of the most beautiful buildings in London, where she could sip her Bohee cup of tea, flavoured with gossip and orange-bitters, with her dear Duchess Sarah Churchill *vis-a-vis,*

"Embracing, gossiping, quarrelling;
Quarrelling, embracing, gossiping,"

as the fancy of the moment took them, along with the favoured gentlemen of the Royal suite. Her Majesty, the alert arbiter of fashion, gave Londoners of her time an excellent healthful mode—she dipped her many babes, alas, they all died in infancy, in the pellucid pools and periodically drank copiously of the chalybeate waters. It was diagnosed that ricketts, St. Vitus's dance and childish eczema were cured by the nine springs; whilst for adults the water was indicated for ophthalmia, obesity, gout and jaundice. Such curative applications had their gustatory compensation. It was only a step to the Cheesecake House, where good cheer was to be had:

"Of cheesecakes and custards and pigeon-pie puffs,
With bottled ale, cider and such sort of stuffs."

When good Queen Anne was quite dead and gone soldiers and their equipages filled the Park and the officers messed within "The Ring." "Every afternoon society ladies and their satellites, some in elegant toilettes, some heavily veiled, were wont to foregather at the canteen. They

"THE RING" TEA HOUSE

loved to peep into the tents, joke with their occupants, and finish off with dishes of tea after and sweet ratafias." For grosser palates, ready to hand, were booths and bowers for soldiers and their lasses, where thirsty souls might quaff

> "Pool's entire Bute Beer,
> Fine ales and amber."

So read the signs.

Society greatly resented the intrusion of the middle mercantile class. James Meadows, writing in 1774, says: "Every illiterate coxcomb who has made a fortune by sharping or shopkeeping endeavours to mimic the great ones; but the Ludgate Hill hobble and the Cheapside swing, with the general city jolt and wriggle, are readily perceived, in spite of the artifices the smarts put on." Whilst the Court disported itself in "The Ring" the middle class flocked to the many tea and strawberry gardens just beyond the Park palings. George Morland's "Tea Garden" was painted at one of these resorts, "The Flora," where, amid the bustle of many thirsty patrons the warning cry of winsome serving girls was, "'Ware the kettle scaldings!"

Fashion did not become less absolute as time went on. Instead of "painted, spotted ladies and women in masks" the verdict of the modistes was "to be dressed in the fashion one must be undressed." This gave birth to the amusing parody of "The Banks of Bavin":

> "Shepherds! I have lost my waist,
> Have you seen my body?"

In 1790 long diaphonous skirts slipping off bare necks and shoulders swept the ground and great high plumed hats nodded ominously as the gay crowd passed to and fro. Men wore abnormally tight trousers and great loose coats and perky top hats and boots. High gigs were all the rage; perilous to dismount with decorum, and the gee-gees' tails were tied up with satin ribbon.

Fêtes-galants and merry-makings were crushed, alas, when the gloom and cant of the Georgian era settled down upon "Merrie England." The only junketings were fairs and festivals, loved by the vulgar crowd; beer and beef and beans supplied inartistic fare. A handbill of 1836 ran:

R. Hardy
Begs to inform his friends and the public
at large that he has
engaged a Booth in Hyde Park
during the Fair, situate in
The Fifth Line, north of "The Ring"
for the supply of refreshments.
The well known quality of R. Hardy's
wines, spirits, ales and stout, with
the assurance that they shall
all be delivered genuine,
he hopes will encourage good and generous support.
Bell Inn, Great Easter Lane,
June 23rd, 1836. Doctor's Commons.

A new departure, however, in the use of Hyde Park came in with the new century. Crossed rapiers and pointed pistols became significant instruments beneath the spreading walnut trees. In some of the sanguinary encounters both principals were killed, as in the case of the Duke of Hamilton and Lord Mohun. But light-hearted beauties bewitchingly exorcised the ghosts of gallants done to death and field flowers sprang up where noble blood was shed. Early in the last century the splendid rows of chestnuts and walnuts were cut down; why and wherefore nobody seemed to care to know. Cromwell's cannon railings were, with them, unearthed and borne away, and "The Ring" was no more.

Such and such were the varied happenings in "the good old days." One hundred years have fled since "The Ring" re-echoed with the happy laughter of merry maids and men. Frolic, such as it is to-day, and fashion have seized upon another Hyde Park rendezvous. "The Ring" has given place to Rotten Row, where people take their pleasure somewhat sadly. Some of the old trees still remain whose earlier leaves rustled approvingly amid the billing and cooing of thousands of loving couples seated beneath their grateful shade. What stories would they tell could they but speak!

Within the last ten years something has doubtless been well done to revive the ancient amenities of Hyde Park. In summer time military bands dispense popular music, whilst thirsty but temperate souls may refresh their inner man at the attractive tables of "The Ring" Tea House. The Serpentine, due to misjudged Queen Caroline, has a fleet of row-boats, and model yachts sail intermittently here and there. Hyde Park is the happy breathing place for all sorts and kinds of faddists with inexplainable grievances. The right of meeting and speaking is unrestricted. There too the up-to-date women of society, the Suffragettes, gather mighty audiences and sally forth on tumultuous expeditions for women's votes.

London in Hyde Park has almost wholly shaken off the incubus of Hanoverian nightmares, and society has revived, phoenix-like, something of the gaiety of life and unconventionality of manners. Given opportunity and suitable locality, John Bull is ever a jovial, happy fellow. If you would judge him fairly you will speedily discover that he is a very human sort of chap and that Mrs. J. B. is as charming as she is discreet.

VALUABLE SPACE

BY ETHEL SEYMOUR

KIRBY was the first man to reach the Press table, but a woman was there before him. A beginner . . . What paper? . . . damnable work for a girl . . . this was at the surface of his thought. Underneath, he was at the problem which had brought him there earlier than an experienced man would have come. How to get an interview with Carrer, the French Nationalist, trip him, and expose this first speech of his as the mask it was. Carrer's supporters and exploiters had him well surrounded, but Kirby knew that if he could get at him in French, Carrer would be less on guard and some expression would slip out . . . Kirby could already see the Chief's wrinkles smooth as he inspected the copy. Then, the influence on public opinion . . . by a private interview to have the speech scotched so neatly!

Kirby had reached the table. The girl—a note-book already open before her—turned from her scrutiny of the audience and of the people coming in, and the Carrer interview dropped from Kirby's mind as, for a second that was eternal, he saw a living thought looking at him from the girl's eyes. Gray hat . . . gray eyes . . . colour . . . recorded his senses. But the thought that grew in her eager face retained him.

"I beg your pardon," he was impelled to say. "I interrupted your thought."

"No. But I was just thinking . . . of those men and women . . . and what freedom and civilisation mean to them. This Ultramontanism that may yet make it go hard with us. What Reciprocity means to these working people . . . I can't say it and I can't write it . . . but to feel the intimate life of many men and women . . . to see what life is!"

He followed her eagerness, amused.

"You're interested in . . . politics?"

"Among other things, yes."

"Woman Suffrage?" he suggested lightly, and felt himself asinine. He must pull himself together.

"As a symbol," she rejoined and was self-contained.

Behind them was the steadily increasing tramping and movement of men taking their seats.

Each waited for the other to begin again.

"You are new?" Kirby asked at length bluntly, feeling that he might be able to help her somewhat, but irritated because he felt it was man's work and she should not be there.

"On *The Banner*," she assented briefly.

"Are you on this alone? Won't it be almost too much?"

Her eyes glimmered.

"Local colour . . . the crowd," she explained. "There's a man to do the straight stuff."

"Moray always gives you people too much. But if you want the audience. . . ." suggestive of an ordinary seat

"I like this better." After a moment she added, "In a crowd the opinion of the man at your right may

overbalance the effect of the whole."

Bell from *The Star* came in, nodded to Kirby, and sat down at the other end of the table.

Kirby gave some moments' thought to his interview and threw out one scheme after another. Something brought him instantly back to the woman at the end of the table.

"Don't you find this work wearing?" he inquired.

"I don't let anything wear me," smiling.

She was beautiful, but irritating.

"The irregularity of the hours—being called at any time. It's a hard life for a man but impossible for a woman. I don't want to discourage you," he continued.

"You don't," dryly.

Kirby did not pause long enough to be surprised at his insistence.

"Then there are some things you can't do that we take as a matter of course."

The *Star* man shoved a paper across the table to Kirby.

"Seen the eight o'clock *Banner?*" and was at his note-book again.

"And some we can that you can't," rejoined the girl to Kirby. "But all newspaper men say these things." She put out her hand impulsively. "I'm Helen Grant."

"My name is John Kirby, of *The News.*" They shook hands.

"Our professional politics are the same, then."

At this point of their conversation, the Committee came on the platform.

"Yes," answered Kirby as he opened *The Banner.*

Across the front page heavily blacked he saw:

"CARRER'S SPEECH A JOKE."
"Private Interview Discounts Public Statements."

"Scooped," said John. "Which of your men did it?"

A slow dull flush almost reached the gray eyes of Helen Grant, then receded.

"It was mine," said the girl quietly.

John, scanning the column, looked up quickly.

"And I said—I said—Oh, Lord!" he laughed silently. "If you can do that, you don't need to trouble about police work and the drudgery. Good stuff."

The girl bent her head slightly, but said nothing.

The perfunctory applause as Carrer took his place sent them to work. The other men came, and the pencils raced as Carrer's graceful, dignified, carefully English speech fell across the hall. He spoke the language without an accent, but slowly. The report of the interview had reached him and he dealt at some length with the inferences the reporter had drawn from his remarks and the charges made upon them. But, talk as he might, Carrer could not efface the impression left by the front page of *The Banner.* The audience listened, seldom interrupting, as it they believed that Carrer himself felt what he said was the truth, but that behind him were lies.

Kirby, taking a verbatim report, worked steadily. Helen Grant, turning over the notes she had begun to the *Banner* man, who had come late, followed Carrer's rebuttal closely. Without seeming to, she studied the audience, face after face, row above row, tier on tier, to the domed ceiling. Carrer had reached the main part of his speech when she began to write, and then she wrote for not more than fifteen minutes.

As she folded her copy, her eyes fell on Kirby. Something in the paper held her. In less than a year, an editorship would fall to him and he had praised her work. Helen did not pay much attention to this, nor yet to the dissuasion. But she followed the clean lines of Kirby's forehead and cheek to the straight jaw. His lean face was almost gaunt, and the knotted forehead, eyebrows, mouth, told the tale of too much work under high pressure. "Newspaper men are the best in the world

and the most liberal," she thought, "but even they can't see why a woman wants to work."

When the speech was finished, Kirby wanted to speak to her, but in the confusion, as they got up, she disappeared. Asked, John could not have told what he wanted to say to her. When he could not see her, he wondered for a moment whether she had gone down town to the office alone. But the man from *The Banner* was gone, and Kirby, feeling relieved, thought that perhaps she had gone with him.

II.

The next afternoon, going out on an afternoon assignment, Kirby almost passed Helen Grant, who was hurrying in the same direction. The October wind, sunlit even in the town's dust, blew them together, side by side.

"Ah, good afternoon, Mr. Kirby," she cried, as his hand went to his hat.

They looked at each other, each somewhat uncertain.

"Are you in a hurry?" asked Kirby

Something inside him demanded, "What in the devil is it to you, anyway?"

"Only as usual," Helen Grant replied. "Meetings that I don't want."

They walked on.

"I'm in the same case. Everything's dull. No murders — no suicides—no corruption—no news. Where do you have to go?"

The conversation went in jerks, uneasily.

"Women's Sappho Club. Socialist matter. A vaudeville matinée—oh, confound them all," she burst out, and stopped in apology.

Kirby's sympathy got the better of his surprise

"It's part of the work. You'll get tired of it."

Some anger flamed inside her.

"No, I don't think so; you caught me at a bad moment"

He appeared to ignore this and went right to the point.

"I've the same ground to cover. We'll play we're both cub reporters —divide our meetings—they're unimportant; and the time we save will tone you up."

"But I don't need.." she began, on the defensive.

Some mad impulse drove the level-headed John.

"But I do. If one of *The Banner* men had been on instead of you, we'd have done it. When you work with men, it's different," John was pursuing the enemy into its stronghold.

"It's not honest," she weakened.

"Oh, you are a beginner," John taunted, and his blue eyes laughed down into hers. "You do the Woman's business. I'll take the Socialists. We'll take in one stunt at Mars. That'll be enough," he decided quickly. "It's a good afternoon for a country walk." The quick thought that she would seem to be treating him from a social instead of a business standpoint checked her rebellion. A man could say that to a man. "We could easily do six or seven miles between tea and dinner. You'll have tea, won't you?" he continued.

"If I were a man," she said, but felt her inanity, "you'd have said beer. You'd better get a man, hadn't you?"

"Woman's refining influence." He laughed at the disgust in her face. You're not fair. You never forget that you're a woman, after all."

Helen came to a swift determination. "I'll show you, " she said mentally, "that I can treat you as a man would."

"It is a splendid afternoon and the fresh air would do us both good," she assented to the side issue.

"We're losing time, then," he swept the discussion to a close. "The Mars by a quarter to four."

They were at the corner. Helen

nodded, smiled, and took her car for the Woman's Meeting.

III

In the quiet of the tea-room, Helen had her first rest in two days. There were not many people present. She sank back in a chair.

The next moment she sat up.

"No. We must finish first," and reached for Kirby's notes.

I'll do it for you," Kirby said.

"No, no. That would be too much."

She began to write her copy from his notes. John studied her face in the pink light of the candles. An altogether sweet and feminine face, he thought, but there was a steadiness of determination that Kirby was not used to in women. He puzzled to himself whether this made her more charming or less.

"Be honest, Miss Grant, isn't this newspaper work a strain for you?"

She glanced up from her paper, across the shaded candles and her gray eyes met his levelly. It seemed to her that for the first time she saw him as a person. She smiled.

"It's not the newspaper work." She threw out her hands as if giving up. "But this morning, instead of resting after working all day yesterday, I tried to finish a magazine article. Very foolish. Fagged myself, and the article's not done yet."

"You must take care of yourself," John heard himself with surprise.

A light of amusement glinted in her eyes.

"It's you who are forgetting that I'm to be a man," she stung him, remembering his gibe.

"I beg your pardon. I will remember to be impersonal in the future—which do you like better?"

"Oh, the magazine writing. I shall give up newspaper work as soon as I can."

He wondered whether she had to earn her own living.

"But newspaper work like the Carrer interview should attract you."

Her clear eyes clouded slightly.

"No. That's just it. M. Carrer knew what paper I represented, knew why I came, but was indiscreet to me, as he would not have been to a man."

Kirby stared.

"But that was an advantage," he remarked.

Helen controlled an outburst of emotion.

"It seems too mean. But I told him. . . I almost told him to be careful." She laughed shortly. "I wonder whether he thought me a fool because I was a woman. . . No. It's too much like treachery."

"O you girl, you girl." Kirby was laughing again. "And you think you want to live in a man's world."

Helen looked at him in cold anger. His face sobered.

"I do beg your pardon, Miss Grant. But it's really a compliment to women, you know, to the best of you. If you would only stay where the best can develop—in a home."

Helen's common-sense told her the futility of argument. She smiled frankly.

"You're as much a sentimentalist," she returned, "on that score, as I am . . . But when I said last night that women could do some things better than men, I meant women's cases, women's work."

John was watching her face.

"Ah, yes," he assented, for a moment more occupied in looking than hearing, "the Women's Page."

"I'm not going to beg your pardon," she declared. "Now we're going to eat and have our walk."

IV.

On the car which they took to the suburbs of the city, there seemed little to talk about.

"There are a great many things about this road . . ." John had begun and stopped. "I'm not much of a talker," he apologised.

"It will do us both good to be still," she replied, and, with the wis-

dom of a time-driven worker, relaxed in the corner of the seat, neither speaking or thinking until Kirby said, "Here we are."

They were out of the city, quite in the country, a country of green undulating hills and smooth meadows, with small, old farm-houses behind hedges or in a hollow of the hills. Their road, wide, high, gray—a stone road, open beneath trees—went westward, up a hill.

Helen drew a deep breath.

The sun was still bright over the emerald greenness of the fields. The wind blew strong, but not with the gusty uncertainty of the city. The road was level and without dust.

"Do you like walking much?" John said doubtfully. "It's for you to say how far we'll go."

"As far as you'd go alone," Helen declared. "My dinner's at seven. You know the way and can judge when we should turn."

They walked up the hill briskly and swung on for half a mile. Helen fell into a steady smooth stride, drinking in the fresh air, looking at the country with wide, eager eyes.

"I come out here all through the year. It's never just the same," John said. "I like it in Winter under a gray sky with the snow falling quietly." He felt like talking with her now.

"I like it better than any road I ever walked," said Helen, "so much so that I can't tell you. The hills make pictures. And see this bridge." Some white ducks were splashing in the water, and two pigs with curly tails watched them solemnly from the bank. Helen laughed as she pointed to them.

"We can be friends, can't we?" asked John, somewhat irrelevantly.

Helen fixed on him an accusing look.

"You wouldn't have said that to a man," she replied, "you'd have been friends without saying it."

"Kirby laughed boyishly at her keenness.

"It's hard to get away from the conventional attitude. A man seems obliged to ask a woman if they're to be friends."

"And then—what does it mean? For how long?" she questioned enigmatically.

"I haven't mentioned Plato," retorted John.

"No. That's of the last generation . . . Surely we're friends. . . See these asters . . . the bloomiest I ever saw."

Helen shook with merriment and Kirby's face flushed.

"And here," John pointed to an apple tree on the fence line," is one of the joys of the road . . . left for travellers."

"Oh!" Helen was ready to eat and in the next mile ate apple after apple.

At their last hill they came out at a cross-roads.

"This road," said John, pointing south-west, "is only a dirt road, but it's interesting and takes us, in a mile and a half, to a car line."

They were on a slight eminence and looked over the flat country to the sun already merging in a golden mist over the distant lake. Helen sat down on a log, and Kirby, stretched on the ground, took out a pipe.

"Do I have to say, 'May I?' " he teased.

Helen smiled assent.

"Is this a pose that women take to-day about work?" he followed his thought out loud.

"I never argue; I work," replied Helen.

"But if the best women—let's consider the question impersonally—never marry . . ."

"Marriage is fundamental; so is work." Helen vouchsafed.

"But how would it work out practically?"

"That's for each woman to decide," said Helen. "And each man," she added.

"Then let me be personal . . . wouldn't you be happier in a home

. . . cared for by someone?"

The sunlight was blinding. When Helen looked back, she said quietly, "I have a home. I have to work for my living, and I want to." But she did not explain the tears.

"Will you forgive me?" John felt a brute. "I had no right . . no idea . . ."

"It's a long time past." Helen did not explain what or when, but smiled. "It's nerves now," she said cheerfully and rose.

She looked north before going down the slope . . . at the cold lights and lingering colours and heavy shadows.

When they turned down the long road, the land gloomed on either side, but at the end of the road was the great, golden sun, and the trees made for them a long approach.

"It's like going up to a great pagan temple altar, isn't it?" she said, and felt that Kirby was sufficiently of her mood for silence.

They walked with the strange golden light on their faces, feeling quite alone yet together, part of the light and the earth.

When they came to a low undrained place, Kirby offered his hand to help her, but she laughed, ran back a few steps and made a running jump that landed her, safe, on the other side; and Kirby liked her as he would have liked a boy.

They reached the car line.

"I have to thank you for a new idea—the road and the afternoon," she told him as they waited.

"And I you for company that suited the road."

The sight of the car-line artificiality seemed to take away the naturalness of their comradeship.

"I have to transfer going down. at Warburton Street East," she took her transfer.

"And I have to go down to the office. Shall I send your stuff in?" he asked.

"Thank you. I telephone it. Good-afternoon, Mr. Kirby."

"Good-bye, Miss Grant," and she was gone.

V.

Kirby went in to a lonely dinner at the Club. Until the soup was finished everything seemed all right. Then some thing went wrong. John gave a moment to self analysis as the waiter poured his wine. Then, putting it to one side, he fell to staring at the cloth. The man waited patiently with the meat and Kirby was forced to go on. He picked up the knife and fork, put them down, and burst into mental laughter—short, sharp, jeering—at himself.

"The measles at your age."

"But," he held converse with himself, "she's good company. Naturally you wish you'd asked her to dine."

"H'm," said John's self No. 1., "she said nothing about seeing you again. And won't. You know that. And what do you want to see her again for, anyway?"

" She's all right," returned John's self No. 2, " but she has such illogical, unpractical, unfeminine . . ." John lost Helen in following her delinquencies.

Taken altogether, the dinner was not a success, for one thing, John didn't eat enough. A man, as he said, would have come down with him.

" Infantile puerility," said John's self No. 1.

"Nonsense," No. 2 came back at No. 1.

John was glad to see the office again. He went to his desk. It was more like morning after press time than eight at night. Things were dull.

The door banged open.

"O you John," called a voice from the doorway.

"*Banner* people telephoned for you about six," continued Kay-Smith, the City Editor.

Kirby looked up quickly.

"Want to know what you'd done with their young lady reporter," he drawled, grimacing, "last seen in

your dangerous company. . . ."

Kay-Smith dodged. Kirby kicked the door shut.

"Damn the fools," he said between his teeth.

"Keep cool, Johnny," Kay-Smith was roaring in the hall.

Silence.

"But I say, John, I fancy they were waiting for copy."

"They've got it now," briefly answered Kirby.

Five minutes later the City Editor came back. He tapped elaborately.

"Come in."

"What's the matter with you, anyway, John? Never saw you like this before."

"What's doing to-night?" John asked sharply.

Kay-Smith whistled.

"Much respect for the feeling . . natural. . . . I won't mention it, though," he promised.

Kirby shrugged his shoulders.

"Then you won't raise any more objectons to writing that series of letters on the Woman Question? As you've no personal interest . . ." Kay-Smith drawled and stopped.

Caught between the devil and the deep sea, John dared not hestitate.

"To put an end to your asking," he yielded.

"Well, you know, you saw the fusses in England, heard the speeches. Great thing. Do it as a correspondent of the editor. Let's have one for the morning. There's no news. And say, when that's done, go up to Sir Henry Grove's and ask him about that railroad deal. He'll give you the facts."

Kirby nodded.

"But Smith," John stopped him at the door. "The boys are not to know that these letters are mine."

"As you like, John, of course. No need for anyone to know."

John sat down to the letter.

VI.

At ten o'clock Kirby was waiting in the library for Sir Henry Grove. Lady Grove evidently had a reception on, for people were going past the open door up to the drawing-room.

He was looking out absently at the people passing by when a young woman in a lace gown, accompanied by an older lady in black, were forced to stop opposite the door. The evening gown was puzzling but the girl was familiar. She turned. She was Helen Grant. But a Helen Grant transformed, set in silk and lace and flowers . . . a vision of her, fair, subtly entrancing. Kirby, even at the distance, hardly dared trust himself to look at her, but he had an overpowering sense of the silken skin of her shoulders and the glorious, shining light of her eyes. He saw the magnificence of her pink roses as he bowed, then his eyes met hers, burning. The clean gray eyes smiled in return as frankly as in the afternoon, but before his utterly uncontrolled emotion the colour passed from her flowers to her face.

"Ah," said Sir Henry's voice beside him. "Good-evening, Mr. Kirby."

The servant closed the door.

VII.

John reached his rooms that night fagged and somewhat dispirited. He sat smoking before the fire for some time with many vague pictures passing unconnectedly before him. He saw the room he was in and its ordinary, unhomelike comfortless comfort, in which he smoked and read. He saw, too, many of the remarkable incidents of the life which was bearing him to success, and they seemed barren.

"I wonder whether she'd like to hear of them," he thought, and started as if someone had spoken. Then he smiled, almost happily, and sank back deeper in the chair.

"She's not happy," John thought over this for a long time, and, neglected, the pipe went out.

"But perhaps he died," was the next thought to reach the surface. "She doesn't care."

John got up and went to a window. The heavy curtain shut the room away, and he looked out on the bare trees of the park the grass covered with dried leaves blown in the wind, all in a bright, cold moonlight. Then, at the other side of the pane, came the picture of Helen. John saw the face so slightly flushed, the line of her shoulder . . . . Like a child caressing what is lovely, John put out his hand to follow the curve. Remembering, he drew back. He looked to see her eyes accusing, but they were clear, unchanged, although a deeper light seemed to come into them . . . and a look he could not understand.

VIII.

By the second cup of coffee, Kirby had made his determination. The wind had died down in the night, and he walked down town in the cold, still sunshine of the bright October morning, feeling more alive than he had for many months. He let himself go, and while the future was vague, it was delightfully arranged and on a sound money basis . . . John had worked that all out during the first cup.

"Nonsense for a girl to be trying to do for herself . . . salads and . . ." John had great pleasure in picturing suitable backgrounds, where much time seemed to be consumed over arranging bookshelves and flowers. A chafing dish, too, needed a great deal of attention.

"Take all a woman's time," was John's sound opinion.

IX.

But Helen was not overtaken that morning. At one o'clock Kirby came to as from a dream of success.

Luncheon? Telephone her house? Impertinence. Wouldn't do at all. Why not the *Banner* office? With his hand on the telephone, Kirby paused. Take the world into confidence? A last resort.

At two o'clock, after looking every minute out the window and turning expectantly whenever the 'phone rang, John gave in and went to luncheon.

It was a small, quaint place, frequented by newspaper people. In a corner, as he entered, he saw Helen Grant.

Three strides brought John to her table. She looked up from a book, and an expression of indifference gave way to . . . Was it a smile of pleasure?

"Good-morning, Mr. Kirby," she cried softly.

John said nothing, but satisfied himself with looking. To the wave of her hair, the smoothness of her forehead, the laughter in her eyes, even the shoulder line curved under the stuff of her shirtwaist. . . . Some colour came into his face as he remembered.

"It's just the same. It's real. I was afraid it might not be," he mused aloud.

The light deepened in his eyes.

The laughter grew in her.

"What, Mr. Kirby? What isn't?"

He caught himself up.

"Don't you know?"

"No."

John was stopped.

"I thought you'd know. I'll tell you. . . ."

The sight of her was good as bread to starving people. But how to begin?

John dropped into a chair opposite her.

"May I order your luncheon first?" he asked.

"I'm just finished. Thank you." She looked at her watch. "Oh, Mr. Kirby, I'm sorry . . . but it's later than I knew. I should be at the office. Is this story of yours long?"

"Yes, it's long . . . rather . . ." It was as if the sun were going behind the clouds to him. "Can't you stay?"

Helen hesitated. "For a moment."

"No," John decided heavily. "A moment won't do. To-morrow if you will have luncheon here . . or . . ."

"I shall look forward to it. At two?" She was on the point of going.

"Yes. Not many about here then. Thank you."

Kirby stood. He caught a fleeting smile from under the close-fitting gray hat. He watched her go out at the door, turn and pass the café.

She was gone again.

John sighed and crumpled up in the chair.

"Will you have tomato soup, sir?" the waitress's voice recalled him.

"Yes, please." The little waitress felt sorry for him. He was plainly so unhappy.

John straightened.

"See here," he told himself, "you eat."

X.

"You're short on space, Miss Grant," remarked the Assistant City Editor, stopping at her desk.

Helen threw out her hands in a gesture of hoplessness.

"But what is there?"

The Assistant City Editor smiled. Helen smiled back. He went to a window as she went on leafing through the morning papers.

"I've been through them all," she said. "There's nothing. . . Oh, here's . . ." she stopped to read. "Why do people write such stuff? Bad economics to begin with. And why do editors put it in?"

"What?" asked the Assistant City Editor.

"In *The News* . . . letter on the Woman Question. . . Correspondent to Editor . . 'taking space in your valuable paper'" she jeered. "Why don't they say, 'valuable space'?"

"Because it's *The News,*" offered the Assistant City Editor.

"It doesn't say it at all," corrected Helen. "But the line of talk belongs to that class."

"Oh," she burst out again, her eyes on the offending column, "'feminine charm lost in modern industrial struggle,' . . when working women have always worked and it's only the pampered few who were kept like slaves. . . ."

"There's more in it than that," objected Brown.

"You mean women being controlled, subject to a father, considered as property, married as a chattel . . that this was for the good of the race?"

"Furthered morality," maintained Brown.

"As a transition period, as part of an evolving order . . . perhaps. Not now."

The Assistant City Editor was silent.

"'The Woman Question turns on love and marriage. As a man is concerned with his duty to the State, so is woman related to man'," Helen read from the letter. "Then comes a pretty little quotation from Milton about woman looking to man . . . Milton's Eve is considering herself now . . . I beg your pardon," she broke off to the Assistant City Editor, "I didn't mean to inflict it or myself on you."

Brown shrugged.

"Men and women will suit themselves in the matter. . . . Why don't you answer it?"

"What's the use? Neither arguments nor emotion convince these people. It's a complete change of front, and they don't see it."

"Will fill up your space," Brown suggested. "What's the rest of it about?"

"Eugenics, overstudy, suffrage in England."

"All right. Get busy. It's easy."

Helen's typewriter was pounding as the door banged.

XI.

The next day the little waitress took them to the same table. Evidently it was a rendezvous, and she served them with beaming eyes and deft fingers, to the ices, when she

withdrew, as she thought, discreetly.

Kirby grew more and more nervous. He reasoned with himself while Helen answered inconsequent questions with inconsequent replies.

Suddenly, a flush on his thin cheeks, he leaned across the table and asked quickly:

"Will you marry me, Miss Grant?"

Helen checked a smile and looked at him seriously. "No, of course not," sprang to her lips, . . . and died there.

"Mr. Kirby," she began, strangely feeling as much for him as she might for herself. "'Why do you ask me such a question?" she began to break the negative.

"Do you want me to tell you? Will you let me?" Kirby's eyes lighted. Helen was suddenly conscious of his hand tightly gripped on the edge of the table, the shoulders tense, facing her, the head intently held, and a glance that swept her soul.

Helen met his eyes squarely.

"I should not have asked that." Her voice caught between the words . . . "I don't understand this feeling . . . I'm not going to marry."

Kirby felt a baffling opposition that unnerved him.

"I suppose I couldn't expect it—that you would care for me . . . " he considered soberly.

"No, no," she denied quickly, putting her hand across the table. "I do like you so much, Mr. Kirby. It's just that . . ."

"Do you . . . did you ever care a great deal for anyone?"

Helen shook her head.

"My father and I studied together. I've been alone since he died. Then," Helen poured forth her confidence unrestrainedly, "Sir Henry Grove got this work for me. I don't suppose that I'd have won it without his help. He is a director, you see, and Lady Grove is my mother's friend."

Kirby said nothing. Helen, uncertain as to what she could say, certain that she had nothing to say, put on her gloves. She looked at Kirby, who was looking abstractedly at the cloth. He looked up, met her glance, half-smiling, in a somewhat wistful, boyish fashion.

"Then companionship means nothing to you?" he ventured. "I couldn't give you what you'd give me, but I'd do for you . . . Helen . . ." he caught at her name.

Something struck deep into Helen.

"I'm so truly sorry, Mr. Kirby, so . . . " she broke off, realising the futility of speech.

They were at the door of the café.

John held out his hand, smiling. "But I'm not," he said quietly. "I'm glad. It's something to care for you." His shoulders squared. He smiled again, murmured, "Goodbye," and was gone in the crowd.

XII.

John was working in an intently serious mood. Occasionally he whistled—a sign of greater concentration. Rapidly, he cleaned up paper after paper from the heap on his desk. The telephone buzzed continually. This was not the Kirby of that afternoon's luncheon scene.

He came to the afternoon papers. A half-column in *The Banner* was marked in Kay-Smith's scrawl, "Answer." John read "A Letter to the Editor," the first time rapidly, the second more slowly, as if unwillingly impressed. He paused over some sentences.

"The Woman Question is a question not of the relation of women to men, but of one woman to one man." This was common sense, but John's frown suspected a logical trap.

"Independent personalities" . . . John tried to grapple with this, but it was like meeting thick air. "Womanly women" was the phrase of John's argument.

"The principle of division makes it necessary that each woman should specialise in one kind of work. This would make the work done better.

So that differentiation of work is not only inevitable, but desirable."

John went for this fallacy and margined it: "Women in homes for the good of the race."

But the next sentence brought him up stiff in his chair:

"Many women will renounce motherhood to prove themseives worthy of it. . . ." This was dazing "Paralleling this movement for the development of mothers, let us have one for fathers. . . But I consider that many men and women will not be parents. Their work will take all their thought." Kirby began to suspect that, in the whole "question," the conflicting generalisations were made, each one, from individual facts.

His gentle satire on the English Militant Suffrage party was withered by a scathing rebuttal.

"Why does not the Editorial Correspondent who was 'an eye-witness of the English Suffrage attacks' tell all that happened in the English Suffrage movement? The speeches against them that the newspapers gave in asterisks? Why not tell of the scene when a cabinet minister made an anti-suffrage speech and ridiculed women's pretensions, saying, 'Women? Women? Don't I know all there is to know about women? I buried three.' "

John recalled the speech, which had seemed without significance at the time.

"Before criticising the Militant English Suffrage party, it would be well to examine this speech to find the root reason for this rebellion of women."

There might be a measure of truth in that, John conceded, but it didn't apply to this country.

He prepared his reply, in which he took pains to rebuke gently the asperity of the tone of his opponent's remarks.

XIII.

Helen did not see Kirby anywhere on the following day. Not seeing him, she missed him and grew serious. She found herself liking this tall, well-built chap, comparing him with other men . . . and to his advantage. Six feet of straight manhood and blue eyes that teased and laughed and pleaded . . . Helen remembered. His directness, his driving home of a point with no delay, made her smile, but the smile was one of respect. Before a piece of tapestry in a down town shop, she half turned to say, "What do you think of it, Mr. Kirby?" but realised that he was not there. In the evening, before the study fire, she put down a book of new plays, turned to say something of it. there was no one there. She half rose to go to her mother in the drawing-room, then picked up the book and went on reading. She was almost haunted by the cleanest, freshest personality she had ever met.

The next day the keenness of her impression of him was gone. She had the second letter to answer and wrote it in a methodical. logical, but somewhat mechanical way. She held the typewritten sheet up before her.

"Yes," she said to herself, "it's all true. It's incontrovertible, but it's not enough."

She paused at one or two sentences.

"But it's true," she pronounced finally.

"Abstract and up in the air and not human," assisted the Assistant City Editor.

Helen shut up her typewriter desk.

"I'm going home."

"Don't forget that University address to-night," the Assistant City Editor reminded her.

Helen went out.

She did not realise how much of her poise she had lost until the sight of Kirby that night recalled it to her. Then she knew she wanted his friendship, but not on his ridiculous terms.

At the close of the meeting, Kirby came beside her.

"You'll let me go home with you?"

It was not a question but a demand.

They moved in the crowd toward the door.

Helen stumbled slightly when they reached the semi-darkness of the sidewalk. John caught her and she laid her hand on his arm to steady herself.

John began to speak, in a low voice, but vehemently, the words piling up one on another.

"Don't you ever feel it, Helen, this loneliness, working alone? Do you know what it is to go home and have no one who cares, no one who belongs? I want you. I am not happy. A man and woman belong to each other. It's right for a man to have a home and wife and children."

The girl beside him trembled, stiffened, then said quietly:

"Please, Mr. Kirby, let us not talk of it. I have my work. If it distresses you, don't talk with me at all."

"How can a woman be so cold?" exclaimed Kirby in despair.

"Mr. Kirby," Helen interrupted gently, "you really are giving me more importance than I deserve. Why should you talk of this matter so much? I like you, but . . ." She stopped with finality.

"I don't believe that's all," John persisted. His voice trembled. "You don't know what a kiss is." They had now reached the centre of the park.

"Mr. Kirby," some impatience robbed her tone of its gentleness, "why can't we be friends and let this matter drop?"

"It won't drop," vehemently. "I care for you—for your beauty and brains, yes—but for you."

"I'll prove to you that love doesn't matter. You may kiss me, Mr. Kirby."

John stood.

"May I?" he said, very quietly and slowly.

She nodded.

He put his arm about her. She stood motionless and unyielding. His lips pressed hers, but her face was cold and still. She slipped from his arm.

"You see, Mr. Kirby, I am cold." She went on hurriedly: "I shall never be taken—I shall give myself," she added, and stopped short. It was a confession to herself. Perhaps the shock of his kiss had unnerved her.

Kirby said nothing, but strode along beside her. His hand was clenched.

"What is the matter, Mr. Kirby?"

John turned and looked at her. Helen saw the darkness of his eyes, stormy with feeling, his face torn with emotion. But, as he looked at her, his face softened.

"If it weren't you, Helen" he said finally, "I'd say it was a brutal thing for a woman to do."

With this, John turned, and in silence they walked the last block to her home.

XIV.

"Kirby, go up north on the evening express," said Kay-Smith, "and look into this Norton murder case."

"It will take about a week," suggested Kirby.

"Take as much time as you need."

Kirby felt a keen sense of relief as from a strain that was getting too heavy. To be away, even for a week—that would be something. There was something else too, it seemed to him—those wretched "Women Letters." There was a savage satisfaction in ending the matter. He wrote on his pad:

"The Woman Question."

"(The Editor regrets that, on account of space limitation, he is obliged to close this discussion. According to *The Banner* correspondent, it is evidently up to women to show what they want and can do.)"

"Serves you right, Kirby, you're beaten at it. To begin to write on a question that you knew nothing of—not even one woman to base your generalisations on. Queer about the other chap, but he seems to have come round, too."

Kirby stared wearily out the window.

"She doesn't love me. What is the use of telephoning her? What could I say? Better get out of here," he mused.

But he remained, sunk gloomily in his chair, in an apathy more self-accusing than cursing would have been. To have lost what little chance he had! That he had held her in his arms and kissed her once gave him no joy to remember. Kirby writhed inwardly, thinking of the brutality of trying to impose love on such a woman. He started to his feet and caught the north express.

XV.

Kay-Smith tore the sheet of paper from Kirby's pad and dropped it on the floor.

"Not yet, my boy, not yet. To-morrow will do for that."

He held before him a sheet of paper on which were pasted in parallel columns Kirby's three letters and the letters from *The Banner*. He checked them off.

"Kirby's first letter, answered."

"Kirby's second letter. . . Great streak of chivalry in John. . . Not much of the real. 'Women naturally depend on men'—h'm—'Of course, there are classes of working women as well as working men. . · Women are handicapped by poor physique for work or study.' . . John should see that new Girls' Basketball Team. . . 'A poor physique in the mother means weak children.' . . And yet they are supposed to have weak physiques. Where's your argument. John? . . 'The most civilised and advanced nations are marked for the consideration shown women.' . . It's a queer world where some men want all women married; other men won't get married. . . And the women!

"And *The Banner* man says in answer—let us see: 'Women *are* weak, due to subordinate position. No real reason for it. . . They must make themselves strong.

"'The Woman Question resolves itself to this: Are women to be allowed to have various interests, or are their chief interests to be in man and child? Is there to be just one occupation for women—marriage? And just one kind of woman, one class—the weak, dependent, oversexed woman? Or are women to become, as men are, interested in other things than this too much discussed sex and love?' . . .

"H'm, h'm, and statistics. Quite overwhelming. And Kirby; sticks to his points. More statistics. 'Women in trades do not expect to stay, will not undertake any long apprenticeship, change positions frequently, lose time on account of bad health, will work for less than men, and live on less.'—H'm—'At the same time, it may be granted that, theoretically, women can reach higher standards.' But that's what *The Banner* man says, John. 'Good mothers support the race.' Undeniable, John, but at the same time, rocking the cradle is considered bad for babies to-day, and while the baby puts itself to sleep, the 'hand' evidently intends to rule the world directly. . . .

"Gad, this is smashing."

Kay-Smith read from the third and last *Banner* letter carefully:

"'Women leave work? Exactly so. They must be trained and organised.

"'Women have never received wages for housework, have been supported by men. Will eat less and thus begin the struggle handicapped.

"'Expectation of marriage stunts ambition in a woman? In that case, women had better give up marriage.

"'It is but common sense to say that mothers must be healthy. But does not the same rule hold for fathers? If men do work that tends to their individual deterioration, sooner or later the race will be affected.

"'Anything that weakens women —overwork, strain, underfeeding—

will weaken men, and it is not the part of good sense for any person so to live that he kills his life.

" 'If sexual selection has any force, must not the selection be free? If marriage is to be the only occupation for women, the number of positions open to any one woman will be limited. Any offer must be accepted; selection will be nullified. How will this tend to improve the race?

" 'To make good mothers you must have strong women; to make women strong, you must make them free.

" 'Individuals will not live for the "race"; they will live for their own children.

" 'Parents living for their own children—yes, but isn't that carried to an extreme as one-sided as to expect children to live for parents? We live for life itself. Why is the race to be preserved? That we may live? Then why not life now for us? Life is the actuality. We are living now. . . .

" 'Probably we shall change somewhat the men and the women and the manner of love. But one thing is clear beyond all discussion, that men will go on loving women, and women men.'

"But that," remarked Kay-Smith, "is just where John is. H'm."

"Hey, Bob," to a red-headed youngster in the outer office. "Run this to-day. Parallel columns." He wrote the headline and indicated the type. "And this notice to quit it, to-morrow."

XVI.

Not until she saw her third letter reprinted, featured in *The News,* did Helen realise what she had written.

"But it's quite impersonal," she assured the Assistant City Editor, who was disgusted at what he called a capitulation.

"And the writer in *The News* came right over to my side," she maintained.

"A queer kind of debate that ends in a tie and change of teams," remarked the Assistant City Editor.

Helen smilingly waved away his grievance.

Kirby was nowhere that day, a fact that Helen noticed and tyrannised her conscience into forgetting.

Nor the next day.

The News' notice of discontinuation relieved her immeasurably. She told herself that she had so much other work that it really was a relief.

No Kirby on the third day, nor on the fourth. Helen went on working and missing him more the more she worked. She denied to herself that she missed him. He was out of town, of course.

That night she worked very late. Twelve o'clock, then one, struck very clearly, loudly, in the silence of the sleeping house. She put down her pen at last and pulled forward a new book of travels. But looking at the white page was like crystal gazing. Her eyes half closed and she rested her head on her arms, folded on the book. An overpowering desire for sleep and rest fell over her. And the great loneliness. . . .

She felt the warmth of his breath, his lips, the strength of his arms, his presence—and awoke, trembling, happy, thrilled, sobbing, "I killed his love. I killed it."

The next moment she was wide awake, with the cold autumn dawnlight coming in the window. She snapped off the reading light and went softly to her room.

XVII.

"So that's the inside of the Norton Murder Case?" Kay-Smith ended.

Kirby, running through his letters, nodded.

He tore open a strange envelope to read:

"Dear Mr. Kirby:
An article of yours on Periodicals suggests many points to me. Will you discuss them? Come to dinner to-morrow night at seven, if you are in town.
Sincerely,
October twenty-ninth. Helen Grant."

Kirby consulted a calendar.

"Yesterday! To-day," and he was off.

"Yesterday! To-day. . ."

From the City Hall tower six o'clock began to boom—one—

"Hey!" shouted Kay-Smith. Where are you going?"

"To heaven," replied John from the elevator.

XVIII.

Helen herself opened the door for him. John held both her hands.

"My maid is busy, of course, just now," she talked somewhat rapidly, "and I knew it was you."

"I've been out of town and just read your note at six. I came right up." Kirby's lips were reasonable. His eyes made wild, superlative comments on her hair, her face, her gown.

"I want you to be at home in my house," her air of ownership was accustomed. "Come into the study." Then, weakening, she indicated vaguely the arm-chair, said something of the magazine with his article in it on her desk, murmured that he must excuse her on account of dinner, and vanished.

"I had forgotten the dinner," remarked Kirby.

This was her study, this workmanlike, comfortable room, that suggested office, library, and something else. But John did not look too closely. He wanted Helen to show him the details. He went for the magazine to the huge desk, where work lay neatly piled up along one side. As he picked up the magazine, a sheet fluttered to the floor. He picked it up—a proof of newspaper work, and —John gasped—*The Banner* Woman Letter! His eyes reread that last sentence, which had made him so hastily glad to give up his end of it. "On thing is clear beyond all discussion that men will go on loving women and women men."

She had written those letters! She meant that last sentence, did she How had he not guessed it? For moment he was at a loss, then he pu the paper on the pile. What did matter? Further proof of her abi ity. And the house, too! John be gan to have a solid satisfaction, quit outside himself, that such a woma existed. And that last sentence. . Restlessly he waited.

Helen came back, more herself an gay.

"This is what it is to keep hous If you asked me to dinner. . ."

"I didn't know you wrote thos letters," interrupted Kirby.

"Who told you?" queried Helen amazed.

"We both modified our opinions, Kirby continued.

"I developed mine," acknowledge Helen, smiling.

For a long moment they looked a each other. Then John came ove and established himself on the arm of Helen's chair before the fire.

He held her as she rested again his arm. His eyes bent over her fac met the smile in hers.

"I'm so glad you don't object and I can earn my own living," sh remarked, as John thought somewha irrelevantly.

"I hope you'll allow me to suppor my children," he retorted mockingl serious.

"O Helen, Helen," and he wa serious, "girl, girl!"

He caught her face between h hands.

"Do you *want* me to kiss you?

She clung to him and whispered, a his arm held her closer, "Yes, John.

THE WITCHERY OF WOMAN'S SMILE

A STUDY IN POPULAR ÆSTHETICS

BY J. D. LOGAN

IMAGINE yourself a member of the "jury" in an International Beauty Show. By what standard would you determine which was the loveliest woman in all the world?—loveliest, of course, solely in the sense of being, physically viewed, the most beautiful to look upon, not the most to be desired as a private possession; for then other than exterior excellencies of form and colour would have to be elements of your standard of judgment.

You are no mere automaton, gifted only with pure intellect, for whom feminine beauty reduces to mathematical ratios in lines and curves. You are a human being, a creature of feeling, sentiment, passion and imagination. Therefore to be an impartial judge of woman's loveliness you would have to *dehumanise* yourself, rid yourself of all your instinctive and vocational preferences.

This, however, is impossible. First of all, your instinct of sex would bias your judgment. If you were epicene or sexless, then a dozen "beauties" from as many nations would be in your judgment a simple case of six of one and a half-dozen of the other. But potentially all men are lovers. If, then, you were a lover, for instance, of the type celebrated by the poet of "Annie Laurie," you could not escape preferring, as altogether lovely, the Scots lassie whose brow was white as the snowdrift, whose neck was graceful as the swan's whose face was fair, whose eyes were deepest blue, and whose voice was low and sweet.

"Like winds in summer sighing."

Again: your vocational preferences would bias your appreciation of feminine beauty. If you were, for instance, a portrait or figure painter, you could not escape "favouring" amongst the bevy of world beauties before you her whom you would select as a subject or model for one of your easel-pictures—the lass or lady whose tresses were swart as the raven's wing, or golden as flaxen floss; whose eyes were serene or eloquent, liquid or sparkling, dreamy or wonder-filled; whose lips were delicately curved as cupid-bows, or luscious red,

"Like cherries,
Charming men to bite;"

whose cheeks were as damask roses, or wan as calla lilies; and whose limbs were lithe and athletic, or pliant and finely rounded. Strive, then, as hard as you please to be the impartial judge of woman's physical beauty, your criterion inevitably would be the reflex of your concrete, individual self, bound and thralled by your sexual and vocational preferences, as potential lover and as actual draughtsman and colourist.

I have instanced the portrait or figure painter rather than any other species of artist or artisan solely be-

THE SEDUCTIVE SMILE

Posed by Miss Phyllis Dare

cause his materials and his function are most pertinent to the special point of view of this essay. To him feminine beauty is, primarily, "skin-deep." He delights in the exterior appearances of woman's face and form—just what the natural eye sees there in the way of colour and the play of light, rhythm of line and the mould of head, torso and limbs. Also, to him the chief function of his art is, by means of form and pigmentation, to *impress* the senses—of sight, directly by colour and line, and of touch, indirectly by ideated sensations (through the modelling) of the texture and suppleness of the skin and flesh.

Now, spiritually viewed, since woman is, as man, a living soul, vitalised and moved by feeling, emotion and imaginings, he would be a poor portrait or figure painter who could merely impress but not *express* —who could simply delight the outer senses but not convey to the heart and imagination, as doth the poet, dainty messages from the hidden, obscure recesses of the womanly mind and soul. For this latter end the painter has two pre-eminent means—the expressive beauty that dwells in woman's eyes and in the witchery and grace of woman's smile.

There are two or three other elements or means of expressive beauty, one of which, namely, bodily move-

THE MONA LISA

From the celebrated Painting by Leonardo da Vinci, which mysteriously disappeared from the Louvre at Paris some months ago

THE SUPERCILIOUS SMILE

Posed by Miss Tittell Brune

ment, suggested by position, pose and gesture, is too accidental or special to connote essential characteristics of womanhood, and the other of which, namely, the voice, which may be sweet, vibrant, poignant or cruel, cannot, of course, even be suggested by painting. It is, then, by his treatment of woman's eyes and smile that the painter may show himself merely an adroit craftsman or a master of spiritual portraiture.

In the latter the painter allies himself with the poet, and in this kind of art we do not merely look upon a portrait, seeing there only physical loveliness, but, as Wordsworth has it, we behold

> "Upon nearer view
> A Spirit, yet a Woman too."

How the painter, as a spiritual portratist, becomes a poet in pigments may be learned by observing how the poet becomes a painter in words, as, for example, in Wordsworth's dainty, lively-moving verses, "She Was a Phantom of Delight," or in Byron's lovelier lyric, perfect in music and imagery:

> "She walks in beauty, like the night
> Of cloudless climes and starry skies,
> And all that's best of dark and bright
> Meet in her aspect and her eyes;
> Thus mellow'd to that tender light
> Which heaven to gaudy day denies.

THE SMILE OF THE COQUETTE

Posed by Miss Anna Held

"One shade the more, one ray the less
Had half impair'd the nameless grace
Which waves in every raven tress
Or softly lightens o'er her face,
Where thoughts serenely sweet express
How pure, how dear their dwelling-place.

"And on that cheek and o'er that brow
So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,
The smiles that win, the tints that glow,
But tell of days in goodness spent,—
A mind at peace with all below,
A heart whose love is innocent."

Let this, then, be laid down as a general principle of pictorial criticism—that while portrait or figure painters are concerned chiefly with the beauty which is exterior—"skin-deep,"—the spiritual portraitist, the painter-poet, is concerned with the interior beauty which the eye cannot see, the beauty of mind and soul which speaks to the heart and imagination through the expression of woman's eyes and smile. A spiritual portraitist was Leonardo Da Vinci when he painted his Mona Lisa, and in her mystical (not mysterious) smile he subtly expressed, as we shall see, one of the profoundest experiences of human life.

In real life, or to be seen daily on the street, in the salon, in the home, there are five types of feminine smiles. These I shall mention, adding but meagre comment. Then there is a sixth smile, which is to be seen only in art, or which, if we regard it as

THE WINSOME GRACIOUS SMILE

Posed by Miss Phyllis Dare

being not absolutely ideal but as having its prototype in real life, is to be seen in the secret closet, on the faces of the truly wise and the saintly. This smile, unique in spiritual expression, is extant in art only in Leonardo's portrait of Mona Lisa, the artistry and meaning of which I shall hereafter be at pains to orient.

The five typical feminine smiles are these: The seductive smile of the designing woman, who loves to have men become her worshipper, slave or puppet; the arch smile of that harmless simpleton, the coquette, who only bewitches men as silly as herself; the supercilious smile of the socially *élite*, who possess essentially vulgar and vacuous minds, made arrogant by suddenly acquired wealth or aristocratic connections through marriage; the cheery smile of the normal, healthy woman, who radiates good nature and joy in life, as the sun radiates its genial rays; and, lastly, the winsome, gracious smile of the happy sweetheart or wife, or mother, the supremely artless smile indescribable in words but eloquently expressive of

> "Days in goodness spent—
> A mind at peace with all below,
> A heart whose love is innocent."

All these typical feminine smiles are thoroughly human and mundane and obvious in their significance; they may readily be reproduced in art and their meaning apprehended in the pictorial imagination. But Mona Lisa's smile is unearthly and mystical in its significance: its meaning may be apprehended only in the moral imagination. To these matters I now turn.

THE CHEERY SMILE

Posed by Miss Ellalil.e Terr'ss

Leonardo's portrait of Mona Lisa has been described by a critic of considerable authority as "the most perfect work of art ever produced." This is too absolute, too dogmatic; there are kinds of perfection in art. The greatest praise that sane criticism may justly bestow upon this portrait is that it is the best known and the most popular of Leonardo's easel pictures, and that the smile on the face of Mona Lisa, to which the portrait owes its magical charm, is unique in the history of painting.

Only dilettanti and connoisseurs who substitute knowledge of archæology and of æsthetic history for appreciations of beauty perpetuate the superstition that the Mona Lisa portrait is the most perfect work of art ever produced. It is not as perfect, or as great, as Leonardo's painting (see page 524), "The Last Supper." This mural picture surpasses the magical portrait in colour, in composition and, certainly, in dramatic power, for the half-length portrait has, of course, nothing dramatic about it, while in the group Leonardo has succeeded in expressing truthfully and vividly the psychological significance of that moment when Christ utters the fateful words, "One of you which eateth with me shall betray me." Realise in imagination the shock of surprise, the consternation

THE LAST SUPPER

From the Painting by Leonardo da Vinci

in the hearts of the disciples, wrought by this announcement, and then observe how, in the painting, Leonardo has reproduced, with the utmost reality, veracity and dramatic intensity —truth to nature—in the facial expression and gestures of the apostles, the moral and emotional upheaval when, as St. Mark has it, the disciples began to say unto Christ "one by one, Is it I? and another said, Is it I?" Next, contrast the pure humanity, sorrowing majesty and spiritual grace depicted by Leonardo, on the face of Christ in "The Last Supper" with the subtle, mystical smile on the face of Mona Lisa, and then judge which of the two paintings, the mural picture or the portrait, is the more perfect and greater. There can be no doubt about the matter, though, it must be said,, both paintings are unique in their kind.

In the portrait (see reproduction, page 519) Mona Lisa is seen seated in a low chair. The right arm and hand of the subject lie lightly across the left arm and hand at the wrist, which rest on the left arm of the chair. The half-length and support are set clearly in the forefront of a fantastic, rocky landscape to which a little bridge leads from the subject, and which suggests to the imagination the hazy lights and unending distances of a land of dreams wherein dwell gnomes, sprites, and where the wayfarer will receive all sorts of *outre* experiences, the effect of which is heightened by the fact that Leonardo purposely left the background, as it were, unfinished. (The significance of the outlandishness and incompleteness of the landscape will appear when we come to consider the metaphysical meaning of the portrait. See foot note to page 525.)

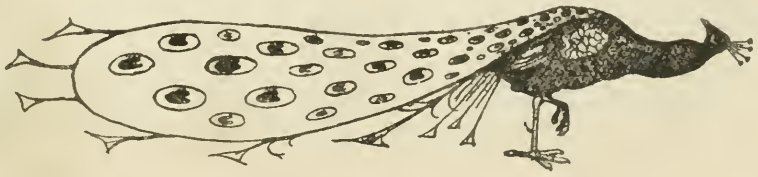
The hands, in the picture, are beautifully moulded, giving the spectator a realistic sense of the skin's texture, its velvety softness, suppleness and consistency, as in life; also, they are delicately tinged by a subdued light reflected from the folds of the green gown and yellow sleeves. The hair is treated with a natural simplicity that suggests Horace's descriptive epithets for Pyrrha's *toilette* — "simplex munditiis,"—elegant in its neat plainness. The eyes have a lifelike, liquid lustre and seem to be on the point of closing—languorously. The nose is finely shaped and the nostrils are sensitive and delicately rose-tinted. The cheeks are treated in half-tints. The lips, though firm

in outline, appear soft and mobile, and their pigmentation blends daintily with the rose and flesh tints of the cheeks and face. The corners of the mouth are slightly raised, effecting with themselves, together with the line and modelling of the lips and the languorous glint of the half-closed eyes, a smile as magical in charm as it is mystical in meaning.

As to the artistry of the Mona Lisa smile, there is nothing superhuman in the accomplishing of it, although it is a consummate masterpiece of expressive painting; and as to its meaning —what Leonardo meant to express through it—there is nothing mysterious (baffling) about that although the meaning is mystical, a subtle interpretation of human experience. In respect of artistry the smile was anticipated by Leonardo himself in the group known as "La Vierge des Rochers" (in the Louvre, Paris), or as "The Virgin of the Rocks" (in the National Gallery, London); for the two paintings are essentially the same, though the latter is a copy and only the head of the Virgin and of the angel were done by the master. Semblances of that smile may be seen also in two other paintings, "St. John the Baptist" and "Madonna, Infant Christ, and St. Anne"; but from these the magical charm and so-called mystery of the true Leonardo smile are absent, a fact which suggests that these pictures were wholly done by assistants under, however, the supervision of the master.

Finally, as to the metaphysical meaning of Mona Lisa's smile, this may be imaginatively apprehended only by those who, like Sophocles, as Matthew Arnold said of him, see Life steadily and see it whole, and who are undistracted and unaffrighted by their vision of mortal destiny. In the smile on the face of Mona Lisa, in, too, her folded hands and lips and eyes and brow and hair—in all these, Leonardo, as poet and philosopher rather than as draughtsman and colourist, has painted, with consummate art the "wise passiveness" of those who surveying Life in the fullness of their experience, know how petty is Life when unconsecrated and unsublimated by the vision and love of the Ideal—the spiritual Beauty and Truth which, because their feet tread the earth, are near us and which, because their pure brows front the throne of God, are far from us—the glory but dimly descried, as in a glass darkly, or altogether unseen and invisible.* This is no platonic rhapsody. For the finer souls amongst men are visited by unearthly thoughts and reveries and thralled by exquisite passions and emotions. Leonardo was one of these finer souls. His Mona Lisa and her smile are his memorial to those choice moments of existence when he beheld the Ideal Beauty and Truth. And we, too, in the midst of ten thousand vicissitudes of ill and good, if we are but vouchsafed the vision of the Ideal, shall smile on Life. as Mona Lisa smiles down the centuries on us, tranquilly, serenely, with a wise passiveness—and be content.

*The little bridge leading from the landscape, suggests far-off other worlds and unattainableness of the Ideal. subject to the fantastic, and incompleted and, by unending distance, the infinity



A TENNYSONIAN INTERPRETATION

BY PROFESSOR ADAM CARRUTHERS

A POET should doubtless be to future generations the voice of his own age, and a great poet should be the voice of all times for all time, but when a poet "being dead yet speaketh," not only in his poems but in his annotations, the occasion arises for the mere critics and commentators, who are neither poets nor the sons of poets, to register a courteous but strenuous objection.

From the critic's point of view it seems to be a somewhat high-handed proceeding on the part of the poet, *per se aut per alium,* to publish his works accompanied by notes, however brief, lucid and illuminant. We consider that he is turning aside from the path of poetry to cast an implicit reflection upon the perspicacity of his readers and his critics. We are apt to feel that we are being robbed of the pleasure and privilege which we have the right to enjoy, of unravelling the difficulties of thought and language in any particular passage, and of discovering for ourselves the poet's meaning. We are inclined to grow a little restless under the treatment of the well-meaning literary dietetist, who, in his wisdom, deems it proper to dilute his poetic pabulum so that it may not prove too strong for our mental constitution and digestion. We are disposed to think that it would be preferable for the poet to leave the interpretation to "the common sense of most," to allow each man to form his own judgment after a careful consideration, or at any rate, to permit "the lesser lords of doom," who write papers on Tennyson, to insist on enlightening the general reader, who, perhaps wisely, does not care whether he understands the *cruces* at all, so long as he can appreciate the poet's general drift and wider view.

But even in the poet's own interest, the reader should not be restricted to one particular meaning, if by any chance another and possibly a deeper, more comprehensive, or more intelligible meaning than that offered by the author, should be found in the poem. Everything beautiful, valuable or suggestive discoverable in any work of genius should be credited to its author, and it is to be deemed unfortunate if the poet by his own labour of supererogation deprives himself of that credit.

Now, all this is *apropos* of the fact that the poet, or his son, the present Lord Tennyson, has given an interpretation to the passage with which the writer proposes to deal, different from the interpretation which perhaps most readers of Tennyson have up to the present been inclined to accept. But such readers will probably say that if the poet explains the meaning of a certain passage in a certain way we should at once frankly accept his explanation without further discussion.

That recommendation might be properly and profitably adopted—(1) If we knew for a certainty that the explanation is Tennyson's own and not merely that of his son, for the

view (however judicious) of the son is not necessarily that of the father; and (2) if we knew beyond peradventure that it was the poet's view at the time the poem was composed, not a hazy recollection of half a century after, when his opinions on things in general have probably undergone a radical change in the direction of conservatism, if the oxymoron is permissible—conservatism being here taken not merely in a political sense.

It was Browning, or another, who gave this or some such answer to one asking the meaning of a passage written long before: "You are now a young man, as I was when the poem was written, and you ought to be able to explain that passage much better than I can at the present moment."

Tennyson himself must have been of much the same way of thinking, for the son, speaking of his father, gives us the following statement, in the annotated edition of "In Memoriam."

"He wished it clearly understood that in his opinion, to use his own words, 'Poetry is like shot-silk with many glancing colours,' and that 'every reader must find his own interpretation accordng to his ability and according to his sympathy with the poet.'" And paradoxical though it may seem, it is just because of the writer's sympathy with the poet that he hesitates to accept as the originally intended meaning some of what presumably are, or at least are alleged to be, the poet's interpretations.

In addition to all such considerations as these, one at times almost fancies that Tennyson, with a mental chuckle, is offering us an interpretation different from that usually accepted, for the express purpose of covering obnoxious critics and commentators with confusion as with a garment. For Tennyson, in spite of the fact that he has given us an annotated edition, entered with evident reluctance and aversion upon the task of rendering first aid to his anxious readers.

In the preface to his notes on "In Memoriam" he gives us the following: "Shall I write what dictionaries tell to save some of the idle folk trouble? Or am I to try to fit a moral to each poem? Or to add an analysis of passages? Or to give a history of my similies? I do not like the task."

In spite of such reluctance, however, we might have gained information on many obscure points while the poet was with us, if we had been prepared to accept the statements of advancing age as accurately representing the thoughts and emotions of buoyant youth and vigorous manhood, but as it is there are many difficulties, it must be admitted, that remain, and are likely to remain unsolved, since the singer and seer has

> "Gone thro' the strait and dreadful pass of death,
> Not ever to be question'd any more,
> Save on the further side."

The passage, or rather line, which here lends itself to discussion and in which the difficulty of double interpretation arises, is found at the beginning of the prologue to "In Memoriam." It is the first line of the second quatrain in the prologue. The whole stanza may be quoted:

> "Thine are these orbs of light and shade;
> Thou madest Life in man and brute;
> Thou madest Death; and, lo, thy foot
> Is on the skull which thou hast made."

The explanatory note to the line,

> "Thine are these orbs of light and shade,"

in the author's annotated edition of the poem, and presumably Tennyson's own note, is simply and curtly, "sun and moon."

This interpretation, which is the one that might readily suggest itself to the youthful or unreflecting mind, or to the poet of an early civilisation, is at first blush the natural one, and seems to give a sufficiently satisfactory meaning.

When, however, we consider the

line more closely, we see that it is only in a very superficial sense—and Tennyson, as a poet, is never superficial—that the moon can be called an "orb of shade" in the way that the sun is called an "orb of light." Both alike are orbs of light while they are shining, and both alike are orbs of shade in the sense that darkness would follow upon their removal from the heavens or from our view. Indeed at night, the sun, rather than the moon, is the "orb of shade," as causing the darkness. The poet, to be sure, may have intended to use "light" in the sense of "day," and shade in the sense of "night," and may have named what seems to be the chief luminary of each of these divisions of time, as an early Hebrew poet might have done, for example, in the lines from Psalm CXXI:

"And thee no sun by day shall ever smite,
No moon shall harm thee in the silent night."

But Tennyson is nothing if not scientific in his way of looking at things. Kowing astronomy and the heavens as he undoubtedly knew them, one is inclined to think,

"While the silent heavens roll, and suns along their fiery way,
All their planets whirling round them, flash a million miles a day,"

that in the line which is the occasion of this paper, he must refer (or must have referred) to the whole wide universe, earth and suns, and moons and stars, rather than to two comparatively insignificant bodies of them.

In that case "orbs of light and shade"—as the best commentators explain the expression—would mean all the heavenly bodies, including the earth,* as being half in light and half darkened by their own shadows, or as sometimes darkened by the shadows of other bodies as in eclipses, or also, so far as the moons and planets are concerned, as being bodies not self-illumined, but looking to their respective suns for light—suns which would be "orbs of light" in the sense that they supply illumination to the lightless bodies, the "orbs of shade."

Everywhere in Tennyson's poems we find expression given to this notion of light and shade in connection with the various heavenly bodies, often associated with the ideas of life and death, good and evil, joy and sorrow.

We might be permitted to quote a few passages bearing on this point:

(a) "This whole wide earth of light and shade."
—Will Waterproof's Lyrical Monologue.

(b) "Thro' the shadow of the globe we sweep into the younger day."†
—"Locksley Hall."

(c) "And hill and wood
Went ever streaming by him, till the gloom
That follows on the turning of the world
Darken'd his path."‡
—"Pelleas and Etarre."

(d) "And the suns of the limitless universe sparkled and shone in the sky.
The dark little worlds running round them were worlds of woe like our own."
—"Despair."

(e) "We sleep and wake and sleep, but all things move;
The sun flies forward to his brother sun;
The dark earth follows wheel'd in her ellipse."
—"The Golden Year."

(f) "Many a hearth upon our dark globe sighs after many a vanish'd face,
Many a planet by many a sun may roll with the dust of a vanish'd race."
—"Vastness."

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*This appears to be the view of the most famous living Tennysonian, Professor A. C. Bradley. See his note in A Commentary on Tennyson's "In Memoriam."

†Compare Longfellow's "Bells of San Blas":
"Out of shadow of night
The world rolls into light."

‡For a somewhat similar, but more vivid and vigorous description of this phenomenon, compare Goethe's "Prologue to Faust":
"Swift, unimaginably swift,
Soft spins the earth, and glories bright
Of mid-day Eden change and shift
To shades of deep and spectral night."

(g) Her over all whose realms to their last isle,
The shadow of His loss drew like eclipse
Darkening the world."
—Dedication to the "Idylls of the King."

(h) "The face of Death is towards the Sun of Life,
His shadow darkens earth."
—"The Death of the Duke of Clarence."

(i) "There is light in all,
And light, with more or less of shade, in all
Man-modes or worship."
—"Akbar's Dream."

(j) Shadow-maker, shadow-slayer, arrowing light from clime to clime."
—"Akbar's Dream, Hymn."

(k) "Cleave ever to me sunnier side of doubt."
—"The Ancient Sage."

(b) "The doors of Night may be the gates of light,
The clouds themselves are children of the Sun,
And Day and Night are Children of the Sun."
—"The Ancient Sage."

When we read these and other passages that might be cited, we are inclined to hold firmly to the view that this—and not the other—was the meaning originally intended for the line under discussion; or, at any rate, if we are wrong in our supposition, we cannot but deeply regret that brief note of the poet, which would apparently preclude us from insisting upon an interpretation that otherwise we should be glad to accept.

To our mind, this stanza, forming as it does part of the conclusion of the argument, though standing at the beginning of the poem, is intended to state from a scientific and evolutionary standpoint the poet's view of the origin of things, to impress upon us the truth (as he saw it) that everything, material and immaterial, originated through one great first cause, he omnipotent power,

"That makes the darkness and the light,
And dwells not in the light alone."

In the passage with which we are dealing the poet touches on one phase of the "riddle of the painful earth," the origin of evil, and clearly shows himself opposed to the dualistic notion of two positive principles, or two divine beings, one good and the other bad, the latter being the contriver and promoter of all wrong and misery. This religious dualism was a marked feature of Zoroastrianism, and is a characteristic also of Gnosticism, Parseeism, and other similar doctrinal systems.

And indeed whether we take cognizance of it or not, this belief seems to be inherent in the popular conception of Christianity as well.

Now, the poet apparently wishes to emphasise the fact that, although we poor blind mortals may not be able to understand the how or the why, the one same almighty power, in a spirit of kindness and love, is the creator of all things, of the fruitful garden and of the desert sands, of the bird of prey and the bird of song, of the rattle-snake and the tiger, as well as of the gentlest and most useful of domestic animals, of the softly sighing zephyr and the howling tempest, of joy and sorrow, life and death, of good and (by his permissive power) even of sin and evil, and that he exercises supreme lordship over all.

We sincerely trust that the departed spirit of Tennyson will graciously make allowance for our obstinacy, if we persist in clinging to the belief that he did not mean merely the sun and moon, but the whole wide world of light and shade, in all its aspects, when he wrote the stanza in question. which we may be permitted to quote again in conclusion, together with the one that precedes it, the first stanza of the prologue to the poem:

"Strong Son of God, Immortal Love,
Whom we that have not seen thy face,
By faith and faith alone embrace,
Believing where we cannot prove;
Thine are these orbs of light and shade,
Thou madest life in man and brute,
Thou madest death, and, lo, Thy foot
Is on the skull that Thou hast made."

OLD PRECISIMUS

BY G. A. PALMER

THE senior partner of the financial firm of Mackenzie, Jones and Company was in his best and last slumber. The sun had barely raised himself above the roofs when the telephone call abruptly broke the stillness of the quiet bed-chamber and brought Mackenzie reluctantly from his couch. It was Jones, his junior partner, ringing him up. On the previous evening they had been exchanging fears and hopes regarding the new "industrial" the firm was about to float in Calgary. Distrust in the ability of their agent there had caused the partners considerable uneasiness and apprehension. So Jones was now apprising his partner of a sudden determination he had taken over night to go west that morning and be present personally to superintend the flotation.

After considerable demur, on account of an anticipated busy week at the home office, Mackenzie agreed, and within forty minutes the junior partner was seated behind his newspaper in the train bound for Calgary. Soon after his departure from the city, the chief clerk, Rodger Newman, early as usual, some thirty minutes before the official opening hour, arrived and unlocked the offices. As usual the morning's mail had been placed by the caretaker upon his desk, so he immediately busied himself opening, sorting and distributing it for the different officials. There were a half-dozen private or confidential letters, some of which he unsealed, but others, where the envelopes plainly denoted the private character of their contents, he left unopened. These latter he carried into the senior partner's room and placed in order on Mackenzie's desk.

On leaving the room, his eye caught sight of an empty envelope lying on the floor. He picked it up. It bore the Brazilian postage stamp and the Rio de Janiero postmark. For a moment he stood in conjectural thought, holding the envelope in the left hand and gently tapping it with the withered fingers of the right. No doubt the partners had been discussing business there together late the evening before and had received this letter by the late mail. He knew it was from one of their confidential foreign agents. He quietly chuckled at the idea of possessing this silent witness of the caretaker's inattention to the office cleaning and he would not forget to use it on the first occasion. Although by no means a harsh man, Newman was exacting and punctilious (pernicketty, they called it) to a scruple, so much so that owing to his frequent use of the word *precise* in official directions he had been dubbed "Old Precisimus," by an office wag, and had long been known among the officials by that sobriquet. He had grown withered and gray in the firm's service, his thoroughness had been so long tested and trusted that for years they had left in his hands unquestioned the entire control of the staff. He was responsible for the organisation and routine business of the office, and he honoured the trust scrupulously.

The chuckle over the discovery of the caretaker's apparent remissness of duty was replaced by a more wholesome and pleasurable smile as the Brazilian stamp arrested his attention.

"Capital!" he exclaimed. "Capital! This one will fill the second blank space in the Brazilian page of little Sidney's album. He will be delighted. I have so long promised to get him one of these, but always forgot, and they went into the waste paper basket before I thought of it. This will be a great pleasure for him, indeed."

He carried the envelope to his desk, tore off the corner that held the stamp, put this into his waistcoat pocket, and threw the remainder of the envelope into the wastepaper basket.

The clerks began to arrive in quick succession and take their places, the late comers receiving a silent rebuke from Newman by his ostentatiously taking out his watch and looking intently at it. The last two to arrive he met with more than this moral corrective; it was a sharp, verbal one.

"Old Precisimus must be fully cranked up this morning," remarked the one, Pete Bradley, the present wag of the office, to his fellow delinquent.

"Hump!" replied the other, Wilkins, rubbing his eyes and yawning. "The old nabob needs a clap in the neck himself to remind him he's not the whole thing in the concern."

"That's not likely to happen yet, sonny," rejoined Pete. "He's too much like the 'Company' of the concern."

"He the Company—pugh!" retorted the other in contempt. "Well, we'll see what will happen—it's the comet year."

By the time the senior partner had arrived, work in the office was in full swing. The buzz of business and industry permeated the building from basement to roof. It was the hum of an automatum, its life-beats and pulsations originating from the chief clerk, who enthusiastically declared always this to be the music made by circulating capital.

Shortly after Mackenzie was seated in his office, a rival financier was announced and was ushered in to him. During the course of the business ensuing between them, Mackenzie left his visitor alone in the office for a few minutes, in order to procure some information and documents from Newman. When he returned to his desk he noticed for the first time an open letter lying there, on the side of the table nearest his visitor, so near that it could be very easily read. It was the letter from Rio de Janiero, and was signed by one of the firm's most confidential correspondents. With considerable difficulty, he suppressed his annoyance. He attributed the act of negligence to his chief clerk.

Directly his visitor had departed, he rang for Newman and charged him bluntly and angrily with opening the letter contrary to well-known positive instructions and leaving it so carelessly exposed, so that their business rival had ample opportunity to make himself acquainted with the contents and the name of the writer, thereby discovering the source of their Brazilian information.

The old clerk was nonplussed. He hardly realised at first what Mackenzie said, partly because of the shock he received in being addressed in this unusual way by one of the partners. He was astonished at the charge when he did realise it; he was dismayed that he should be thought (even thought) responsible for betrayal of the firm's secret correspondents. He attempted to remonstrate —stammered, hesitated, stopped, attempted again, and again hesitated, bewildered by a sudden recollection of the envelope lying on the floor. An agonising doubt stabbed at his brain; had he really opened the letter? Distress produced uneasiness and confusion in his wrinkled face. He stood twitching his hands and the

corners of his mouth, which movement was conveyed to his drooping gray moustache.

Suddenly a ray of relief passed over his agitated face; he had remembered his earlier assumption that the partners had received the letter by the late mail on the previous evening. In his excitement he burst out:

"'Hah, that letter! Was that the letter? The envelope was on the floor. Oh, no, indeed, I did not open that. You opened that, last night."

The look of amazement on Mackenzie's face baffled description. The old clerk, carried away by excitement and agitation, continued, speaking rapidly:

"Yes, yes, indeed! You had the letter yesterday evening; you and Mr. Jones. You were here late. I found the empty envelope here on the floor this morning."

Mackenzie exploded:

"What confounded nonsense are you talking? Neither Jones or myself was drunk last night. He never received the letter, and I have never seen it until now. Wait! You picked up the envelope. Where is it?"

"In my wastepaper basket."

"Let me see it."

Mackenzie was convinced that Newman had opened the letter, but, for some unaccountable reason, was denying it. He accompanied him to his desk.

The *office* was on the tip-toe of excitement, for the sounds of the stormy interview had leaked through the glass partitions and over railed-in desks. The unheard-of-thing had happened; Old Precisimus was getting his "calling down."

So when Mackenzie and his confidential clerk emerged from the private office every ear was strained for the lightest remark from either. Newman rummaged the torn envelope from his wastepaper basket.

"Here is the envelope."

Mackenzie glanced at it, then looked severely at his clerk.

"Who tore off the stamp?"

"Oh, I did; Little Sidney, my nephew—Beatrice's boy—needed the stamp to fill up the second blank on his Brazilian page. I tore it off for him."

Mackenzie fitted the fragments together, and scrutinised the postmark. He placed his finger on it, turned round and looked Newman curiously in the face, saying in a bitingly severe tone:

"Mr. Newman, you omitted to note the date of our post-office on this."

The envelope bore that morning's date.

Mackenzie, angrier than ever, walked back into his office and slammed the door.

Dumfounded, with all his doubts re-aroused, old Newman stood gazing stupidly at the envelope, the cynosure of the eyes of his marvellously docile machine—the office.

Wilkins leaned over to his friend Pete and whispered gleefully:

"Say, Pete, bank on me as a prophet in future. The jolt has arrived."

"Gosh! Wonder what's the trouble?" returned Pete. "He's turning green."

"That's funk," replied Wilkins sneeringly. "I'll bet he'll swallow. Now watch him crawl."

The last remark referred to a rapid action on the part of Newman, who had taken the pieces of the envelope from his desk, and was moving towards the door of Mackenzie's office. But, on arriving at the door, he stopped; the ominous word "Private" painted upon the glass frowned him away, for the sense of office discipline overmastered the human inclination. The rule that no one was to disturb that office when that door was closed, unless upon business of the most pressing importance to the firm, a rule that he had most religiously observed and caused to be observed during his twenty-five years of stewardship, was not to be lightly broken now on account of any private business of his or his private troubles.

He stood gazing at the warning device for several seconds, then turned away bowed and broken under the struggle. On returning to his desk he encountered the concentrated eye of the staff and became conscious that a part of this distressing incident had taken place within view and hearing of the *office*. This came as a terrible blow. From a sense of occupying a firm position and power in the firm's organisation, he felt himself shrivel and contract until he became merely an old, frail man, withered by five and twenty years of close service, with dim eyes, an uncertain hand, a head incapable of meeting personal trouble and a memory open to suspicion and doubt. His mantle of cherished authority had fallen from him so suddenly he had been made to feel that he was no more in that organisation than those two irresponsible clerks he had reprimanded barely an hour ago. He perceived them now whispering together and felt that all his weaknesses were as exposed to them as they were to himself. In his humiliation he felt an immediate need of some human sympathy, so went over to the chief cashier, a bald, cynical, unfriendly fellow always, but next to Newman in authority.

"Mr. Dodds; a terrible misunderstanding. A letter from Rio de Janiero has been opened—I found the envelope and took the stamp for Sidney. He has a nicely arranged album—"

Dodds smiled between his teeth. The brutal smile stopped the old man's explanation. He felt the heartless cruelty of the smile. This man, his next in seniority, stood with his employer and disbelieved him.

Dispirited and trembling under the repeated shocks, he returned to his desk, with his vitality crushed within him. He endeavoured to deal with some correspondence, but his mind would wander away to that closed door with its menacing word of "Private" and to the two pieces of envelope lying before him on the desk. The clerk whose business it was to file and attend to the mortgages came to him for some advice, and while talking dropped a mere allusion which the old man seized on as an excuse for relating all the events connected with the fatal envelope before him. This man patiently heard him out, was more respectful than the cashier, but he expressed no opinion, much to Newman's disappointment.

Lunch time came. He had no appetite, so walked down the street to the post-office and back to the office almost immediately. The senior partner, in the meantime, had left him a message informing him that he had left for the day. Events were all conspiring against his peace of mind.

He did not sleep a wink that long miserable night. Next morning, he attended to his duties as usual, but the late comers passed in without rebuke, or notice from him. His attention was riveted upon the senior partner's room. Almost, as soon as Mackenzie had seated himself at his desk, Newman entered his office. Mackenzie saw at a glance the old man held in his hand the fragments of the envelope. Without preface, or attempt at preliminaries, Newman said, in a voice charged with pent-up excitement:

"I wish to say, sir, I did not open that letter."

Mackenzie felt the annoyance of yesterday arise, and he replied brusquely:

"Very good, Mr. Newman; then, perhaps, you can suggest who did?"

This unexpected question unbalanced the old man. He commenced stammering. Mackenzie continued:

"I examined the caretaker, who left the mail on your desk, and he remembered that gray envelope among the letters. Do you suggest that he opened it?"

"No, no! Indeed, no! He is somewhat careless, but he is honest. Who could have opened it?"

Mackenzie shruggedd his shoulders. In spite of his annoyance, he felt sorry for the old man, whom he greatly respected.

"Well, Mr. Newman, I don't wish to hear any more about it. In future, please remove the mail from the box yourself."

He turned to his papers. Newman looked piteously at him for a few seconds, then walked out of the room. He could do no work. He had been sitting idly for some time, when the clerk Pete Bradley came up to him:

"You are not feeling very well this morning, Mr. Newman?"

It was an act of pre-arranged bravado to "josh Old Precisimus." Newman looked into the young man's face.

"Are you still worrying yourself over that?" he pointed to the envelope, which Newman had again placed on the desk.

The old man, conscious of his humiliation, answered the youngster categorically.

"How did it happen, sir?" asked the wag, boldly assuming a deeply serious tone, but winking at the *office*.

Obediently Newman again related in full detail the circumstances attending the finding of the opened envelope, unconscious that the impressive "hows" and "hohs" of the wag were prompted by anything else but sympathy for him. When the relation was at an end the wag callously put the old man through a long cross-examination of relevant and irrelevant questions within hearing of most of the *office*. He ended by giving old Newman a patronising lecture, as a fellow sufferer from official tyranny, and drew a consoling moral of the pitfalls which fate inevitably digs for the accommodation of all such chesty persecutors. The old man's mental misery prevented him seeing through the chaffing nature of all this; he seriously took the interest evinced by the youngster as being sincere.

At lunch time Bradley made another bold and impertinent stroke. He openly invited Newman to join him at lunch. To the surprise of every one, including the wag himself, the old man acceded with evident pleasure.

The spirit of devilment whispered into Bradley's ear. After lunch it was an easy matter to get the old man into the saloon, as he was accustomed to take an occasional sober glass; so Bradley undertook to keep the theme alive by encouraging him to talk to sympathetic ears, and meantime keep the liquor circulating.

The chief clerk and the junior returned from lunch that day together, one hour and a half late—the elder man rather muddled, the younger secretly very jubilant. Every day after that they lunched together.

The senior partner was extremely busy, and therefore had little or no time to do any business with his chief clerk, but towards the end of the week in discussing some matters with Newman, he noticed an astonishing change in the old man.

The fact was, the old man having lost all sleep, appetite and repose of mind, became affected by the liquor he was consuming. During lunch hour and after office hours, he had lived at the saloon, with Bradley and his associates. Any fresh face in the circle must hear the story from the old man's lips at the prompting of Bradley. In the day, the wag regaled the *office* with full accounts of his triumphs in converting "Old Precisimus" into a "normal animal," who lived as they, on meat and drink.

On Saturday, the junior partner returned. He soon noticed the change in their reliable clerk, who in reply to some question upon business matters went off into a rambling statement, of which Jones could make no head or tail. He was startled, and immediately went to Mackenzie.

"What has happened to the old man? He's wandering. All business seems clean gone out of him, and the

office seems all sixes and sevens."

"Well, yes; I noticed something peculiar in him yesterday."

"He is rambling about a stamp he has for his young nephew."

"A stamp! A stamp! Was it a Brazilian stamp?"

"Yes! I think it was! He has it and a torn envelope on his desk. I couldn't make out of his muddle what he was driving at. I got tired listening."

"Hum! I wonder whether he is brooding over a calling down I gave him for opening a confidential letter —Hah! by the way! You had better see what Oliver says in it."

Mackenzie handed Jones the letter that had been found on his desk.

"I was annoyed on account—"

"Oh! I read this, and left the matter entirely to you."

"Read this? When?"

"The morning I left—"

"Did you open the letter, then?"

"Certainly! I dropped into the office on my way down to the train and picked out the letter from the mail lying on Newman's desk."

"And you put it on my desk?"

"Certainly! Why, what is the trouble?"

"Pshaw! It is the letter I blamed him for opening."

"Depend upon it, the old man has taken it very hard."

Mackenzie rang for his chief clerk. The cashier answered the bell.

"Mr. Newman went out with Mr. Bradley a short time ago."

The partners glanced at each other. Newman absent from the office at the busiest part of the day, without acquainting them of his absence!

"Tell him I wish to see him immediately he returns."

An hour later Mackenzie again rang. Newman and Bradley were still absent.

About twelve o'clock Bradley walked rapidly into the office and whispered to his friend Wilkins:

"Old Precisimus is simply glorious —full as a tick. Here he is.

Old Newman walked in and stood looking at his desk in a vacant manner, without removing his hat. The cashier told him that Mackenzie wished to see him immediately. He took the stamp and envelope from his pocket and went towards Mackenzie's door. Standing in front of it for a few seconds, he straightened himself, then knocked; and, without awaiting a reply, walked in, his hat still upon his head and his coat tightly buttoned.

'Mr. Mackenzie, I was informed— you rang—for me. I regret—I was unavoidably—"

"Yes, Mr. Newman. Please sit down."

Mackenzie had taken in the old clerk's condition at a glance. He rose from his desk to close the door and call his partner. Newman did not seat himself, but stood, as he had entered, swaying his body unsteadily. The partners seated themselves. Mackenzie began:

"Mr. Newman, I have an apology to make to you and to express my sincere regrets for anything I said to you about that Rio de Janiero letter. Mr. Jones—"

"Mr. Jones, hah, indeed! Mr. Jones! I told you, did I not, that it was lying there just where your foot is? The stamp was upward—so. It is a curious stamp."

The old man placed the fragments of the envelope on the desk, fitting them together.

"Little Sidney already has three of the series. This will fill the second blank Indeed! I know; he will be delighted with it."

The partners looked uneasily at each other.

"Mr. Newman, be good enough to hear what I have to say. Mr. Jones—"

"Mr. Jones! Yes, sir, Mr. Jones! I expected he would believe me; but, no, he smiled as the others did, when I told him. I am suddenly become very criminal. Why have they not arrested me? They are very consid-

erate. They don't say: 'Newman you are a liar; Newman, you are a thief; but they smile and shrug and grin through their teeth. Oh, they all do, no—no—Mr. Bradley, except Mr. Bradley — he believes me, thank God!"

Old Newman proudly straightened himself; a lustre came into his sunk eyes, and a slight flush was kindled in his sallow cheeks. But these effects faded almost as rapidly as they came, as he appeared to shrivel, become limp and totter, until he lurched forward on to Mackenzie's desk. They placed him gently into a chair. He endeavoured to rise to get the fragments of the envelope. These they gave to him. Then he relapsed into a muttering of jumbled words.

At his request, Bradley accompanied him home.

Three days after, Mackenzie called at the house. The poor old man had passed through an exhausting delirium, and it had left him a sad wreck. Mackenzie looked into that wan eye that had watched so vigilantly over his interests for these many years and at the shrunken form that had uncomplainingly shouldered the burden of the firm's cares. He took the frail hand; the touch roused the old clerk, who opened his eyes widely and appeared to recognise his old employer by the deep "Hah!" he uttered. His hand relaxed, however, and his eyes and mind again nearly closed; he began feeling over the coverlid and murmuring:

"It was lying on the floor—near the table, where they had dropped it. Five and twenty years; after five and twenty years. Oh! They may sneer and smile, but Mr. Bradley will tell them so." Then raising his voice and passing his hands more rapidly over the bed-clothes. "Where is it? Where is it? Have they stolen it? It was for my little Sidney—(he has Beatrice's eyes, but his father's hair). They have stolen it. They have stolen my good name. They are all liars, your worship, liars, liars, liars; I never—"

The voice drooped, until it became merely an inarticulate murmur. Then it ceased, and the poor old life of service was rounded by a low, sobbing sigh.

TREATED BY PROXY

BY HAROLD EYRE

THERE was a sudden movement in the little crowd of newsboys, district messengers and youths of no visible occupation, as Horace Ransom's well-known team of bays drew up at the side entrance to his huge dry-goods store. A tall porter in livery opened the door of the carriage, and Ransom descended to the pavement.

For a moment he stood there, facing the expectant crowd that he could not see. Then he thrust his hand into his pocket and flung to right and left the customary handful of coins. Smiling grimly at the familiar sounds of the scuffle which followed, Ransom took the porter's arm and entered the building.

Upon reaching the office, he sent for men in charge of departments and conferred with them. Then his secretary read to him the morning mail, for Ransom took pride in maintaining, despite his affliction, an active supervision of the great business he had built up.

While he was dictating a letter to a Western manufacturer, the office boy came in to announce a caller.

"Dr. Hoffman, sir."

"Dr. Hoffman?" repeated Ransom.

"That eye man," explained the Secretary, "who wrote you."

Ransom sighed wearily. "Show him in."

An elderly man entered the room, tall, with stooping shoulders, angular and shabbily dressed.

The merchant turned his head towards the visitor, with a movement pathetically like an inquiring glance.

"What can I do for you?" he asked.

"I have written," began the old man, "asking you to allow me to treat your eyes."

"I received your letter," said Ransom curtly. "I suppose you have heard about the reward."

The caller was embarrassed. "That is true, but—"

"You needn't be ashamed of it," interrupted Ransom. "A million dollars is a lot of money, and since I offered it, seven years ago, to any man who could restore my sight, a good many people have been after it, from the greatest specialists in the world to the greatest humbugs. But none of them has earned the reward, though I've given them all a fair show."

"Nobody, I understand, has benefited you at all?"

"Not a particle. I've tried about every system of treatment under the sun, from electric vibrations to the violet ray. They tell me it's a disease of the nerve—neurasthenia, they call it, which I suppose is their way of saying they don't know just what it is. Whatever it may be, I'm afraid it is incurable.

"That's what the German doctors told me years ago, but I wouldn't believe it then—I couldn't believe it. It seemed to me that somewhere in the world there *must* be someone who knew more than the others about my particular sort of blindness. So I offered that reward — everybody thought I was crazy as well as blind—and for years afterwards my life was

made miserable by people who thought they needed the money.

"I had hopes then and listened to them all, tried all their systems and let them experiment on me, until I couldn't stand it any longer. No one can imagine what I went through. The physical torture some of them put me to was bad enough, but the way they tricked me, filled me with false hopes and tried every dodge to make a profit out of my—"

He stopped and relapsed into silence.

"I trust, sir," said the old man, with dignity, "that you do not class me among those charlatans. My letter, I had hoped, would convince you that I have some standing in my profession. I have studied for many years the diseases of the optic nerve, and I believe I can cure you. If I succeed, you will have your sight again, and I shall have earned the reward. If I fail, you will have lost only the time you give to the treatment. All I ask is an opportunity to see what I can do with your case."

"What is the principle of your treatment?" inquired Ransom."

"That is something I am not prepared to explain. I could hardly make clear to you in a few moments the results of a lifetime of study."

Ransom was silent.

"Come back at the same hour tomorrow," he said at length. "I have very little faith left, but you shall have your opportunity if you care to take it on my conditions."

When Dr. Hoffman was shown into Ransom's office the next morning, he found a third person in the room, a dark, thick-set man of about forty.

"Mr. Martin," began Ransom, indicating the dark man, "is afflicted with what the doctors says is precisely the same form of blindness as mine. For some years past I have retained his services, so to speak, to test various systems of treatment that were to restore my sight. I found some such arrangement necessary, for I am too busy a man to give much time to doubtful experiments, and I like to give everything a trial. If it is possible for you to benefit me, it will be evident in your treatment of Mr. Martin; and as soon as you have any success with him, you can begin on me. Now you can suit yourself as to whether you care to undertake the case."

"But," objected Hoffman, "it will probably be some time before—"

"Exactly. That is why I want to see results first."

The other hesitated.

"It's an unusual proposition," he said finally, "to treat a patient by proxy—but I'll do my best."

For several weeks the treatment continued without incident and without apparent result. Martin reported from time to time to his employer, but the latter evinced slight interest in the matter, not even inquiring as to Hoffman's methods. Constant disappointment had left the merchant with little hope.

One morning Ransom was in bad humour when Martin came.

"I don't see the use of wasting any more time on that man," he said irritably. "It's nearly two months now, and he hasn't done you a bit of good."

"He seems confident that he will succeed," replied Martin; "somehow, I'm beginning to have faith in him."

"What does he do to you?"

"That's what I don't know much about—he doesn't seem to want to explain things. But he uses some kind of rays that he gets from a tube, and he has an apparatus to produce what he calls high frequency vibrations. It has a queer effect. You don't notice anything at the time, but afterwards, quite a while afterwards, your eyes begin to sort of tingle. He says that means the circulation is gradually coming back to the nerve."

"Circulation poppycock!" snapped Ransom. "It's my belief the man's a faker, like the rest of 'em. It's a

wonder he hasn't asked me for a loan, or some money on account. It would take just that to convince me."

"I think, sir, he's pretty hard up," ventured Martin; "and after all he may be on the right track. I suppose you wouldn't feel like helping him out a bit?"

"Not by a jugful! I've done enough foolishness of that kind in the past, and it's time to quit. I'm tired of being an easy mark."

About two weeks after that conversation, Dr. Hoffman called at the merchant's office.

"Mr. Ransom's busy," announced the boy, after taking in the name.

The visitor stood still, apparently taken aback by the message. The boy noticed that he looked thinner and shabbier than when he called before.

"Tell him, please," said the caller, laying his hand nervously on the boy's arm, "that it is urgent. I shall only keep him a moment."

The lad was about to say that it was no use for him to go back, but something in the man's manner disarmed him, and he re-entered the private room. Upon emerging, he conducted Hoffman inside.

Ransom's greeting was not cordial.

"Well, Professor," he said, with scornful emphasis on the second word, "I hear you're not having much success with Martin."

"It is a little soon," replied the visitor, "we must have patience. The case is an obstinate one—"

"No more so than mine would be. If you can't cure Martin—"

"I have not said I can't cure him. I have great expectations. There are signs which lead me to hope for favourable results at any moment."

"Your hopes and expectations don't interest me," was the sharp rejoinder. "I have heard that before—it is an old story. Have you nothing else to say to me?"

"Yes, there is something else." The visitor's manner became embarrassed He stammered, and almost guiltily averted his gaze from the other's sightless eyes.

"I hesitate to mention it, but—the expense of the treatment is greater than I anticipated—of course I know I am not entitled to anything unless it is successful, but I am in need—desperate need, and I thought—"

"No, siree!" thundered Ransom, "not one cent! It's just as I suspected, you're like all the rest of them. But I'm not running a charitable institutution, and I haven't lost my wits as well as my eyesight. Enough of this humbug! I shall notify Martin to waste no more—"

He stopped short in his tirade. The sound of receding footsteps and the opening and shutting of the door told him of his visitor's retreat.

That same day Ransom sent for Martin and informed him that Dr. Hoffman's experiments were at an end.

Thereupon Ransom dismissed the matter from his mind. He thought no more of it until a memorable morning some ten days later when, arriving downtown, he found the porter, for the first time in long years of service, shaken out of his massive dignity.

Without giving his employer a chance to protest, the big negro seized him by the arm and hurried him into the office, muttering something about "a miracl' ob de Lawd, foh shuah!"

Upon entering the room Ransom, with the sharpened faculties of the blind, instantly became aware that a little group of people had gathered there, and his keen perceptions caught the air of expectancy that surrounded him. But he had no inkling of the truth.

Out of the darkness came the voice of his superintendent.

"We have news for you, Mr. Ransom, great news. Martin has recovered his sight!"

"I don't believe it," said Ransom in a blank voice.

Then he heard Martin himself, incoherent, almost hysterical, telling with unnecessary detail how he had gone to bed the night before with his eyes in their usual state, and in the morning, lo, he could see. And after fourteen years—

Ransom made an effort to control himself.

"That man Hoffman," he ejaculated, as soon as he could find speech, "—when did you see him last?"

"Not since the day he called on you."

"Where does he live?"

"He moved just about that time. He's living now on the East Side, in Fifty-fourth Street."

"Go to him at once!" shouted Ransom. "Take my carriage—bring him back with you. Don't delay a moment!"

After a break-neck drive, the vehicle stopped in front of a squalid house, a few doors east of Third Avenue. Martin dashed up the steps and rang the bell.

Receiving no answer, he rang again. At length a woman came to the door.

"Is Dr. Hoffman here?" he inquired.

She looked at him curiously. "His body's upstairs," she responded, "—third floor back."

"His body!" gasped Martin. "You don't mean—"

He stopped.

"He was found dead," she explained, "yesterday morning."

Martin staggered back. "What was the matter with him?"

The woman slowly surveyed the carriage in the street, and then looked at the white face of the man.

"Starvation," she said bitterly, "just plain starvation!"

THE LAST DESIRE

By GEORGE HERBERT CLARKE

FROM dreamless nights to wake to mocking morrows,
To make toward the surface from the Deep,
For silence to put on old sins and sorrows—
Unknown One, nay! let me forever sleep!

Secret, sufficient, all-subduing Sleep—
In thine embrace eternal to be lying,
The while thine ancient eyes their vigil keep—
How blest a thing to die, if this be dying!

THE QUEEN VICTORIA NIAGARA FALLS PARK

BY FRANK YEIGH

SELDOM has a government taken wiser action than when Oliver Mowat and his Cabinet established in 1887 the Queen Victoria Niagara Falls Park. Time has abundantly justified the step and, as a result, Ontario and all Canada possesses in this domain on the banks of the historic Niagara one of its most valuable assets.

The Provincial Government of that day exhibited equal wisdom in placing the control of the Park in a Commission, and though it has of necessity had a changing personnel (outside its chairman, Mr. J. W. Langmuir, who has filled the position from the beginning), the Commission has rendered the Province a public-spirited service deserving of recognition. The present members are, in addition to Mr. Langmuir, Messrs. George H. Wilkes, P. W. Ellis, L. Clarke Raymond, William L. Doran, L. H. Clarke and J. D. Chaplin. Mr. John H. Jackson, C. E., is superintendent, and Mr. H. J. Moore, chief gardener.

At the inception of the Park, the area was only 154 acres, whereas to-day it totals 1,887 acres, or more than ten times as much, including not only the main park at the Falls, but the chain reserve from Bridgeburg to Niagara-on-the-Lake, Fort Erie Park, Lundy's Lane Cemetery, Niagara Glen, Queenston Heights Park and Butler's Rangers burying-ground. Many advantages would accrue if the Dominion Government could see its way to placing Forts George and Mississaga under the direction of the Commission. Its settled and continuous policy covering the care and improvement of historic spots would tend to save them from an extinction that now threatens.

It is doubtful if the people of Canada realise the value of their possessions in the Niagara Park system, or that they have an adequate conception of the work already accomplished or planned by the Commission and its staff. Nor is it probable that a tithe of the million visitors annually to the locality grasp the full significance of what has been provided for their enjoyment.

Niagara Falls Park is a wonderland in itself. Not only does it border one of the world's greatest cataracts, but it has a nature setting of rare charm, one that is best realised by a comparison with the unkempt condition of the Canadian shore territory prior to Government control, when extortion was the rule, and visitors were compelled to pay heavy toll.

To-day the Park is not only one in the full sense of the term, but a botanical garden, with many a plant treasure, and a delightful playground as well for the use of the people to whom it belongs. "We want to disabuse the minds of the public that the Park belongs to the Commission," remarked one of the Board. "It belongs to the people; it is theirs." The use of the grounds for recreative

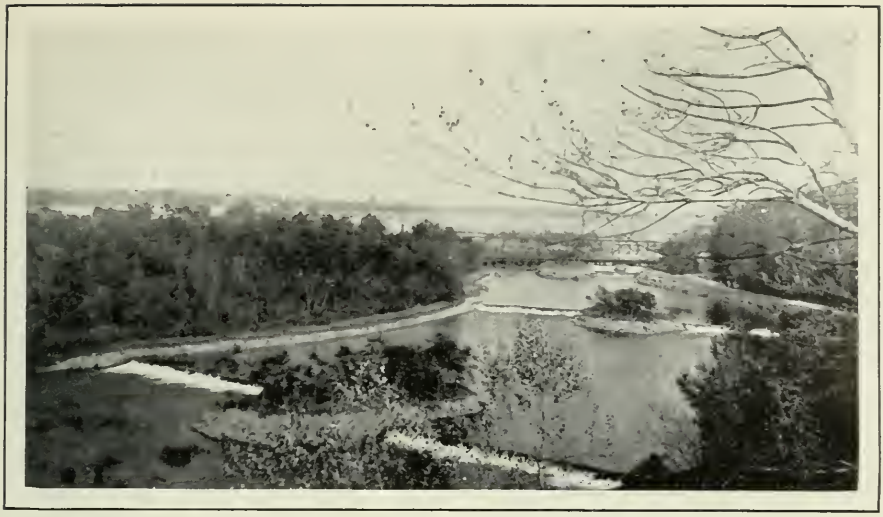
MR. J. W. LANGMUIR

Chairman of the Queen Victoria Niagara Falls Park Commission

purposes is widespread. Bowling greens, tennis courts, baseball grounds and cricket creases are at the disposal of visitors, and no prettier sight is had than thousands of children coming in picnics or excursions and enjoying these privileges to the full. The handsome stone parapets along the edge of the cliff, the picturesque shelters and winding paths, the sweep of turf and the forest giants further mark the Park as one of alluring attractiveness.

This year sees the completion of one of the crowning achievements of the Commission in the grand boulevard extending from Table Rock to Bridgeburg or Fort Erie, a distance of sixteen miles. A fine piece of macadamised roadmaking it is, with a width of eighteen feet, and a total width of right of way of thirty feet. Avenues of trees and green swards border the route. Already hundreds of young maples and elms have been planted, and these will alternate with the occasional groves that already overlook the highway.

Though the boulevard has only recently been turned over to the Com-



AMONG THE DUFFERIN ISLANDS, NIAGARA FALLS PARK

mission by the contractors, a motor ride over its course is a delightful experience. Leaving behind the great green curve of the Horseshoe Fall, ever sending up its pillar of spray within a rainbow circle, the road courses past the tumbling rapids of the upper river on the left and the peaceful solitudes of the Dufferin Islands on the right, where groups of happy bathers may be seen disporting in the shallow pools. Straight away to quaint old Chippewa—a veritable Sleepy Hollow—flies the car, and beyond lies the open country—a typical Ontario landscape of fertile farms, restful groves of woodland, and an occasional old-time house filled with ghosts of the war days of 1812 and 1837. But always and ever the eye turns to the kingly river hurrying to its mighty leap, and beyond to the timbered mass of Navy Island and the more cultivated surface of Grand Island, with the distant United States shore enclosing the view. One ventures to assert that in all the Dominion there is not such another driveway, with every mile a succession of varying pictures. When ultimately the twelve-mile distance in the other direction, from the Cataract to Niagara town via Queenstown, is completed, the thirty-mile run will materially add to the beauty of the Canadian shore for its entire length, when trolley lines may run parallel to the boulevard, or motor busses will be at the disposal of the tourist, and when the boulevard connected with the fine roads through the Niagara peninsula in the one direction and the New York State roads in the other will provide hundreds of miles of highway.

The botanical and horticultural features of the Queen Victoria Park are sometimes overlooked. The head gardener is enthusiastic over his department as he acts the guide to the treasures of the place. Among the trees are some superb specimens, lordly monsters who still carry their branches high and wide; hundreds of bushes and shrubs, aquatic ponds decorated with lily pads, flower beds of varying colour, and conservatories which, if altogether inadequate, yet contain much of interest to the nature student and lover.

The labelling of all the trees and shrubs is well under way, while in the herbaceous garden of perennials the plants are being classified accord-

A ROADWAY IN THE PARK

ing to their natural order of distinctiveness.

Plant-breeding and testing is also being carried on. No less than two hundred new varieties are under experiment this season. Exotic plants from other countries are in process of testing with a view to their being grown and disseminated in Canada.

An exchange system is operated in the horticultural department by means of which specimens are received from widely different parts of the world. As an illustration, several valuable specimens have recently been received from explorers in China and Tibet, and the United States Department of Agriculture is specially active in its co-operation. Already several encouraging results have come from the efforts of Mr. Moore in plant breeding. Valuable new varieties of calceolaria begonias and primula have been developed, some of them promising to be of definite commercial value.

It is proposed to erect, as soon as practicable, an adequate horticultural building to house the rarer exotic plants; in fact, to make of it a botanical garden under glass, which should ultimately be extended to include a museum of economic botany and woods. The educational value of the horticultural features of the Park is worthy of note. Already classes in the neighbouring high schools make a practical study of its contents. The idea is to make the Park horticulturally what the Guelph college is agriculturally; to create an institution patterned after the Royal Gardens at Kew, where one may learn the profession of gardening as well as of horticulture.

The localities, other than the main Park, under the jurisdiction of the Commission are each of exceptional interest. In Fort Erie Park are the earth works of the old fort that witnessed stirring times during the war of 1812-14. In Chippewa the surviving mansions of the past and the Laura Secord cottage are among the points of interest. At Lundy's Lane, the historic graveyard, which has been much improved since the Commission took control of it, is one of the favourite haunts for the pilgrim who appreciates the early history of the country.

The trolley station at the Whirlpool gives access to a dramatic viewpoint of the swirling maelstrom far below, while a mile or more along the lower river is Niagara Glen. Of the hundreds who pass by only the scores halt to explore its sylvan depths, and the

ONE OF THE "POWER" BUILDINGS IN NIAGARA FALLS PARK

scores are the wise ones. It is doubtful if there is such another two-hundred-acre spot in all Canada, and yet few Canadians know where it is, or what it is. Geologically it is the site of the original cataract of a trifle of forty thousand years ago. Nature's book here lies open at its most thrilling page. Water-marks and pot-holes still tell of the mighty power of the ancient flood; gigantic Rocks of Ages clutter the lower levels, marble playthings perchance for the Odins and Thors of the fabled age; boulders on and around which countless generations of trees have lived their tree span of life and from whose crevices and crannies rare ferns and plants peek out, for Niagara Glen is among other things a botanical paradise. Vast caves of the winds wind beneath overhanging limestone cliffs whose rounded forms are wonderfully like the stem of a *Titanic*.

At the edge of the Glen the Niagara is seen at its narrowest and in some respects its wildest aspect, with the unleashed waters of the whirlpool crowding themselves into huge waves in their tempestuous seaward race. And by the rushing river as in the heart of the Glen myriad paths provide Arcadian retreats where one would fain linger.

It is proposed to extend the walk southward for the half mile to the very edge of the Whirlpool, and elevators at Glen and Whirlpool will aid those whose aim in life is to be carried. There is also talk of licensing an aerial tramway which will make a journey that should be even more than a shilling thriller, carrying passengers completely over the heart of the Whirlpool from the two Canadian points and at a distance of 150 feet above the watery turmoil.

The summit and hillslope of Queenston Heights, holding on their crest the towering obelisk to the memory of Sir Isaac Brock, is a beauty spot of itself, and nowhere has the Commission rendered better service. The area immediately in front of the

BASEBALL IN NIAGARA FALLS PARK

monument has been rebuilt, creating a natural promenade from which a superb view is had of leagues on leagues of vine-covered fields, of the last sinuous stretch of the green-hearted river, and of the region connected with the battle of Queenston Heights. Half-way down the hill the remains of the half-moon battery are marked by a cairn, while in the rear of the Monument are the ruined earthworks raised by Dearborn in 1814. Every foot of soil on this lofty encampment tells of the struggle, a century ago, for supremacy in Canada.

The Commission has greatly improved the grounds connected with the Monument and has besides in view, when the income warrants it, the construction of a fine building similar to the Administration building at the Park and a handsome shelter and rest-room opposite the main entrance. It is not to be wondered at that Queenston Heights receives an ever-increasing quota of visitors and picnics.

The final stretch of the river bank, from Queenston Heights to old Niagara, is another seven-mile course full of charm. On the Queenston bank stands the Brock Memorial Church, and hard by the main road are the sites of the Vrooman and Brown Points whose batteries played their part in the battle of Queenston Heights. And when quaint, old Niagara itself is reached, with all its

A PICNIC PARTY IN NIAGARA FALLS PARK

A REST-HOUSE

memories of the foundation era of Upper Canada, and Lake Ontario invites the wayfarer to its expense, one wonders if in all the wide world there is such another river as the Niagara, and such another region of interest and beauty.

The Park and its Commission are supported by the revenues, totalling nearly $150,000 a year, accruing from franchises allotted by the Commissioners for various public utilities, including the electric railway, the power companies, scenic tunnel and other privileges. By a recent decision of the Privy Council, the Commission will receive a much greater rental from the power companies. All the income is spent on the Park and the Canadian side of the river, improvements will be made as funds permit. The Commissioners believe that any legitimate expenditure on the Park is, in commercial terms, good business. Practically a million visitors find their way to the Falls every year, and even that great total is sure to increase. It is an easy matter to calculate the monetary results from such an immense human stream.

For many years the main park area contiguous to the Falls and Dufferin Islands has been disfigured by the construction works of the three Power Companies. These however are practically completed. The buildings are of architectural designs in keeping with the beauty of the surroundings, and the surfaces are being levelled and sodded, covering up all traces of the great conduits that carry the waters underground.

The celebration of the Century of Peace is of special interest to the Park authorities, as public opinion in both countries seems to be agreed on the erection of a suitable and permanent memorial.

ON FORBIDDEN TRAILS

BY C. LINTERN SIBLEY

THIRTY-FIVE below zero has no terror for the creatures of the green timber. Consequently the lonely wolf that was nosing along the rabbit trails on the Upper Onandaga felt no inconvenience from the keen midwinter air of the North. Indeed, emerging presently from the gloom of the evergreen forest to a park-like expanse thinly dotted over with jackpine, he found himself in a centre that radiated some of the very benignancy of summer itself.

Here the full blaze of the brilliant sunshine made itself felt. It added a deeper beauty, a more glorious harmony, to the rich umbers and greens of the conifers, standing sharply outlined in the clear air against a sky of unflecked ultramarine. In the open spaces it caused the frost crystals on the surface of the snow to glisten like myriads of diamonds; beneath the jackpines it stained the snow with luminous shadows of pale cobalt. Two summer-like sounds broke the stillness of the forest—the twittering and singing of a flock of snowbirds in the trees, and the trickling of water.

The wolf came out into the open and paused for a few moments to bask in the sun, his tongue lolling out, after the manner of a good-humoured dog. A couple of Canada jays, sitting side by side on the dead branch of a pine, stopped preening their feathers to watch him, and when, presently, attracted by the sound of the water, he came down the bank of the stream to where the break in the ice was, they screamed defiance at him.

It came so suddenly, that scream, that the wolf instinctively started. But he did not look up. Something else at that instant arrested his attention. Beside the water hole was the untidy plunging trail of an otter, newly made.

Now the wolf is never peculiarly enamoured of the otter as a source of food supply. For one thing, the otter is one of the most intelligent and cunning of the creatures of the forest. For another, it is a formidable antagonist, even for a wolf.

But partly out of curiosity, partly because the trail had only just been made, the wolf followed it. Loping along upstream, in a few minutes he came to the foot of a beaver dam just in time to see the otter drop with a quiet "blob" through the air hole in the beaver pond. That, he knew, finished his chance with the otter.

But he showed no disappointment.

The round snowy mounds of the beaver houses now attracted him. From one to the other he ran, nosing around in the snow, keenly alert for trail or movement. There was nothing to reward him.

Yet he could not leave the vicinity. He knew that beneath those mounds of snow, beneath the mud and brushwood now frozen to a consistency as hard as steel, warm life existed. Meat, in riotous plenty, was there, and although to get it was a task far beyond the powers of his kind, the mere thought of its nearness fascinated him.

He stood looking uncertainly from mound to mound. Then he scratched

at the nearest one, found the ventilation shaft and, burying his nose in it, breathed deep and long the warm and luscious smell of beaver.

The smell has an intoxicating effect upon him. He backed away from the mound, crouching low in an attitude of expectation. The better to conceal himself he even lay upon his stomach. Suddenly, with a terriffic spring he leapt sheer beyond the beaver house, and, pretending to catch a beaver, worried the airy nothing like a terrier worrying a rat. Then he pretended to be tearing and eating, a look of ecstatic enjoyment on his face.

This manœuvre he repeated again and again. For a creature of his nocturnal habits the day was still young. He was not particularly hungry, and he was in a mood for the play of make-believe.

The otter, knowing nothing of the enemy that had been following on his trail, dived deep in the black and icy water. His hairy coat, with its wonderful underlayer of fur, added to the protective layer of fat beneath his skin, made him absolutely indifferent to the coldest of water.

Down into the black depths he dropped like a plummet, his keen eyes glowing green in the wan light that filtered through ice and air hole. The dim shape of a pickerel moved swiftly across his line of vision. Turning with the slithering roll of a seal, he gave pursuit. Not even the torpedo-like loon could rival the speed with which he shot through the water.

The pickerel realised the danger. Finding he could not out-swim the otter, he dived and turned with the intention of shooting back under the black terror that pursued him. The response of the otter was as instantaneous as flash to pull of trigger. At the moment when the belly of the pickerel flashed in a faint gleam of silver at the turning dive, the jaws of the otter closed over it.

Instead of ascending to the air hole with his prize, the otter swam to the edge where the beaver houses were situated. He made his way unerringly to the under-water entrance of a beaver-house, and, ascending the runway to a point above the water-line, he breathed and ate his fish.

As he ate, up through the shaft to the cosily-resting beaver the hated smell of fish arose, and two pugnacious beavers plunged down upon the intruder.

It was the old, old quarrel of the beaver and the otter. The former, as skilled a sanitarian as he is an engineer, always keeps his runways clean. The otter never hesitates to use them as his dining-room and to leave them contaminated with the hated stink and slime and offal of his kills.

The otter, though ever ready for a fight, did not wait in the beaver hole to face his foes. He dashed down into the water, headed about, and remained suspended a dozen feet from the hole. A big male beaver shot out after him, baring his chisel-like teeth as he caught sight of his adversary.

In a flash the two had closed. For fully three minutes they rolled over and over in the water in a silent, straining, fighting ball, from which a silver line of air bubbles floated up to the surface. Neither could get the grip he wanted, and they bit and struggled and twisted until both were breathless. First to feel the need for air, the otter broke away and swam to the beaver hole to get a breath. He found it guarded by the female.

Meanwhile the beaver had risen to the surface. There, between the water and the covering of ice, he found the air that he and the otter had given off collected in a huge bubble. Already the water had oxygenated this air, and the beaver breathed it. He kept blowing the air out in a bubble under the ice and breathing it in again until he was rested.

The otter, knowing nothing of such a trick, had to swim off, as though in hurried retreat, for the air hole. His head bobbed up with a rush above the surface, and he lay in the water with half-closed eyes breathing in deep,

luscious draughts the keen, fresh air.

The wolf, then engaged in stalking another imaginary beaver, flattened himself out in the snow in real earnest when the otter's head appeared above the water. He knew that his only chance of catching the otter was to get it on land, so he waited for that animal to come out and resume its journey.

But the otter had other things to think of. He was smarting under a sense of indignity. He had an uncomfortable feling that because he had to rush away for air the beaver would think he was afraid. He had no particular quarrel with the beaver; no particular wish to go back and engage in another grim struggle in the silent, black depths.

He had to go back, however. His *amour propre* was wounded. So when he had breathed himself, down again he sank to do battle with the beaver. Coming back to the vicinity of the beaver tunnels, he saw not one but half a dozen indignant beavers swimming around. This was something he had not bargained for, and he quickly returned to the air hole and drew himself out on the ice to think it over. The moment he got out of the water the bitter air made him aware of a deep gash on his shoulder. He started licking this, utterly oblivious of the presence of the wolf.

The latter stalked up behind the otter with infinite care. When within twenty feet, he leaped with the speed of an arrow.

It was was a good sporting chance that the wolf was taking. But he counted too much upon the pre-occupation of the otter. The latter was too quick. He sprang lightly aside, and, with bristling hair and bared fangs, turned to face the wolf—all the sanguinary nature of his weasel blood aroused.

At the moment when the wolf's jaws closed with a snap upon nothing, the swifter otter caught one of the hind feet of the wolf and with a single bite crushed the bones.

A yelp of pain escaped the wolf, and he turned with the quickness of a spring's recoil to grip his enemy. Quicker still was the otter. A leap as swift as thought. A "blob." And the astonished wolf was left standing and staring at little waves that lapped the edges of the ice at the air hole.

But the otter had not finished with the wolf. Not for nothing did he belong to the weasel family. The events of the last half hour had aroused his pugnacious blood to the boiling point. Coming to the surfaee immediately, he thrust his head out of the water and snarled at the wolf. The wolf snarled fiercely back at him, then retreated a few steps as though to invite the otter to come from the water and have it out with him. The otter hesitated not a moment. He clamboured out on the ice, and standing on the edge of the air hole with his short legs well spread, snarled defiance at his enemy.

The wolf made several feints at attack. The otter stood firm as a rock and never even blinked an eyelid when the wolf jumped, each time jumping short. Out in the open, the wolf would have closed with him. Here, beside open water, he knew that the otter's game would be to get him into the water, and once that happened, the otter would drown him like a rat.

Finding that he could not get the otter off his guard by feint, he stood looking at his foe, holding his injured foot off the snow.

The otter came nearer, snarling with greater intensity and swaying his head with curious seal-like movement. His baleful green eyes seemed to glow with phosphorescent light.

The hair along the wolf's spine rose up straight at such insolence. He stood stiff-legged and snarling. He knew that sooner or later he must retreat. But he hated the thought—hated to turn tail and leave the sneering, truculent little beast openly defying him. To have attacked the otter,

and to have to retreat from him like a beaten cur hurt his vanity.

But there was no other way for it. He began slowly backing, still preserving a brave and snarling front.

As he was doing this, from far away in the forest there came the kill cry of his pack:

"Yow-oo-oo! Yow-oo-oo! Yow-oo-oo!"

It was a communal signal. Another wolf had killed big meat, and, according to the laws of his tribe, before he touched a bit himself, he stood up and sent echoing in mournful cadence far through the forest aisles the terrible cry that drove terror to the hearts of other creatures of the wild, but conveyed to the scattered members of the wolf pack an invitation. The wolf's cry was the equivalent of the last word in fraternal hospitality: "Come, brothers! Come and feed!"

To the wolf backing away from the brow-beating otter the cry was thrice welcome. It was a summons nothing in the world would excuse neglecting.

Without hesitation he turned and loped off on three legs into the forest, deaf to the otter's reiterated challenge.

The otter watched the wolf as it disappeared like a shadow in the forest. Then he turned back to the water. He had known something of what he had made the wolf feel. The gash on his shoulder was a painful reminder of his own inglorious retreat from the beaver tunnel. For a moment he stood looking down into the water as though wondering whether, in the light of his new prowess, his dignity demanded that he should go down again into the black depths and do battle with the beavers.

But, even though the wound on his shoulder was stinging like fire, his experience with the wolf had restored his wounded *amour propre,* and with a spring he slithered along the frozen snow surface, and continued plunging his line of march upstream.

HOW MUCH SHALL I TIP?

BY LOUISE HAYTER BIRCHALL

WHILE humanity generally, no doubt, would do well to cultivate the spirit of willing service, if for no other than purely philosophic reasons, the servant who has conquered the secret is a priceless jewel, worthy in every respect the grateful recognition of the public. It is the willingness that deserves the glad and generous gratuity. Everything else is cancelled by the wage.

I know a little woman in England who will let you a large bedroom and a sitting-room, nicely furnished, carry hot water and coals at any hour for your comfort, cook three or four meals a day, and serve them in your own rooms, post letters, market for you, and perform a dozen more of the small attentions which smooth out life's roughness—all for ten shillings ($2.50) a week. She's the happiest creature imaginable, too, and never thinks of a tip. I doubt if she would take one. At least, if so, it would be because she would not care to risk hurting your feelings by a refusal.

And I know another woman, of the same station in life, in Canada, from whom I rented two bare rooms for more than double that price, and I could not induce her to accept any responsibility whatever for my comfort. I had not only to furnish the rooms myself, but to find someone to come in to tidy and sweep them. I had to get my meals where best I could in the neighbourhood. I had even to answer the front door bell on the chance of visitors to myself. As a matter of fact, this woman spent very little time in the house, and when there she ignored my presence. Had I offered her a tip she would probably have thrown it in my face.

I was on my way once to pay a visit in an isolated part of Ireland and was met at the nearest town by the hostess herself. She explained that there was not a train back for a couple of hours and asked me if I would mind if she did some shopping.

"Don't laugh," she said to me in one shop, "when you hear what I ask for."

It was for noiseless housemaid's slippers, felt-soled ones.

"We are not often honoured by visitors in our part of the world, you know," she volunteered as we left, "and the truth is, your coming has created a considerable stir below stairs. The servants are all agog with excitement. Just before I left this morning Kate, the housemaid, gave me three shillings and asked me if I would mind getting these slippers for her. With them she can glide in and out of your room in the morning without disturbing you unduly.

Do I need to say such willing service merited and received more than the slippers cost, though it was by a mere accident I learned of them? One takes so much for granted when things run on oiled wheels.

To the Western mind the idea of allowing servants to accept gratuities from guests is often repugnant. A Canadian is likely to think it is not in the spirit of true hospitality that a guest should feel under obligation to help towards the smoother running of his household. This is, I consider,

a mistaken point of view. While deploring the abuse of the system in some circumstances, I still think it would be a pity to deprive a guest of the privilege of recognising personal service from a class which is often at considerable pains to make him comfortable. The servant is paid for routine work. The arrival of a guest means change in this routine, extra labour. Granted the wage might be considered to cover the additional labour in any given department of the household, as between mistress and maid. I do not think, however, it should cover personal attention and attendance, as between guest and servants.

A lady I know accepted paying guests in a foreign town where there was a small English colony. Her servants received the maximum wage, and, being an Englishwoman, she employed two to do what one was expected to do in the other households of the town. As a result, her maids were devoted to her and gave willing service towards the success of her enterprise. On one occasion a guest, a Frenchwoman, who was somewhat of an invalid became ill immediately after her arrival. Daily, hourly, the cook strove to tempt her with special dainties, while the housemaid fetched and carried, and generally looked after her. At the end of a month she went off, after presenting each of them with a paltry two-franc piece (forty cents). Now I contend that the wage covered the extra normal cooking and housework entailed by her presence, but it did not cover the personal services or the kindly feeling behind them. Moreover, as the lady explained to me, no amount of money she could give the women would satisfy them for the scant recognition from the one to whom they had given, in all sympathy, such willing service.

It is, perhaps, when paying his first visit in an English house where a dozen or more indoor servants are kept, together with chauffeur and coachman, that the stranger feels his ignorance most keenly. A trained English servant has a way of making one feel he knows what's what. Until one grows accustomed to him and his ways, he is somewhat terrifying. One feels that one would rather do anything than look small in his eyes.

A very black cloud, I remember, hung over me as I embarked on my first journey abroad. It was the fear of my own ignorance of the tipping system. I can look back now over some years of experience in various countries and smile at the bogey. It was quite natural it should spoil my joy of anticipation. To how many has it not done likewise?

Once find yourself in the matter of tipping, and travelling in any part of the world, and particularly in England, becomes a delight. Until you do, it is a nightmare.

The average Canadian on his first trip abroad has plenty of money with him. Perfectly able and willing to do whatever is customary in this connecton, when he is suddenly placed where he must act without advice, he invariably, from a false pride, or a fear of looking mean, throws money away needlessly.

And this question is just the thing which everybody fights shy of. There is always an air of mystery surrounding the subject—not as to fact, but as to the amount—and no one in England seems to be particularly anxious to clear it up. So far as I can make out, it is a vexed point, even with the average Englishman and Englishwoman.

A man I know, over sixty, a bachelor and a club man, who has spent many years of his life on the Gold Coast and the rest in London, confessed to me that he went in dread the whole year round, because of a visit he was expected to pay to a school friend of Charterhouse days, who lived in a palace and was surrounded by flunkeys.

"I have never yet been able to leave the place with an easy mind. There is always the uncomfortable feeling

that I may not have done the right thing by the servants. I'm perfectly willing to give whatever is usual, but there's the point. How is one to know what is usual?

How indeed? Unless one observes and investigates persistently and so learns to appraise good service at its proper tipable value and evolves a scale for one's self.

For instance, on one occasion I was spending Whitsuntide with some friends in Sussex who had other people staying in the house as well. On my arrival, the maid asked for my keys, saying she would unpack for me if I wished. I willingly gave them to her.

We did a good deal of motoring and had altogether a very pleasant time. Each evening when I went to my room to dress for dinner, everything was laid out for me, and care taken to have the right accessories for each frock.

On the Tuesday morning I ran up to my room about eleven o'clock to put my things into my trunk, as the party was breaking up after lunch. I found the maid in possession and all my things on the bed. She was packing. I slipped five shillings into her hand and went back to the library where I had left one of the guests. She had a wide experience in visiting and was not of large or independent means. I asked her point blank what one was supposed to give a maid under such circumstances. She was one of the exceptions. She had no hesitation whatever in telling me what she gave. It was half a crown (sixty cents), just half what I had given. I then asked her if I should tip the chauffeur. She said she was not doing so herself, as there were men in the party, but since we had used the car a good deal, I could of course do so if I wished. It would be quite in order.

Once, and once only, have I ever heard anyone lay down anything like general rules for private house tipping. She was a woman who had stayed much in the houses of people in what is called, for lack of a better designation, smart society.

There was one place where she used to visit for a month at a time, and she knew all the servants from lady's maid down to kitchen maid. She was Irish and warmhearted, and though she could not well afford it tipped generously from sheer gladness of giving.

It happened that she had no maid of her own, and her hostess's frequently performed small services for her. On one occasion when she was leaving, she offered this woman the usual sovereign. To her surprise she looked embarrassed, hesitated, then asked, "Please, Miss, will you allow me to say something?" Receiving permission, she proceeded: "If you don't mind I would rather not take all that. And I would like to say, Miss, that of all the people who come to this house no one gives such big tips as you." She went on to assure her, with perfect respect, that it was quite unnecessary, that the servants would be well satisfied with half what she gave, and often did not get a quarter. The lady had some difficulty in making the girl understand she gave because she chose, not from an obligation to do so.

It was from her I learned that a personal servant (valet or lady's maid) should be tipped only with gold, and that gold also should be the portion of a butler, while footmen and other men servants could be tipped or not according to services performed. Also that it was not customary for ladies to tip men-servants. The gentlemen were expected to do that.

On the occasion of my first visit to a house where a large staff of servants was kept. I remember I gave to the butler, the footman, and the maid who did for me. That visit of two days cost me fifteen shillings in tips alone. And even then my poor mind was not free of anxiety. I wondered if I should have given gold (which I

could not afford) to each. The uncertainty quite marred my pleasure in an otherwise particularly charming visit. I have wondered since if the pantry rang with laughter at my expense that June afternoon. At another place, the coachman who drove me to the station received half a crown—quite unnecessary.

I have heard it said that some people make a practice of putting aside, for tips, ten per centum of their regular expenses in a hotel. In one hotel in Switzerland, I believe, it the custom to exact this amount from guests, towards a common fund, which is divided amongst the servants. But then again I have known hotel proprietors to refuse to act as a medium between their guests and servants.

As to the amount you should tip much depends upon the style in which you travel. For instance, on the *Mauretania* the scale of tipping is naturally much higher than on one of the lesser boats, even of the same line. Likewise, if you are travelling first-class in England, or on a train *de luxe* on the Continent, you would naturally be expected to give a sixpence or a shilling where a couple of pennies, or their equivalent, would be perfectly satisfactory from a third-class passenger.

I remember going on a visit to some people in Berkshire. I was met at the small railway station by the daughter of the house, who immediately took charge of me and my belongings, gave directions to the porter what to do with my box, and handed him two pence. That was a lesson to me who had always felt very apologetic and uncomfortable if the state of my exchequer made me saving of my sixpenny bits. I won't say I have never given a porter sixpence since then, but, when I have, it has been for something more than the ordinary service.

I remember once giving a porter as much as half a crown, and, though, I do not think it is a wise principle to pay anybody for being honest, I have never regretted it. I was coming up from Cookham, where I had been visiting for the week-end, and I had several bits of hand luggage in the carriage with me. When the train drew into Paddington I handed these to a porter and jumped out.

"That is all," I said. "There is a dress basket in the van behind. Get it and call a taxi."

The man, instead of following me immediately, climbed inside the carriage. I turned, half curious to see what he was doing, when to my consternation he held up my handbag which contained more money than I would have cared to lose, and some jewellery.

I gasped. The porter looked a respectful reproof.

"It had all my money in it," I said, as I took it from him, "and I don't suppose I should ever have seen it again if you had not taken the precaution to examine the carriage."

"It's not the first time, Miss, that has happened."

Porters, English porters at least, are as a rule a very honest lot. I could quote story after story that has come to my notice in the past couple of years to illustrate this.

I know two men who made the silly old mistake of a half sovereign for a sixpence in tipping porters. In one case the train was just beginning to move when the man came for his tip. The gentleman put his hand hastily into his pocket and handed him a coin. By this time the train was going quite fast. The porter sprang on the footboard for a moment and flung the gold piece into the carriage. He paid for his honesty by so doing, for he sacrificed his tip altogether, there being no time to remedy the matter or even to get the man's number. In the other case, the porter was more fortunate, for he made his discovery in time and ran down the platform after the gentleman, who presented him with a shilling instead.

A friend of mine handed a man a

penny and a half crown in the dark one night at Ascot railway station. She discovered her mistake later, and spoke to the stationmaster about it the next day.

"Yes, ma'am, he told me," he said, and called the porter, who handed over the silver bit unhesitatingly, and accepted sixpence.

Foreign porters are, as a rule, not so satisfactory, though I have seen a man on one of the Departmental Railways of France discover a lady's overlooked handbag with all her money in it, and handed it out to her, exactly as the porter at Paddington had done with mine.

A porter carried seven small pieces of hand luggage to a first-class carriage for an English lady at Boulogne, then put his head into the window and said that the tariff was one franc a piece.

"Oh, dear, is it?" she cried, and handed over seven francs!

Even the guard on a French railway will extort money, if he can, from English passengers. On the journey through from Switzerland or the Riviera, he will politely offer to see your things through the customs, and you hand him over your keys. After the frontier is passed he will bring these back and get his tip. And when you reach Paris you find he has done nothing, for the luggage is not examined till then.

A party of people were discussing foreign experiences, when one lady told this story:

"When my son was going off to Switzerland last winter I was afraid he was not allowing himself enough money for travelling expenses. We disputed the matter, and at last I sewed a sovereign in one of the pockets of his waistcoat, and just as he was saying good-bye I told him of it, fearing he might send his clothes downstairs to be brushed. He laughed and went off. Last night he was dining with me, and suddenly something that was said reminded him of the incident.

"'By the way, mother,' he said teasingly, clapping his hand over his pocket, 'I still have that sov.'

"I went over and felt, and sure enough there it was.

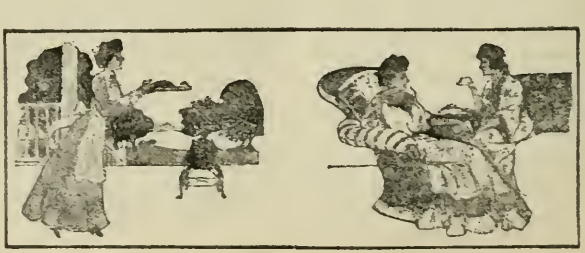
" 'Silly boy,' I said, 'why leave it?'

"I got the scissors and ripped it, and took out—a mark!"

"But hotel servants are not all like that," said one of the party, "for I gave a man a sovereign in mistake for a shilling at the *Star and Garter* at Richmond once, and the next time I was there, which was not till the following season, I spoke to the proprietor about it. He immediately called the man and he handed me out a gold piece and accepted the normal tip."

"That reminds me of the time I gave a cabby a sovereign instead of a shilling," said another. "I discovered the mistake almost immediately, and wheeled quickly to stop him, but he was at my elbow, just going to hand it back."

"I gave a cabby a twenty-mark piece once in Wiesbaden," exclaimed a lady ruefully, "and he fled. I never could find him, though I always kept my eye out. I think he's running yet."



THE ART OF MARY RITER HAMILTON

BY FLORENCE E. DEACON

WHEN Mrs. Mary Riter Hamilton opened her first Canadian exhibition of pictures in Toronto, in November, 1911, the question was asked generally, "Who is this artist? We have never heard of her." And it speaks something of the worth of that exhibition when, coming unheralded and unknown, Mrs. Hamilton won at once the enthusiastic approbation of a critical element of the art public. Still greater success attended her subsequent exhibitions in Montreal, Ottawa, and Winnipeg, which were held under the gracious patronage of Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Connaught, who also bought three of her pictures. A photograph of one of them, "A Spanish Fishing Village, Fontarabia," is reproduced on page 564

Mrs. Hamilton is a Canadian just returned from eight years of study in Europe. She was born and educated in Teeswater, Ontario, but after her marriage at eighteen years of age, she lived in Port Arthur. Five years later she was a widow. With scanty financial resources the young woman looked about for some means of earning her living. It was very plain to her what she wanted to do, but could she do it?

Several summers before this, during a week's visit in Toronto, she had taken some lessons from Mr. and Mrs. George A. Reid, and again during a similarly short visit, had received instruction from Mr. Wylie Grier, all of these artists giving her the warmest assurances of her genuine talent.

Although she had been sketching ever since she could hold a pencil, two or three weeks' training was a very slender preparation for a course in art abroad, yet after her husband's death, when the opportunity came to

MRS. MARY RITER HAMILTON

Painting by Mary Riter Hamilton

NOTRE DAME DE PARIS (water-colour)

Owned by Mr. William R. Miller

go with friends to Germany, she resolved to take the risk.

Mrs. Hamilton drew her first head in Berlin under the supervision of Franz Skarbina, who three months later started her in colour. The first summer abroad was spent in Italy, the second in Holland, after which she went to study at Paris, joining the portrait class of J. Blanche in the Vittie Academy, taking drawing from Mercon and Gervais and private lessons in painting from Castaluchi. That first winter and every subsequent one at Paris was crowded with incessant labour, each day the long hours from eight to twelve and from one to five being used unfailingly for work, and only the interference of her friends prevented many of the evenings being spent in the same way.

It was in 1905 that Mrs. Hamilton first exhibited in the Salon. Two oils and a water-colour were accepted, and all were hung on the line. Before sending any pictures in, she had shown her work to Gervais, who picked out twelve things, any one of which, he said, would pass any critic. With the exception of one intervening year, which was spent in Canada, she has exhibited in the Salon every season since.

Most of her year in Canada was spent in Winnipeg, where she had a large class of pupils, and on her return to Europe she studied in various places — Florence, Berlin, Vienna, Paris, and spent four months in Holland painting mostly interiors.

The first impression of Mrs. Hamilton's work as seen in her Canadian

Painting by Mary Riter Hamilton

MATERNITY (oil)

Painting by Mary Riter Hamilton

THE CASTLE POOL (oil)

Owned by Sir Edward Clouston

exhibitions of nearly 150 pictures is of splendid colouring, originality in composition and subjects and of dignity and poetry in their handling. Probably the best from a technical standpoint were four interiors, "The Pantheon," "The Victory in the Louvre," "Napoleon's Tomb," and "Notre Dame," in which the sentiment of the buildings was caught, without too much attention to detail. In "Napoleon's Tomb," particularly, there is a clever contrast between the cold, dim blues of the interior and the blaze of sunlight which sifts through them.

Mrs. Hamilton confines herself to no particular methods, and critics disagree as to whether her future success lies more in water-colours or in oils. She handles both with equal facility. During a stay in Venice, she worked in oils on dull days and in water-colours on bright days. One of the most fascinating pictures in the collection was the result of this visit, "Abazia di St. Gregario," a fine old courtyard, massive and brown, with golden autumn vines climbing up to the balcony and spreading sunshine through the air and reflecting it on column and wall and pavement.

"Devant la fenétre" is a good example of free brushwork fresh colour and boldness of design. It shows a young girl in a blue kimona sitting before an open window through which is seen a blue sky and soft white clouds. There are red geraniums on the window-seat and these are reflected also in the glass of the window which has been swung back. The

Painting by Mary Riter Hamilton

INTERIOR, NOTRE DAME DE PARIS

Owned by Dr Ami

pretty pose of the girl's head, the contrast beteen the out-of-doors and the in-doors, the delightful scheme of colour, make a most refreshing picture. It was painted at Givernay, where Monnet lives, and here also was the scene of "The Castle Pool," a canvas that expresses all the indolent charm of garden fantasy.

All Mrs. Hamilton's work has "life." One does not need to be told that she paints because she wants to or because painting absorbs her whole thought and being. This is why her work unfailingly pleases: it is vital. It is also big and confident. It would be incorrect to assert that it has no faults, that it is without exception "finished," but it is equally just to say that the faults are lost in the

Painting by Mary Riter Hamilton

THE CASTLE STAIR, FONTARABIA (oil)

Owned by the Right-Honorable Mr. R. L. Borden

virtues and in the expression of the emotion that inspired it, and that her work is eminently strong.

Mrs. Hamilton has the natural faculty—much to be desired and difficult to acquire—of choosing subjects that are instantly attractive. She avoids the freakish, the sensual, the sensational. If it be a street scene it is one of unusual interest, such as "The Spanish Fishing Village," where the artist has transferred to canvas all the haziness and warmth, the indolence and gossip, the overcrowded, almost communal life of a Spanish village street. It is a scene that arouses curiosity, conjecture.

Or it may be merely an old stone stairway, vitalised by means of contrast between masses of shadow and the concentrated light on a childish figure on the steps. This picture, "The Castle Stair," suggests all the old romance of castle and cloister. Like most of the pictures by this artist, it awakens responsive feeling.

Painting by Mary Riter Hamilton

AN IMPRESSION OF VENICE (oil)

Owned by the Duchess of Connaught

"Maternity" is painted in light tones with an impressionistic touch. The drawing and colouring are excellent, but the feature that wins instant sympathy is the reality of the picture. One loses sight of the artist's model, forgets that there is such a thing as posing and sees only the wonderful half-sad mother-love and mother-yearning and the confiding, satisfied babe.

In France Mrs. Hamilton's name first became generally known when a popular magazine, *Lecture pour Tous*, reproduced in colour for its Christmas number in 1905 a charming picture of a goose-girl in the light of a December sunset driving home the geese, the French symbol of Christmas festivity. It is done in yellow and blue, the golden yellow of a setting sun and its reflected hue on cottage windows and the tender blues of snowy twilight. The geese are in their usual condition of comic foolishness, and the girl has the haste and excitement of holiday expectancy. The artist has caught the atmosphere of the place and the season.

"Devant le Feu" is one of several pictures of moods, this, a wistful one, inspired by the tender influences of evening and firelight. The picture is beautiful in composition and feeling.

Mr. A. E. Taylor, speaking of the work of Mrs. Hamilton in *The Studio* says: "Her work in oil is strong and sincere, but to me her water-colours make a special appeal with their quiet charm; they show a thorough understanding of the power of this medium, in which I feel her greatness lies." This estimate may be true, but with two or three exceptions, nevertheless, all her finest pictures in the Canadian collection were oils.

Painting by Mary Riter Hamilton

SPANISH FISHING VILLAGE (oil)

Owned by the Duchess of Connaught

If Mrs. Hamilton continues to work with the earnestness of the past eight years, discarding all that is unworthy and unessential, seeking only for the true and beautiful, it would be impossible to assign any limit to what she may attain. At present she paints with distinction, with delicacy and with grace; the future depends not upon her capability—of that she has plenty—but upon her health and energy.

A SOCIAL SOMERSAULT

BY GEORGE RANDOLPH CHESTER

IT was not from choice that Mr. William Adsum became the butler to his own butler. It was an honour that was thrust upon him as an incident of his life and death battle in X. Y. & Z. railroad stock. The bear element was after his scalp—had been for over a year—and every cent he could rake and scrape together had been used to preserve his credit in the Street. The butcher, the baker, the candlestick-maker, even his very servants, were unpaid, so hard run he had been. The turn of the tide was in sight now, however, and it suited the generalship of the crafty fighter to disappear, for a time, from the haunts of bulls and bears. Only his broker knew that the master of financial strategy had quietly withdrawn to his new and little known summer retreat, where a wire and a tinkling bell kept him in touch with feverish Wall Street.

It is possible, even for a man whose wealth is estimated in millions, to be hard up for ready cash. Mr. Adsum realised this when his butler, during the second week of his retirement, suddenly appeared in the study and demanded his pay.

"What with settling for one month and then skipping one or two, sir, you owe us upwards of six months' wages, and we want it," said the butler. "We make no complant about having to do double duty while here in the country," he went on. "I'm willing to accommodate, though it *is* a hardship for a man of my standing in service to act as footman, and even valet. Yes sir, even valet!"

"So that's where the shoe pinches, eh, James?" suggested Mr. Adsum with a dry smile.

"Not at all, sir, not *at* all!" replied James, with a haste and emphasis which left no doubt whatever that the sore spot had been touched. "I'm always willing to accommodate. Why, sir, I even learned to drop my 'haitches' to please Mrs. Von Plott, who wanted an English butler."

"Yes, I know," gloomily replied the other. "I gave you a raise of ten dollars a month for that."

"But I don't get it!" protested James. "And I want it. We all want our money."

"I'm sorry, James, but I haven't got it just now," answered Mr. Adsum, meeting the humiliating issue in his own forceful way. "You'll have to allow me to pay you at my own convenience. That will be all at present."

"Begging your pardon, sir, but I'm not through talking yet," said James with unexpected boldness. "There's another way you can settle with us, right to-day. You and your family can trade places with us below stairs for one week!"

"What!" gasped Mr. Adsum.

"Yes, sir. We've talked it all over in the kitchen, sir, and we've made up our minds that we'd rather have a week of feeling how it seems to be waited on than to have our money. Now there's you can take my place, Mrs. Adsum can go down in the kitchen as cook, Mr. Cyril can be coachman, Miss Grace the maid, and Mrs. Van Plott can be governess of her own children."

Mr. Adsum would have stopped this

speech right in the beginning, but he was so much astounded that he could only splutter.

"James, you are discharged!" he exclaimed, with his first controllable breath. "Leave the room and tell the others that they may pack up and get out at once!"

"Very well, sir," said James, turning at the door. "But I'm very much afraid some of the others will return to the city and tell all the help they know, and afterwards bring suit for their money. I shall give you an hour to decide, sir."

Left to himself, Mr. Adsum fumed and paced the floor for a while, but he was not given to the rage that blinds—no man can be swayed by that and succeed in Wall Street—and, as he cooled off, he became thoughtful. If those five told all the servants they knew, that they had been dismissed by the Adsums with six months' pay coming to them, the wives of all his business associates would know it before night, and the husband of every one of these wives would know it before next morning. Then where would his credit be? He might borrow, but he did not dare to cripple his credit with a loan for paltry hundreds when he might, nay, probably would, need it for hundreds of thousands at the coming crisis in his affairs. His account at his own bank was already overdrawn, and another over-check would strain his credit there. The outlook was rather gloomy.

He called a family council, and explained the dilemma in all its bearings. To his surprise he did not meet with the expected storm of opposition. His wife eagerly assured him that it would be a pleasure to get into the kitchen after twenty years of absence, and declared that she could cook now as well as she did in the days when they lived in a tiny rented cottage and had no help at all. Cyril didn't mind—it would be good sport for a while, and he liked horses anyway. Grace thought it would be a lark—moreover, it would do the maid good to be shown how the work should be done. Mrs. Von Plott, the married daughter, was the only one of the quintet who recoiled in horror from the idea.

"I should never, never get over the indignity of it," she wailed, "and besides, suppose it should ever be found out!"

"As for the indignity, it wouldn't be the first one from which you have recovered," retorted her father, with pointed allusion to the absent Von Plott, the family gold brick, who, with his bogus title on his calling cards, was just then trotting about the country on the trail of an actress with whom he was smitten. "And if the thing gets found out we will let you claim it as an eccentric whim of ours. If it should become known just now, however, you are likely to have the pleasure of acting as governess to your own children for the balance of your life, and of earning a living for them besides. I'm going to send for James, now, and see if I can't avoid this thing, but if I can't, I am going to give in. And I bet you I'll make the best butler that ever drew a cork."

At this moment there was an interruption in the family council, in the person of Miss Wilmer, the governess.

"Please pardon me for intruding," she breathlessly began, "but I want you to know that I have no part in this—this absurd plan of James's, and—"

"Did you take part in the conference, downstairs, about demanding the money?" coldly interrupted Mr. Adsum.

"Yes, sir," she acknowledged, colouring and casting an appealing glance at the others in turn, excepting Cyril, to whom she paid no attention whatever. "My mother needs all the money I can send her, but—"

"That will do, then," broke in Mr. Adsum. "You shall have your taste of social elevation with the others."

"But—"

"Miss Wilmer, you will please return to the nursery until Mrs. Von Plott comes to take your place!"

She gave one more appealing glance at the family circle. She had meant to make a decided stand, but catching the eye of Cyril, she fled.

Mr. Adsum was unable to make a compromise with James. It was either cash on the nail or the social cataclysm, and Mr. Adsum chose the latter.

"And now, James," he inquired, "when do you intend to begin your —er—your taste of high life?"

"Why, right away, sir, replied the butler. "The fact is that the maid and the coachman have already laid off their liveries, and the cook has got on her silk dress. You will, of course, Mr. Adsum, put on my livery —you and I are about of a size—and will expect to be called William."

Mr. Adsum winced, but he was widely known as a "game" man.

"Go and change your clothes at once," he said.

Half an hour later the social upheaval was complete, and some curious ideas developed. It transpired that Mrs. Meacham's conception of wealth was to have nothing whatever to do, and she sat on the front porch, in all her finery, rocking and humming, "The Wearin' o' th' Green," in huge content. Mrs. Meacham was the cook.

Mr. Puffing's idea was to have a clear and unbroken field for his dignity, and, as a starter, he went into the study and sat at the reading table in stiff state. Mr. Puffing was the butler, erstwhile James.

Mr. Sam Banks had air castles that centred around plenty to drink. Mr. Banks was the coachman, and he came into the study with his hat on and rang the bell. Mr. Adsum came promptly. Mr. Puffing noted with complacency that the new butler was not half so fine a figure in livery as himself, being too large of girth and too small of calf. The livery did not fit him well, and he looked very awkward, though commendably cheerful.

"Willam," sad Mr. Banks, "a couple of highballs."

Mr. Adsum bowed with admirable stiffness and left the room.

"Sam,—" began Mr. Puffing.

"Mr. Banks!" corrected Sam.

"Quite right," acknowledged Mr. Puffing. "Mr. Banks, you ought to take off your hat, and take your hands out of your pockets, and not sit astraddle of a chair that way. Act aristocratic. Observe me. Do as I do!"

Sam made no answer, but he took off his hat and otherwise followed Mr. Puffing's masterly directions.

Mr. Adsum returned in due season with a decanter of whiskey, two clinking goblets, ice, and a bottle of mineral water. With grave care he made the highballs and presented them to the two gentlemen.

"Here's looking at you," said Mr. Banks to Mr. Puffing.

"To your very good health," replied Mr. Puffing with easy grace, and they drank.

"I never did care for it this way very much," observed Mr. Banks, eyeing his empty glass. I like it straight for mine. You can just leave the liquor here, William."

Mr. Adsum looked at Mr. Puffing with a shade of perplexity. Sam and whiskey had never made a very good combination. Mr. Puffing recognised the cause of the worried look and gave his butler *pro tem a* meaning nod, whereupon Mr. Adsum withdrew, much relieved.

Mr. Banks poured out a half tumbler of the liquor.

"I hope Sam—" began Mr. Puffing.

"*Mr.* Banks!" gruffly corrected Sam.

"Quite right, Mr. Banks, excuse me. I was just going to say, Mr. Banks, that I hope you won't spoil everything with too much of that stuff."

"Look here, Mr. Puffing," said Sam, "I hope you don't get the idea

that you're the boss of the whole shebang!''

''Well, no,'' judiciously rejoined Mr. Puffing, ''but you must remember that, having taken Mr. Adsum's place, I am to be considered the head of the household.''

''You just remember this much then Puffing,'' retorted Sam. ''If you start in to boss me, I'm a-going to punch the head of the household's head off! You hear *me!*''

Mr. Puffing avoided this issue, but he was a deep, deep strategist.

''I wonder,'' he remarked by and bye, ''if Cyril knows how to manage that sore you was telling me about on Prince's off hind leg.''

Mr. Banks was up like a Jack-in-the-box.

''Sure *not!*'' he exclaimed. ''I'll have to tell him about that.'' and pausing only to drain his glass he hurried off to the stables, whereupon Mr. Puffing promptly hid the decanter.

Mr. Adsum, in the meantime, went up to the nursery, where he found Mrs. Von Plott calmly reading by the window, while Miss Milmer, still wearing her gray gown and white collar, was down on the floor playing with the twins.

''Jennie,'' he abruptly said to Mrs. Von Plott, ''you will please put on a costume as near like Miss Wilmer's as possible, and let Miss Wilmer come downstairs.''

Then he stalked out, leaving Mrs. Von Plott tearfully resigned, and Miss Wilmer fearful lest their mother might do something foolish to tear down her own careful work on the health and training of the twins. A little later she stole down stairs in a soft lavender dress that Grace Adsum had insisted on lending her.

''Because I want you to look as nice as possible,'' said Grace, and Miss Wilmer blushed, just on general principles.

The Adsums were so hopelessly unfashionable, even to the young folks, except for Mrs. Von Plott. And they were of the new rich, too, which makes it all the more strange.

As Miss Wilmer descended into the hall, Mr. Puffing sauntered out on the porch to pay his respects to Mrs. Meacham.

''How did you find yourself, Mrs. Meacham?'' he inquired with courtly solicitude.

''It's a little oneasy I am, thank ye kindly,'' replied Mrs. Meacham, sniffing the air. ''I'm thinkin' all the time I do be smellin' somewhat a-burnin' in th' kitchen beyant.''

''Merely imagination, I should judge, madam,'' rejoined Mr. Puffing. ''Have you given orders for dinner yet?''

''Tut, tut!'' exclaimed Mrs. Meacham. ''Now, man, I'd clane forgot ut. An' there's a fine pair o' fowls down there, too!'' And she bustled back to give Mrs. Adsum her orders.

In the kitchen Mrs. Meacham found Mrs. Adsum with a big apron on and her sleeves rolled up, positively happy in the making of some cherry pies.

''I've just come down to tell ye, ma'am,'' said the ex-cook, with a bob of courtesy which she could not help, ''that there's two nate fowls in th' ice box for dinner.''

''That's fine!'' said Mrs. Adsum, her eyes sparkling with pleasurable anticipation. ''How would it be to make an old-fashioned stew?''

''Not wid thim fowls, ma'am,'' Mrs. Meachan objected, and going to the refrigerator she brought out the chickens. ''They'd cook up tough in a stew, thim fowls would,'' she went on, examining them with the eye and thumb of a connoisseur, ''but in a roast, now, ma'am, I'll show ye how to cook thim tender an' schwate—an' there's a new dressin' I've been wantin' t' thry. Instead o' usin' sage, now, ye—'' and Mrs. Meacham went deep into the mysteries of the new dressing, with Mrs. Adsum a delighted listener. Soon after the two women were working side by side, contentedly planning and executing a perfect orgy of cooking.

Miss Perkins was the only one of the lot who finished the day consistently. She lolled in the hammock until dinner, and after dinner played the piano and sang most hideously until bedtime—like a perfect lady. The others all had lapses.

Miss Wilmer, for instance, upon coming down stairs had ensconced herself in the hall to read, but at the first cry from little Helen, her favourite twin, went back up, two steps at a time—and stayed there. Sam Banks, out in the barn in his best clothes, carefully bandanged Prince's off hind foot, while Cyril handed him liniment. Mr. Puffing got along without a break until dinner time. There he took his place at the head of the table in solemn decorum, and first admired and then grew almost jealous of the dignified and capable manner in which the new butler acquitted himself. But when Mr. Adsum started to carve the fowls, Mr. Puffing cheered up, for the delicate operation was being most atrociously performed. For the most part, joints refused to come off in the right places at all, and when they did they were ragged and frayed. Mr. Puffing squirmed uneasily until, at last, his professional instincts got the better of him, and he thrust Mr Adsum aside to carve and serve the fowls himself, in sedate but exultant pride of his own grace and skill.

It was a most interesting dinner. Mr. Puffing's ease was spoiled by a sense of responsibility and an uneasy following of Mr. Adsum's work. He had an almost uncontrollable impulse to get up and do things himself, so they should be properly done. Mrs. Meacham was the greatest thorn in Mr. Puffing's side. She sat down with a haughty pride enough, but from the moment that Mr. Adsum handed her the soup until dessert was served, she was in a most uncomfortable state of continual apology. Mr. Banks ate with his knife and did other things of note in perfect unconcern. Miss Wilmer was silent, constrained and miserable. Miss Perkins acted like a perfect lady, and more so. Mr. Banks finished by drinking too much wine and calling Mr. Adsum "William, old boy!"

After that Mr. Adsum retired to the servant's dining hall with a good appetite for his own dinner, sat down at the table with his wife, son and daughter, and laughed until the tears rolled down his cheeks. Mrs. Von Plott took her dinner in the nursery.

The incidents of the following morning were not so joyous, though there were redeeming features. Mrs. Meacham furnished the first one. Awakening at the usual time, she sleepily dressed herself and stumbled down to the kitchen before she remembered that now she was the mistress. Being there, however, she concluded that she might as well get breakfast, and Mrs. Adsum found her at it, humming "The Wearin' o' th' Green."

"It's a fine cup o' coffee I've got ready for ye, ma'am," she said. "Drink ut, ma'am. It'll do ye good if ye had as bad a night as me. Sure, I couldn't get used to your fine, soft bed, an' I couldn't schlape till th' stroke o' wan. If ye don't mind, ma'am, I'll go back to me own bed th' night."

Mr. Puffing, after a night's sleep over the situation, ordered his shaving water with sufficient gravity, but received it with such an obvious struggle between apology and authority that Mr. Adsum turned away chuckling.

Mrs. Von Plott awoke in the nursery to find Miss Wilmer dressing the twins and telling them a pretty fairy story, inspired by the freshness of the dew through which she had taken her customary morning walk.

Aside from these three events the morning was painful to all concerned. Mr. Banks awoke with a headache from the widely assorted drinks of the night before, and rang for a cocktail and a pitcher of ice water with vicious impatience. Mr. Adsum brought them up in very thoughtful

frame of mind, but Mr. Puffing met him in the hall and carried them in to Mr. Banks, being roundly cursed by that gentleman for his pains. Miss Perkins rang for the maid, and Grace Adsum needed all her keen sense of humour to sustain her in the ordeal that followed, Miss Perkins having read in certain paper novels that perfect ladies always dressed in a tantrum.

Mr. Banks, having attired himself and breakfasted in a manner to increase the deep thoughtfulness of the new butler, sent out for the coachman to saddle Black Robert, and objected to the manner of saddling in such surly fashion that Cyril dug his finger nails into his palms all the way back to the stables. Miss Perkins shortly after ordered the phaeton up for a morning drive, and dictated that the coachman should attend in livery. She was dressed in all her jewelry, and she shot Cyril a very melting glance as he handed her into the carriage.

In about half an hour they returned, and Miss Perkins was furious. Cyril had been forced to tell her that it was not considered good form to address so much general and personal conversation to the coachman!

Mrs. Adsum sat complacently rocking on the porch when they drew up to the porte-cochère. She had burned a scar on her hand, and Mrs. Meacham, in remorse, had driven her from the kitchen for good. Miss Perkins sailed majestically past her and met Mr. Adsum in the hall.

"William," said she, "go out and tell the cook to get off the front porch and go back where she belongs. The very idea!"

Mr. Adsum looked after her in deeper thoughtfulness than ever, but he took out a footstool for his wife and omitted the message.

Cyril was driving back to the barn when Grace, with a broom in her hand and a dainty dust-cap on her head, stopped him and whispered something that made him warmly grasp her hand, speaking quickly:

"Grace, you're a brick!" he exclaimed, and drove back into the porte-cochère just as Miss Wilmer came out on the porch with little Helen and Hal.

"I believe, Miss Wilmer," said Cyril, touching his hat, "that this is your hour for driving with the children."

She flushed and drew back for a moment, then smiled as an idea came.

"I will go and tell the governess," she said demurely, and hurried up the stairs. It was the first time she had admitted Mrs. Von Plott's claim to the title.

Cyril bit his lips, then laughed and turned to his mother.

"She's sharp as a tack," he observed.

"She's a good girl all the way through," said his mother warmly.

Miss Wilmer unexpectedly returned, looking embarrassed.

"What's the matter?" asked Cyril with a mischevious smile. "Is the governess ill?"

"Mrs. Von Plott has a headache," she explained, and nervously allowed him to help the children and herself into the phaeton.

"Miss Wilmer," said Cyril, turning to her as soon as they were out of sight of the house, "how soon are you going to marry me?"

"Never," she assured him, catching her breath.

"Why, that's what you told me last week, and all the other times," he protested. "Move the date a little nearer this time, please."

"Mr. Adsum," she said, with a little quaver in her voice, "why will you take advantage of your position to torment me so? Why will you not remember our social difference?"

"It is rather presumptuous in a coachman, I'll admit," he replied with a significant smile at his plush-trimmed sleeve.

"Please don't allude to this distressing farce," she answered. "To-morrow it will be over, and if I were

weak enough to marry you I should be classed as a fortune hunter all my life. And please don't drive me away from here. It is not generous of you and it is not manly. If you will not consider me, however, think of your own family."

Cyril laughed comfortably.

"That's a good joke," he said. "With the sole exception of Jennie—Mrs. Von Plott, I mean—I hope she'll pardon me for omitting the title—we have no 'family' worth mentioning. Father and mother, as you know, are just as simple and unspoiled as they were when they were poor, and as for Grace, why bless her heart! she gave me the hint to take you on this very drive. She just aches to have you for a sister. But I know what is the matter. I began to propose to you about six months ago. In the past year father has had a pretty shaky time of it, and he may fail at any moment. I don't blame you. I'm not a very good speculation."

It was ungentlemanly of him, and he winced as he said it, but it had the effect that he had carefully counted upon.

"Cyril!" she cried, and impulsively clasped her hand above his arm. "How could you!"

He clasped her as she removed it. If she had not loved him she would have been insulted, indignant at the brutal suggestion. As it was she was only hurt—deeply hurt!

"Then you do care for me!" he exulted. "I am sure of it now!"

"It—it wasn't fair," she protested, "but—but it doesn't alter the case any."

"No, not much," he admitted, "except that I'm going to marry you, that's all."

"You might wait to get my consent," she replied with a tremulous attempt at retort, but he paid no attention to it, whatever. She began to be admiringly afraid that he would keep his word. She had to laugh, presently, in spite of herself. This was not at all like the wooing that she had always imagined she would have.

When Cyril reached the stables after his drive he found Mr. Banks waiting for him in a quarrelsome mood.

"Look here, Cyril," Sam roughly demanded, "didn't you know better than to hitch up Lady Jane so soon after that accident?"

Cyril bit his lips but made no reply.

In the phaeton lay Miss Wilmer's handkerchief, and they both reached for it at once. Cyril got it and put it in his pocket with such haste that the other smiled meaningly.

"Bein' a coachman ain't so bad when it comes to drivin' some o' th' ladies, eh?" he remarked, with a leer.

"You miserable whelp!" exclaimed Cyril. "I'm going to stop this infernal foolishness right now!"

It was a beautiful scrimmage. When it was over, Cyril called for some refreshments. James served them in the study, and joined, at Mr. Adsum's invitation.

"Here's to your good health, gentlemen," James proposed. "Every man to his trade, say I, and Mrs. Meacham says the same to me not above an hour ago. I've been with you now for fifteen years, Mr. Adsum, under the best of treatment, and I can't seem to feel comfortable with seeing you in that livery, so if you'll just take it off and allow me, I'll wear it myself from now on."

"I hope you'll wear it for another fifteen years, James," said Mr. Adsum cordially. Whatever more he might have said was interrupted by the telephone bell.

"What!" exclaimed Mr. Adsum at the 'phone. "X. Y. Z. up twelve points since last night? Great! And still rising? Immense! The whole bear crowd on the run, eh? Have a cigar, Allen! Have two cigars! And say, close out my holding in U. V. & W. and transfer the

proceeds to my account at the Standard National Bank. I'm through with that stock now. I'll be with you to-morrow, and we'll wipe that Dollerby crowd clean off the Street!"

"James," continued Mr. Adsum briskly, hanging up the receiver, "call the servants up here. I'm going to pay them all off right now."

He had written out five checks by the time they had gathered. Grace came in with Miss Wilmer, and Mrs. Adsum came to speak a word for Mrs. Meacham if it should be needed.

"I suppose I'm let go," said Sam, taking his check with one hand, while he covered his left eye with his other palm, "but I want to say I'm genuine sorry for what I done, just the same. I oughtn't to drink anything stronger than water. I've been properly licked, but I don't bear no malice for it. Mr. Cyril is a gentleman, all right, and he puts up a grand good fight. But I—I'm sorry to leave the horses, sir. I don't think you'll find anybody to understand Prince and Robert like I do. I—I just plumb love them horses, sir!"

"Let him stay, father," urged Cyril.

"Certainly," assented Mr. Adsum. "Sam, your first duty will be to drive Miss Perkins to the station."

What Miss Perkins said does not matter.

"I hope to have the others remain with us," said Mr. Adsum.

"You'll have to get a new governess," announced Cril, "because I'm going to marry Miss Wilmer as soon as we get back to the city," and reaching back he caught her gently but firmly by the wrist and drew her up within convenient reach to put his arm around her."

"You've been a long while about it," said his father. "When I was your age I didn't waste so much time. Come here, girl, and kiss your father."

But motherly Miss Adsum already had Miss Wilmer in her arms, and Cyril, by way of passing the time, kissed his sister, then his mother and Miss Wilmer.

As for Mss Wilmer, she cried. What else could she do?"

EDSON J. CHAMBERLIN

THE NEW PRESIDENT OF THE GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY

BY EDWARD ANGUS

WHEN the Vice-Presidency of the Grand Trunk Pacific was made vacant by the resignation of Mr. Frank W. Morse, almost every railway man in America who was in that class was "mentioned" for the position. It was an attractive job, because it meant the personal supervision of the construction of the western half of a transcontinental railway which promised to surpass in point of physical perfection any railway on this or any other continent. The one man who was not mentioned for that position was Mr. E. J. Chamberlin.

Mr. Chamberlin had begun his railway career in the north country. Born in New Hampshire, he was reared in Vermont. His first railroading was done on the Central Vermont Railway at St. Albans. About the same time Mr. Charles S. Mellen, now President of the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railway, began his career at the same place and on the same line. D. B. Robinson, afterward President of the Mexican National; W. B. Strong, late President of the Sante Fe, and many other successful railway men, were wrought out among these rugged hills; and Judge Prouty, the watchdog of the railway world, comes from Vermont.

Mr. Chamberlin had become proficient in many branches of railway work, when Mr. Booth, the lumber king, decided to build a railway from Lake Champlain up into the forests of Ontario. Mr. Chamberlin was selected for this work, and he immediately established himself on the job. Like his illustrious predecessor, Mr. Charles M. Hays, Mr. Chamberlin thrived on work. Camping at the front, he literally slept in the open until the road was completed. He followed the builders, was with them and of them from start to finish. The lumber road was ultimately pushed westward to Georgian Bay. And when it was finished it was called the Canada Atlantic, and, connecting with the Grand Trunk at Coteau Junction, began to bid for business of carrying people between Montreal and Ottawa. To its older and stronger competitor this seemed like a joke. Time cards were tightened up and the big line's locomotives used to whistle by the lumber road—whistling them ahead.

The manager of the Canada Atlantic was ambitious. When he had succeeded in putting his track in good shape, he went into the market to secure a couple of "roadsters." He would build, he said, a pair of black flyers that would fit over this 120 miles in 120 minutes. When he placed the contract for these two locomotives the main specification was that they should make seventy miles an hour with a full train. In a little while the new engines were delivered at Ottawa and tried out. They delivered the goods. They actually loafed along the line at a mile a minute, and, to test them, they were speeded up to eighty miles an hour The big competitor, with its splendid track and rolling stock, was amazed at the speed of

the little line. Presently the two roads—three, in fact, because the Grand Trunk was made a part of the route—got together and slackened the maddening speed. A few years later the little line was absorbed by the Grand Trunk System.

Mr. Chamberlin, having tasted the excitement of construction, of creating, decided to retire from the road and enter the business of railway building. He had drifted to the southwest and was engaged in big work there when the President of the Grand Trunk System sought him out and asked him to visit Montreal. Very reluctantly the contractor accepted the Vice-Presidency and General-Managership of the Grand Trunk Pacific. Now, as in the days when he was building the Canada Atlantic, he insisted upon going to the front. Almost the first thing he did was to pull up stakes at Montreal and transfer his official headquarters to Winnipeg. The fact that he did this reveals a strong characteristic of the man—his idea of the importance of being on the job all the time.

There is an interesting story to the effect that Mr. Chamberlin had remarked, playfully, to a friend that he would enjoy just such a job as building the Grand Trunk Pacific. A part of this story is that this friend was the first man to recommend Mr. Chamberlin for this position, but he had already been chosen. While he put his heart into the work, as he always did into all his work, it was well known that Mr. Chamberlin had in his mind the matter of retiring when the Grand Trunk Pacific should be linked up with the Atlantic Ocean. He did not want the job—he did not need the money, but he felt that this much he owed to his chief, the late President Hays.

When the awful crash came and the *Titanic* went down, carrying with it the President of the Grand Trunk System, Mr. Chamberlin was almost immediately selected as his successor. Here again he did not seek the place. As a matter of fact he tried to side-step, but the job was a big one, an attractive one, and there were certain associations, coupled with the desire to see this great work completed, and all these factors and influences combined to persuade him to accept the Presidency of the Grand Trunk System. Mr. Chamberlin is a strong man, a strong character. He has the confidence of his Board of Directors and of his officials. Although born in the United States, so much of his life work has been in Canada that he has become rooted in the Dominion, has a pride in its development and can be depended upon, in season and out, to work for the advancement of all things Canadian, just as surely as have the American-born heads of the Grand Trunk's chief Canadian competitor.

Mr. Chamberlin has wisely chosen for his successor on the Grand Trunk Pacific a gentleman whom he knows, in whose loyalty and ability he has absolute confidence—Mr. Donaldson.

The directors of the Grand Trunk were indeed fortunate to find a man in the service capable of taking the place so tragically made vacant by the deplorable death of Mr. Hays, and it is expected by those who have worked with him and served under him that the new President will push to completion the plans already made by his predecessor and inaugurate other enterprises, carrying them forward until the Grand Trunk shall become, under his reign, one of the great transportation systems of the world.

It is well, also, for the Grand Trunk and for Canada that Mr. Chamberlin's duties when in the West included a general supervision of the construction of the National Transcontinental line—the Government end of the Grand Trunk Pacific. With this work he has been in close and constant touch, and the knowledge gained during the past few years will serve him well in his new and wider

MR. E. J. CHAMBERLIN

The New President of the Grand Trunk Railway

field. He knows, too, the early history of the Grand Trunk, how it had to twist and turn like a caged rabbit for an outlet to larger traffic centres, in the dawn of the Dominion as we know it to-day.

The Grand Trunk Presidency is a difficult position to fill. It requires

MR. MORLEY DONALDSON

The new Vice-President of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway lines west of Fort William. He is a Scotsman and a thorough-going railway man.

versatility and a strong spine. Although it is the "Grand Trunk Railway of Canada," it is also an international system. Years ago Canada insisted upon and insisted in the construction of the line to Portland, Maine, in order to provide an outlet to a winter port. That was before the Intercolonial was built. In transferring the Riviére du Loup line to the Government for the Intercolonial, the Government bound the Grand Trunk to use that money to secure an outlet to Chicago. This provision imposed by Sir John A. Macdonald and put through by Sir Charles Tupper, seemed to have been a good one, for it is well known that if to-day the "Alien ends" of the Grand Trunk were amputated the "trunk" would die. In fact the main object of the New England extensions now under construction is to gather the manufactures of New England for distribution in the Western States, and to lure from the Atlantic some of the ocean traffic now going by way of New York to the West.

In 1867 Sir Henry Tyler was sent out to Canada to see what was the matter and he told the board in London that the loss of a lot of traffic was due directly to the abrogation of the Reciprocity Treaty with the United States. This would appear to furnish still another evidence of the wisdom of the Macdonald-Tupper contention that the road must look to the south for its traffic.

Five years later Sir Henry Tyler

MR. J. E. DALRYMPLE

A young Montreal man who as Vice-President has charge of all traffic on land and sea of the Grand Trunk and Grand Trunk Pacific Railways. He has never worked for any other railway.

was elected President of the Grand Trunk, and with the aid and intelligent co-operation of Sir Joseph Hickson and Mr. William Wainwright, succeeded in bringing the road back. Never before had it known such prosperity. It paid dividends on the third preference stock, a fact by no means generally known to the present generation, which remembers only the hard-luck stories of early days.

However, toward the end of Sir Joseph's term, which lasted some sixteen years, the Grand Trunk seems to have fallen upon evil days. There was no Northwest in those days, and when a young man left Ontario he went to the States. Now this is all changed.

The outlook in the United States and in Canada would seem to justify the prediction that the Grand Trunk's dark days are over. The completion of the Grand Trunk Pacific through a new and growing country, with steamers on the ocean and terminal elevators on the lakes, will create new traffic and bring a new era of prosperity to the pioneer railway of Canada.

CANADIAN BOOK-TITLES

BY A. WYLIE MAHON

WHEN *Juliet* that night in her fine love-frenzy asked the question, What's in a name? she was not thinking about book-titles. Mark Twain says that *Juliet* was crazy to ask this ridiculous question. He says persons in love are always crazy. He believes that if his name had been any other than Mark Twain it would have made a world of difference to him at times, especially when the butcher and the baker and the candlestick-maker sent in their bills. *Juliet* when asking the question was not thinking about the butcher and the baker and the candlestick-maker; she was thinking about *Romeo*.

When a lover is in question there may be nothing in a name, but it is different in the case of book-titles. A book by any other name might read as well, but it might not sell as well. A happy, taking title has often something to do with the popularity of a book; and a weak, unfortunate title has sometimes a good deal to do with the failure of a book to win success.

In the early ages of the world's history a wonderfully simple method of naming books was in vogue. The Hebrews in Old Testament times found their titles in the first words of the books they wrote. The first book of the Bible, for example, is called in Hebrew "Bereshith," which is the first Hebrew word of the Bible and which means "in the beginning."

This simple, primitive method relieved authors of a good deal of trouble about names for their books. Only a generation or two ago there was little or no striving after happy or sensational titles. Dickens and Thackeray were content for the most part with naming their books after the heroes or heroines of their stories; but that style has largely gone out, and popular writers to-day give almost as much thought to the titles of their books as they do to the construction of the plots or the development of the characters.

Two of the new Canadian books of the year seem to have given their authors some trouble to find suitable titles. Marian Keith's new book is now called "'Lisbeth of the Dale." When it appeared as a serial a year or two ago it was called "Elizabeth of the Gay Gordons." This name evidently proved to cumbersome for the sprightly, unconventional *Elizabeth* who was the only gay Gordon of the family.

Emily Weaver's new book is now called "The Trouble Man, or The Wards of St. James" It also appeared a short time ago as a serial simply as "The Wards of St. James." The new name is more descriptive of the story, but it can scarcely be called a happy title. It suggests some amusing incidents in James De Mille's "American Baron," where the girl-heroine found men a shockingly troublesome lot—they were nearly all trouble men—because of their incurable habit of proposing to her. This girl came at length to do what John Knox never did, to fear the face of man. She longed to get to Rome, where, she thought, the men were nearly all priests who had never contracted this habit.

There is almost as much trouble in finding a good name for a book as for a baby. A book has this advantage over a baby, it can have its name changed without an Act of Parliament. A baby has one advantage over a book in that its name is often the result of the combined wisdom of the whole family circle, of the grandfathers and the grandmothers, of the uncles and the aunts.

Judge Haliburton, the first Canadian writer to make a lasting name for himself, was singularly happy in the titles of his books. Some one has said that he should have called his masterpiece, not "Sam Slick, the Clockmaker," but "Sam Slick, the Clockpeddler," since the hero's business was, through his vast knowledge of "soft sodder" and "human natur" to sell clocks rather than to make them. The name of the hero, *Samuel Slick, of Slickville,* is so happily descriptive and suggestively humorous that it contribtuted not a little to the success of the book.

In another of his books, "Wise Saws and Modern Instances," he found a happy title in Shakespeare's description of the seven ages of man in "Hamlet." In the fifth age the justice is full of wise saws and modern instances.

This practice of finding titles in familiar expresions in great works of literature is much in vogue to-day. It was something almost new in the days of *Sam Slick.* Robert Knowles found the title of his greatest story, "The Web of Time," in Mrs. Cousin's familiar hymn, "The Sands of Time are Sinking,"

> "With mercy and with judgment
> My web of time He wove."

This is an exceptionally happy title. Altogether Mr. Knowles has succeeded as few writers have done in naming his books. What could be more suggestive of the whole trend of another of his stories than "The Undertow"? The book itself is perhaps the least satisfactory of his stories, but who can suggest an improvement in the name? A story called "The Singer of the Kootenay" would be almost sure to sell, even if it possessed far less merit than Mr. John Wanamaker finds in the book.

The title of H. A. Cody's new book, "The Fourth Watch," is taken from the Bible: "And Jesus saw them toiling in rowing, for the wind was contrary unto them: and about *the fourth watch* of the night He came unto them, walking upon the sea." The fourth watch, as descriptive of the closing period of a complete life, is a most felicitous concept.

Norman Duncan has also gone to the Bible for a name for his latest story, "The Measure of a Man." In the description of the New Jerusalem in the closing part of the Revelation the angel with the golden reed measures the city. "He measured the wall thereof, an hundred and forty cubits, according to *the measure of a man,* that is, of an angel." This story, which contains the good measure of a real man, as Dr. Henry Van Dyke puts it in his appreciative letter to the author, has a strikingly taking title.

Sir Gilbert Parker's "The Seats of the Mighty" is another story which is indebted to the Bible for its suggestive title. In Mary's Song, The Magnificat, we find these words: "He hath put down the *mighty from their seats* and exalted them of low estate."

This vivid and dramatic story, which ranks amongst the very best of American historical romances, has a happy name, a name which has come into use amongst people familiar with Sir Gilbert's story.

The late Miss Agnes Deans Cameron during a visit to Winnipeg tells about a reception which the Women's Canadian Club tendered to Mrs. Humphrey Ward. "Rain-bespattred, short-skirted, and anchored with disreputable rubbers gluey with Winnipeg mud," Miss Cameron appeared at the reception. "Like a bolt from the blue," she says, "came the summons

from the President, and I, all muddy, am called to the seats of the mighty." She did not know what to do. She could not very well just there remove her muddy garments and go up to the seats of the mighty with what was left of her attire. She tried to hide her muddy shoes, and the ladies of Winnipeg pretended to forget for the time being that she had feet.

William Kirby's story, "The Golden Dog," which Queen Victoria read with so much interest that she asked the Princess Louise to convey her thanks to the author for his magnificent historical romance, and which inspired Lord Tennyson with a desire to write a dramatic poem upon that great epoch in Canadian history, has a name which awakens curiosity. This great story is founded on the tradition that there was an honest merchant in Quebec in the corrupt days of old who was brave enough to resist the evil powers that were, a man whom the people respected and loved, but whom those who occupied the seats of the mighty hated bitterly. This friend of the people erected a magnificent warehouse where his immense business was carried on. On the front of this building he placed a tablet containing the gilded sculpture of a dog—*le Chien d'Or*—the Golden Dog, gnawing the thighbone of a man. The quaint inscription on the tablet was:

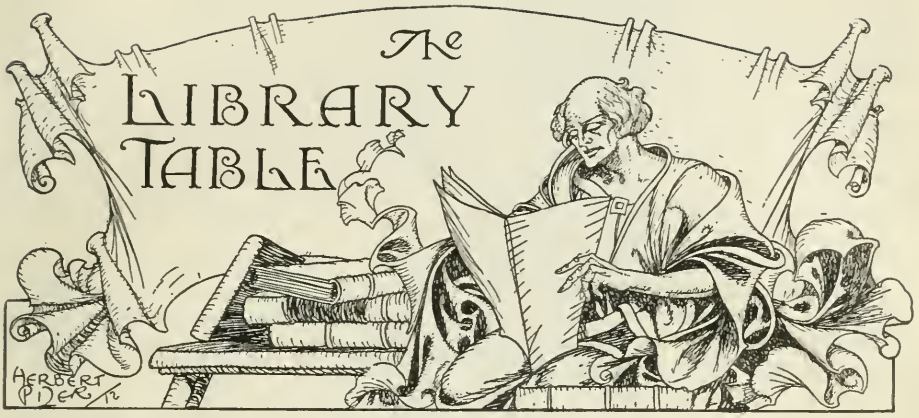
"I am a dog that gnaws his bone;
I crouch and gnaw it all alone;
A time will come, which is not yet,
When I'll bite him by whom I'm bit."

Mr. Kirby's interpretation of this quaint, enigmatical sign-tablet is given in the latter part of the book, where he makes one of the most corrupt of this honest merchant's enemies declare: "The Golden Dog has barked at us for a long time; he has begun to bite now. Ere long he will gnaw our bones in reality, as he does in effigy upon that accursed tablet." The present post-office building at Quebec, with its Golden Dog adorning its eastern facade, stands on the traditional site of the Golden Dog warehouse of one hundred and fifty years ago.

Professor James De Mille in his "B. O. W. C." series of boys' books is very happy in his titles. The first of the series is called "The B. O. W. C." When De Mille was a student at Brown University he was greatly interested in the Greek letter secret society of which he was a member. He was a great favourite with the rest of the boys, not only because of his charming personality, but also because he was ever ready with an unending flow of fun, with comic verses and comic speeches, caricaturing in a laughable but inoffensive way his classmates and even the professors. There was a wild hilarity in the society when "Big Jim," as they called him, had the floor.

His college Greek-letter society meant so much to him that when he began to write boys' books he conceived the idea of grouping his principal characters in an English-letter secret society. The five boys who constituted this society had some difficulty in deciding upon a name. At first they thought of calling it *The Pentagon*. Then they thought of *The Quintette*, but finally they decided upon *The B. O. W. C.* The use of the letters gave a charming mystery. In time the secret was revealed, the letters meant "The Brethren of the Order of the White Cross," and each of the members wore a red shirt with a huge white cross on the back of it. This title for this series of charming boys' books proved a great success. The names of the other books of this series, such as "Lost in the Fog," "The Treasure of the Sea," "Fire in the Forest," and "Picked up Adrift," make a convincing appeal to boy readers.

Notwithstanding *Juliet's* dictum, there is something in a name after all, when the thing named is a book, not a lover, something which awakens curiosity and excites interest and makes an appeal to the reader.



THERE is frankness, almost naïveté, in Lady Gregory's comment on "The Canavans," one of her "tragic-comedies," when she writes:

"The play seems (to me now) somewhat remote, inexplicable, as if written less bylogical plan than in one of those moments of light-heatedness that comes, as I think, as an inheritance from my French great-grandmother, Frances Aigoin; a moment of that 'sudden glory, the Passion which maketh those grimaces called Laughter.' It plays merrily, and there are some who like it best of my comedies."

We accept the author's word that it "plays merrily," for, indeed, it reads right merrily. Just why one should refer to it first in a two-volume collection of six plays by this author one can scarcely say; but, at any rate, it has a fine, appealing humour, the unconscious, spontaneous humour that is supremely Irish. We take it, therefore, as an example of Lady Gregory's genius as a writer of comedies, a genius which has already placed her as a leader in the new school of Irish writers. This play was first produced in 1906, and it is now published in a two-volume edition of three tragedies and three comic-tragedies. The *Canavans* are two brothers—Antony, a devil-me-care sort of Irishman, of whom *Canavan* himself said when the *Widow Deeny* wondered that he (*Canavan*) did not "bring in some person to be conversing with you and heartening you in the long evenings":

"I am best without any person. I was pleased when Antony, my brother, left the house. Some notion he would never die he had, made him go playing and fooling, playing and fooling, tricking with danger like a ball. Came dressed in straw with the wren boys one Stephen's night he did, set my knees shaking through his knowledge and his mockeries, I taking him to be no right man. It was on the head of that I drove him out of the door."

Canavan is a miller, and the play begins with himself and the *Widows Deeny* and *Greely* in the mill at Scartana. *Antony* enters, disguised as a pedlar. *Canavan* soon discovers him; and then, on the approach of some of Queen Elizabeth's soldiers, he changes raiment with *Antony,* and hides, because he is in terror at the prospect of being arrested for sheltering a deserter. *Antony* assumes the rôle of miller and by his wit is about to turn the intruders away, when *Canavan* makes a blunder. Both are forthwith arrested and taken to the castle and condemned to death. But *Antony's*

wit saves their heads, and *Canavan's* turn-coat proclivities, according to the exigencies of the moment, provide wholesome amusement that makes a universal appeal. Of the tragedies "Grania" may be taken as a good example. In style it is not unlike "Deirdre of the Sorrows," by J. M. Singe. It has not yet been produced. Throughout its development there is a feeling of impending tragedy. *Grania* is a daughter of one of the ancient Irish kings, and she has come to be wedded on the morrow to *Finn,* whose estate is at Almhuin. But she is haunted with the memory of a youth she has seen passing a window in her father's castle, and this youth turns out to be none other than *Diarmuid,* the intimate associate of *Finn.* Shortly after *Grania's* arrival the two meet, and immediately *Finn* discerns something that draws them to each other. He accuses *Diarmuid* of treachery and drives them from his presence. They go, but *Diarmuid* gives his word that while he will go out into the world with the maid there will be between them no passage of love, and as a token of that he pledges himself to send to *Finn,* with every moon of the year, an unbroken loaf of bread. Thus they go out "to the hunting," and for seven years they go, keeping whole their vow to *Finn.* But at length *Diarmuid* surprises the *King of Foreign,* who has looked with longing eyes upon the beauty of *Grania,* in the act of embracing the woman; and when he himself seizes her to save her he forgets his oath to *Finn* and the bread goes forth to him broken. *Diarmuid* sets out to kill the *King of Foreign,* but he is soon brought back dying of a wound. *Finn* has come, and when *Diarmuid* dies. *Grania* turns to him whom at the first she deserted. But *Finn* says:

"I gave him my promise that I would leave you to him from this out, and I will keep it to him dead, the same as if he was still living."

To which *Grania* replies, and she is not the first or the last woman to learn the same lesson:

"How well he kept his own promise to you! I will go to Almhuin in spite of you; you will be ashamed to turn me back in the sight of the people, and they having seen your feet grow hard in following and chasing me through the years. It is women are said to change, and they do not, but it is men that change and turn as often as the wheel of the moon. You filled all Ireland with your outcry wanting me, and now, when I am come into your hand, your love is rusted and worn out. It is a pity I that had two men, and three men, killing one another for me an hour ago, to be left as I am, and no one having any use for me at all!"

But to see its beauty one must read and reread this charming study of human weakness and human strength. (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons).

*

WHATEVER may be said of its chances as a play, Mrs. Gertrude Atherton's latest novel, "Julia France and Her Times," is a success as a novel. At any rate, that part of it that is novel is full of absorbing human interest and is done in Mrs. Atherton's best style. But the part, and it is by no means a small part, that deals with the question of woman suffrage, would perhaps be in better place were it deleted and presented as a treatise. However, the living, vital story is there and it is that, after all, that interests us. Before the cause of Woman's Suffrage loomed so large in *Julia Edis's* life, Mrs. Atherton had time to write us the story of her girlhood on Nevis, in the West Indies. For picturesqueness, for charm, for that real something exciting pity and terror that we all know for real tragedy when we find it in a play or novel, this first part of the story is on a level with the best Mrs. Atherton has ever given us. *Julia* was eighteen at the time the story opens, and was making her dèbût at a ball at Government House. The stars in their courses had decreed to the stern old lady who was *Julia's* mother

LADY GREGORY

The Eminent Irish Dramatist

that her daughter was to become a duchess. Thus, when *Harold France*, heir-presumptive to a dukedom, fell in love with the "vibrating symbol of youth" in the person of the pretty innocent child, she was sacrificed to him as a matter of course. And this, in spite of that hideous rotten spot in his brain which made decent men shun him as if he had the plague, and the curious hard shallow eyes from which looked an unclean soul. *Julia* married and came to England, and went into training as a future duchess. But though *France* was a cad and a beast, the hint of nameless horror clinging to him with leprous suggestion in the first book is happily not quite borne out. (Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.)

THIS is a late age in which to employ the novel, especially the novel in epistolary form, as a method of orienting a practical philosophy of conduct and of living. Yet this is the essential aim of "The Heart of Life" by the lady who writes under the pseudonym Pierre De Coulevain. This novel is translated for English readers from the French original by Alys Hallard. The book is remarkable, and really furnishes good reading, for the reason that although to the professional philosopher its "criticism of life" would appear neither new nor brilliantly re-stated, it engages the ordinary novel reader's mind with problems hardly ever consistently thought out and never thought out "to a finish." The core of its philosophy is the old, old doc-

trine that nature is the book of God wherein men may read His will and that God, man and nature are inseparably linked together in working out the destiny of the whole universe. The author, however, if not convincingly, at least engagingly, applies these metaphysical concepts in a homely, concrete way to such problems as marriage and divorce, church and state, happiness and suffering; and thus appeals interestingly to the ordinary man or woman of average intelligence and culture. The author writes familiarly and with a certain easy flow of thought. Frequently her thought is illuminating, and her employment of metaphor, analogy and literary references diverts even the hardened professional philosopher and makes the book quite worth while reading. It is a serious book with a serious purpose, but it possesses enough sentiment and practical illustration of its philosophy to justify careful perusal for reflection on life or for summer diversion. (Toronto: Cassell & Company.)

*

MR. JOHN MURRAY GIBBON in his very commendable volume entitled "Scots in Canada" compels attention to the important part that the people of Scotland have taken in the development of Canada ever since the Fraser Highlanders led the way from Wolfe's Cove to the Plains of Abraham. Besides dealing with its particular object, the book presents in a concise manner the history of the settlement of the Dominion from the earliest days to the present time. To trace the hand of the Scot in all the great Western movements is a fascinating enterprise, and Mr. Gibbon has accomplished his work without imposing racial prejudices or giving offence in racial glorification. Nevertheless he has been able to show that the indomitable courage and perseverance of the Scot has been of inestimable value in the trade and settlement of Canada, particularly in outstanding undertakings such as the Northwest Company, the Hudson's Bay Company, the Selkirk Settlement, and the establishment of commercial bases at Montreal. There is a fine introductory poem by Clive Phillipps-Woolley, and a number of excellent illustrations in colour by Cyrus C. Cuneo and C. M. Sheldon. (London: Kegan Paul and Company.)

*

A NEW catalogue of the works on exhibition in the National Art Gallery at Ottawa has been issued from the Government printing bureau. For years there has been no adequate catalogue of the Gallery, and it is satisfactory to observe that the present one is conveniently arranged and that it contains brief notes about the artists represented. It is issued under the supervision of the Director, Mr. Eric Brown.

*

THERE is so much in the Canadian Annual Review, about all that it is possible to say of it here is that it is an exhaustible and comprehensive review of the affairs of national interest in the Dominion during the year. It is, as usual, well edited by Mr. J. Castell Hopkins. (Toronto: The Annaul Review Publishing Company.)

*

A LITTLE volume of verse entitled "Life Thoughts," by Paul R. Ager, should be read for their reverence of and faith in the traditions of the Christian belief. (Toronto: William Briggs.)

AN amusing story is related of Lady Roberts, who was once visiting the hospitals at the base of military operations in India. So pleased was she with the untiring labour of the nurses and their devotion to the sick that she said to the officer in attendance, "I really think that the sisters deserve a medal for this campaign as much as anyone, and I hope they will get one." "Well, I don't know about a medal," said a gallant colonel standing by, "but they are sure at all events to get plenty of clasps."

*

Didn't Dare

Doctor—"The increasing deafness of your wife is merely an indication of advancing years, and you can tell her that."

Husband—"Hum! would you mind telling her that yourself, doctor?"—*Christian Intelligencer.*

*

The Brute

"John, I listened to you for half an hour last night, while you were talking in your sleep."

"Thanks, dear, for your self-restraint."—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

The Second Dimension

It was on a little branch railway in a Southern State that the New England woman ventured to refer to the high rates. "It seems to me five cents a mile is extortion," she said, with frankness, to her Southern cousin.

"It's a big lot of money to pay if you think of it by the mile," said the Southerner, in her soft drawl; "but you just think how cheap it is by the hour, Cousin Annie—only about thirty-five cents."—*Youth's Companion.*

*

Not A Requisite

"And do you have to be called in the morning?" asked the lady who was about to engage a new girl.

"I don't has to be, mum," replied the applicant, "unless you happens to need me."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

*

Remember This

Young Doctor—"Why do you always ask your patients what they have for dinner?"

Old Doctor—"It's a most important question, for, according to their ménus I make out my bills."—*Slovo.*

"Yer seems restless, mate."

"Yus; I dunno wot's up wiv me, I wake up every three or four hours now." —*The Tatler*

Well, Where?

"I see that a scientist is investigating the origin of the houn' dawg song. A man curious enough to want to know where that originated is a fool!"

"That's right. I wonder where it did originate."—*Houston Post.*

*

Practical Suggestion

"Good-bye, daughter. I suppose you will get engaged a number of times this summer."

"I suppose so, dad."

"Well, you're getting along. See if you can't make one of them permanent."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Good Sign

Employer (to his cashier)—Mayer, I don't know what to think of you; every time I see you, you are asleep."

Cashier—"Why, sir, surely it's a good sign that I have a clear conscience."—*Fliegende Blaetter.*

*

Leading Question

She—"If you could have only one wish what would it be?"

He—"It would be that—that—Oh, if I only dared to tell you what it would be."

She—Well, go on. Why do you suppose I brought up the wishing subject?"—*Boston Transcript.*

Making Sure

A commercial traveller at a railway station in one of our Southern towns included in his order for breakfast two boiled eggs. The old darkey who served him brought him three.

"Uncle," said the travelling man, why in the world did you bring me three boiled eggs? I only ordered two."

"Yes, sir," said the old darkey, bowing and smiling. "I know you did order two, sir, but I brought three, because I just naturally felt dat one of dem might fail you, sir." —*Harper's Weekly.*

*

Give and Take

"What're ye comin' home with your milk pail empty for?" demanded the farmer. "Didn't the old cow give nothin'?"

"Yes," repled his boy; "nine quarts and one kick.—*The Sacred Heart Review.*

*

Well-Behaved

Lulu was watching her mother working among the flowers. "Mama, I know why flowers grow," she said. "they want to get out of the dirt." —*Lippincott's.*

Sounds Better

The feeling of many men with regard to public office is much the same as that which a certain distinguished Frenchman had toward the Academy—that group of forty who are called "the Immortals." He was asked one day why he did not propose his candidacy for the Academy.

"Ah," said he, "If I applied and were admitted, someone might ask, 'Why is *he* in it?' and I should much rather hear it asked, 'Why *isn't* he in it?' "—*Christian Register.*

*

Come to Stay

Doris was radiant over a recent addition to the family, and rushed out of the house to tell the news to a passing neighbour.

"Oh, you don't know what we've got up-stairs!"

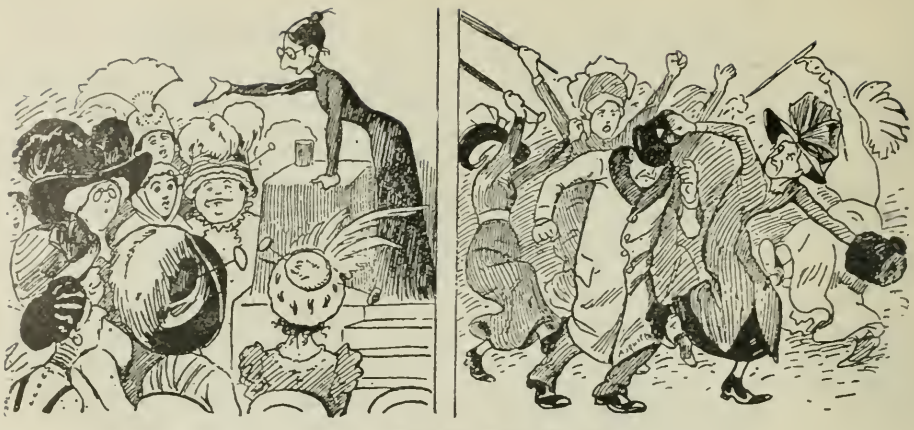
"What is it?"

"It's a new baby brother!" and she settled back upon her heels and folded her hands to watch the effect.

"You don't *say* so! Is he going to stay?"

"I guess so"—very thoughtfully. "He's got his things off."—*Everybody's Magazine.*

"And did you stay long in Venice!" "Only two days, but I saw everything worth seein,' don't-y-know."
"Really! Then you'd see the Lion of St. Mark's, I suppose?"
"Rather; saw the brute fed in fact." —*Punch*



THE FEMININE MOVEMENT

As it is generally represented to be

As it is actually in England
—*Kikeriki, Vienna*

UNENTHUSED

"I was talking to Diggby this morning about the latest dreadnought. He didn't appear to be much interested."

"I should think not! Diggby married one."—*Birmingham Age-Herald.*

*

A LONG JUMP

A poitical orator, evidently better acquainted with Western geography than with the language of the Greeks, recently exclaimed with fervor that his principles should prevail "from Alpha to Omaha."—*Christian Register.*

*

SINCERE PRAYER

Teacher—"Now, Tommy, suppose a man gave you $100 to keep for him and then died, what would you do? Would you pray for him?"

Tommy—"No, sir; but I would pray for another like him."—*The United Presbyterian.*

*

IN PRACTICE

"The Hague has done much toward promoting peace in the world."

"Yes," replied Miss Cheyenne, "and so has Reno."—*The Sacred ton Star.*

AN HONEST MAN AT LAST

"Is he honest?"

"Honest? Shore. Why, he's been arrested three times for stealin', and acquitted each time."—*Argonaut.*

*

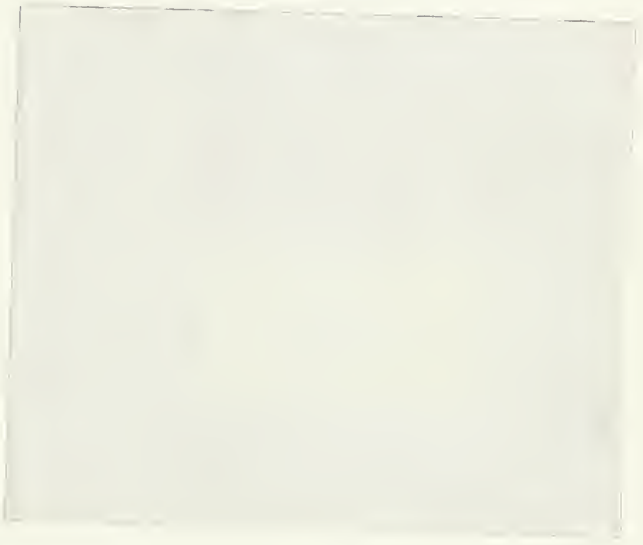
EVER THUS

"Pa, what's political knavery?"

"What the other side's doing, my son."—*Birmingham Age-Herald.*

*

The excellent show made by the King's Derby candidate, Pintadeau, and his Majesty's several turf successes this season recall a story once related of the late King Edward. At the time when Lord Marcus Beresford took over the King's horses his Majesty had only a very moderate lot of animals in training. "Well, what do you think of them, and what would you do with them if they were yours?" he asked Lord Marcus one morning as they were watching the royal string at work on Newmarket Heath. Beresford looked the horses over reflectively for a moment and then said bluntly, "Shoot most of them I think, sir." "Then shoot them by all means," retorted the King.



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